Mar. 23, 1968

# THE NEW YORKER

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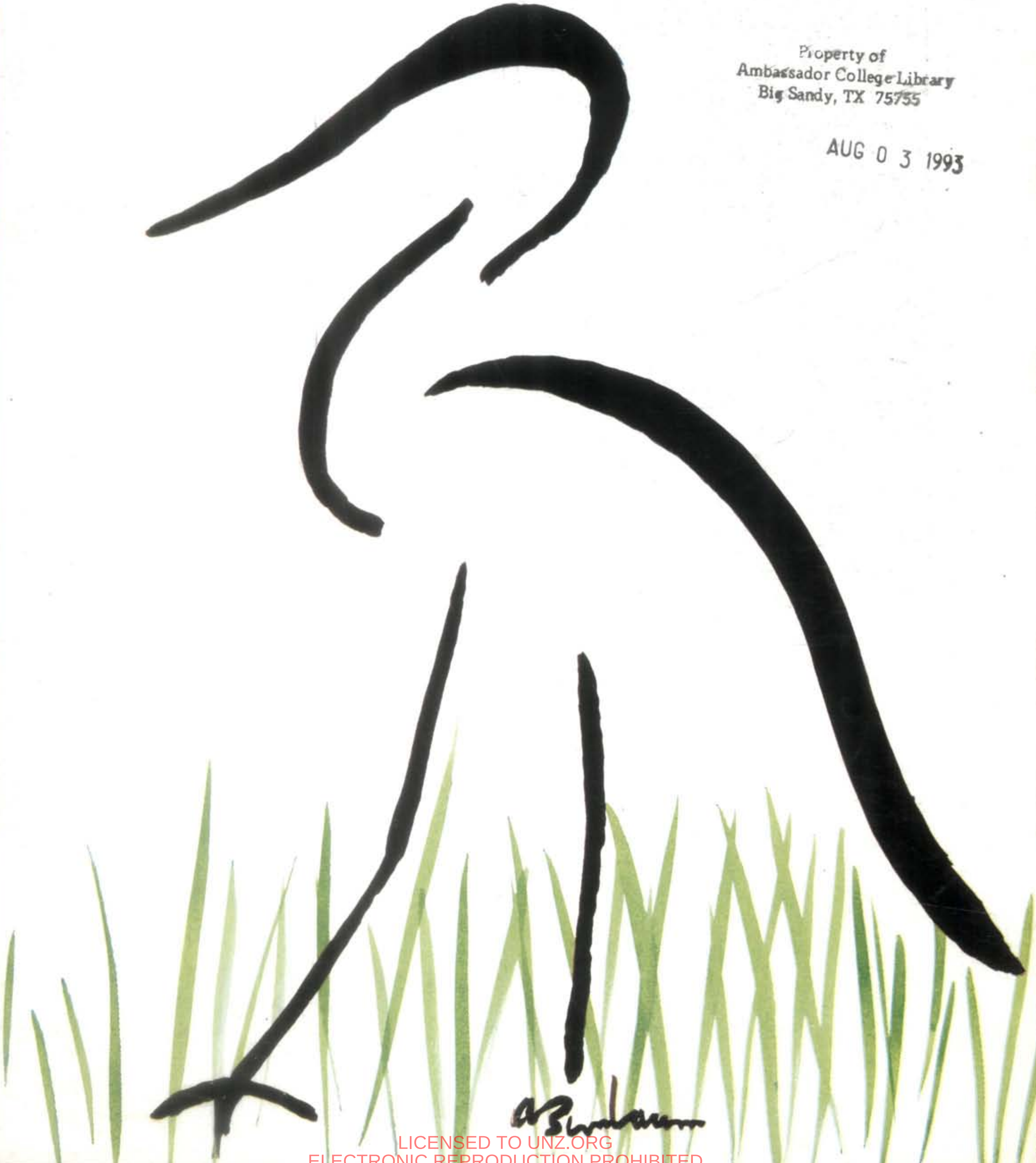

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

### PLAYS

**APA Repertory Company**—Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD**, translated by Eva Le Gallienne. With Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30; Saturday, March 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, March 25-26, and Thursday, March 28, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING**: Friday, March 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**: Wednesday, March 27, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, March 29, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 30, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

**I Never Sang for My Father**—Robert Anderson's sad-faced, tongue-tied account of the perennial unwinnable war between the generations. With Alan Webb, Hal Holbrook, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Joe Egg**—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. Albert Finney is the superb anti-hero. Also on hand and also superb are Zena Walker, John Carson, and Elizabeth Hubbard. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

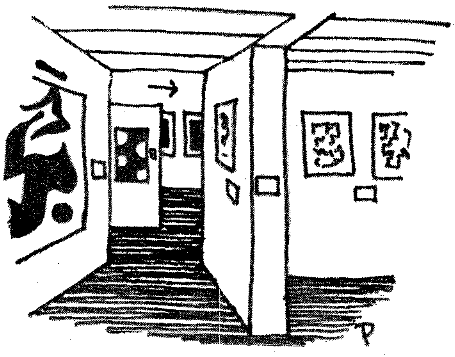
**Plaza Suite**—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Portrait of a Queen**—Dorothy Tutin progresses from pretty girl to plump old tigress in William Francis's charming account of Queen Victoria's durable and fruitful reign. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Price**—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and Harold Gary carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie**—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead**—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 24.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

**Spofford**—An old Connecticut nutmeg, played with skill and charm by Melvyn Douglas, takes a look at the commuting set that is invading his domain, and his observations make for quite a bit of merriment. The comedy was written by Herman Shumlin and based on a novel, "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries. Mr. Shumlin also directed the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**There's a Girl in My Soup**—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Weekend**—A political comedy set in Washington, the main question being whether a famous senator's hopes of running for President will be dashed forever if his son marries a Negro girl. Gore Vidal is the author, and among the distinguished cast are John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, Kim Hunter, Staats Cotsworth, and Marco St. John. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**CACTUS FLOWER**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER**: Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Moves on Monday, March 25, to the Belasco, 44th St., E., 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Loot**—George Rose and Carole Shelley in a play by the late Joe Orton, imported from London. Directed by Derek Goldby. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Golden Rainbow**—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by lots of bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Grand Music Hall of Israel**—Loud song and strenuous dance, featuring a very large company of exceptionally attractive performers. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

**The Happy Time**—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**How Now, Dow Jones**—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**CABARET**: Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!**: Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME**: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 5, March 23, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," which has just moved uptown. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Seven Descents of Myrtle**—Harry Guardino, Estelle Parsons, and Brian Bedford are the entire cast of Tennessee Williams' new play. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Monday and Tuesday, March 25-26. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 27. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 28, at 2:30.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**City Center**—**VIENNA BURGTHEATRE:** A three-week repertory of four plays, in German. Schnitzler's **PROFESSOR BERNHARDI:** Thursday and Friday, March 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, March 23, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Bahr's **DAS KONZERT:** Saturday, March 23, at 7:30; Sunday, March 24, at 2; and Saturday, March 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Schiller's **MARIA STUART:** Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30, and Wednesday through Saturday, March 27-30, at 8. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of Giraudoux's **TIGER AT THE GATES**, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

**Amato Opera Company**—Presentations of **THE BARBER OF SEVILLE**, in English and Italian. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays only, at 8:15.)

**America Hurrah**—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Curley McDimple**—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Ergo**—An old-fashioned Expressionistic play by Jakov Lind that exposes either Teutonic or general corruption (it is hard to be sure which) in a parcel of garish pranks, many of them extremely disagreeable. The production and acting, under Gerald Freedman's expert direction, are fine, but the script is a thick-fingered bore. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

**The Fantasticks**—Maurice. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**In Circles**—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Indian Wants the Bronx**—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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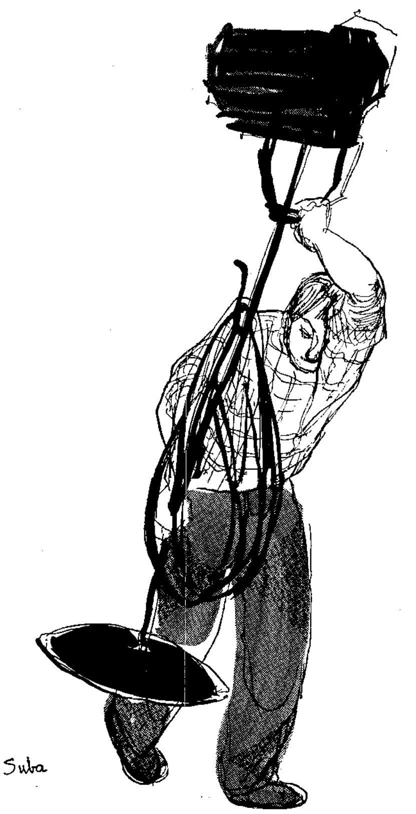
**Iphigenia in Aulis**—Jane White has replaced Irene Papas as the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Jerico-Jim Crow**—A revival of a musical play by Langston Hughes. (The Sanctuary, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6926. Final performance Sunday, March 31, at 5:30.)

**Saturday Night**—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Scuba Duba**—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



**Summer of the 17th Doll**—The Negro Ensemble Company in a revival and most successful adaptation of Ray Lawler's sad, funny play, with its setting changed from Melbourne to New Orleans. The performances by all concerned are good, and those by Moses Gunn, as a sugar-cane cutter, and Frances Foster, as the barmaid with whom he customarily spends his layoff months, are especially good. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

**Summertree**—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

**Two Camps by Koutoukas**—A double bill by H.M. Koutoukas. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Winter Journey**—A revival, inadequate in every way, of Clifford Odets' "The Country Girl." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown**—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Your Own Thing**—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**Ballets Africains**—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

**Yuriko**—With her modern-dance company, in the last in a series of programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**Manhattan Festival Ballet**—"Arena," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," "Pas de Deux for Four," and "Coruscare." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

**Juilliard Dance Ensemble**—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, José Limón, and Antony Tudor, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Leonard Slatkin. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

**José Greco**—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Vienna Burgtheatre**—The first of two performances of "The Young Goethe," a dramatiza-

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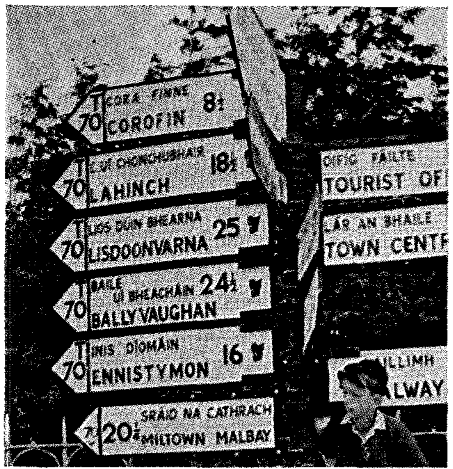
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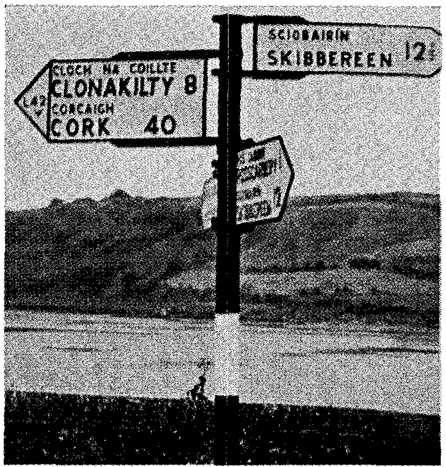
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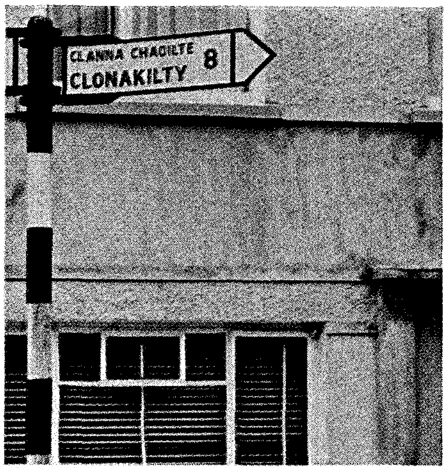
CLANNA CHAOILTE
CLONAKILTY 8

At Shannon, where Ireland and Europe begin, George and I tucked ourselves into the waiting rented car ($25 a week October to March, mileage included) and headed south over smooth roads. We breathed in a distinctively Irish phenomenon. Fresh air. Next morning, we toured the Gap of Dunloe via jaunting car, pony trap and boat. Now we know why Irish poet, Thomas Moore, called Killarney "Heaven's Reflex".

We waited serenely while the Irish traffic (some absent-minded cows) plodded across the road on our way to Skibbereen, which means "Little Boat Harbor" in Gaelic. At Bantry Bay, we had a meal of fresh salmon netted under the window of our hotel.

Only in Ireland, where the past rubs its Irish-tilted nose with the present, can you stumble on an illustration for a book of fairy tales called Clonakilty. A town of doll-sized streets, shops with hand-painted signs and bigger-than-life Irish people who invite you to tea. Ask directions, and they'll tell you, "Go up the road a mile and a bit, turn left at the water pump next to the rose bed."

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CORCAIGH
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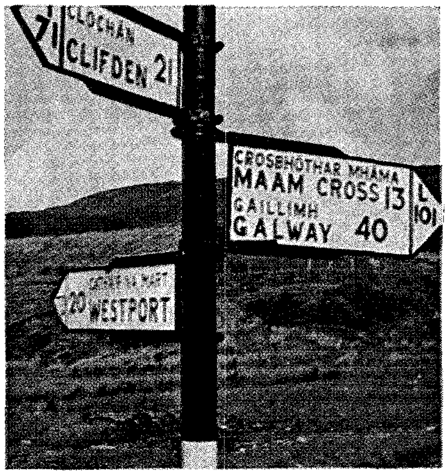
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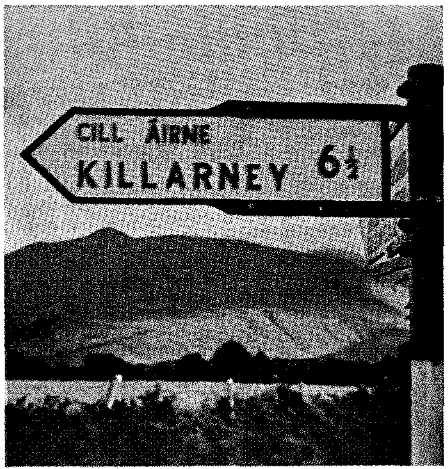
CILL ÁIRNE
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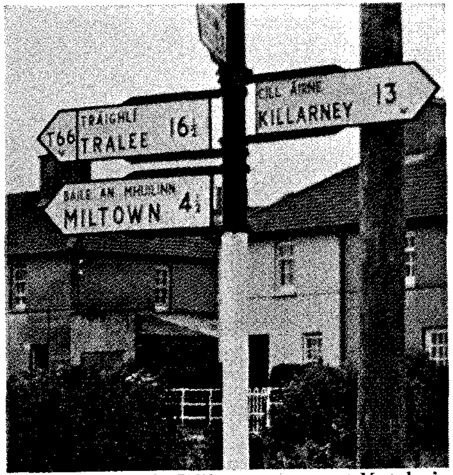
In Cork City, home of the Film, or as the Irish say, Fillum Festival, we spent the night in a guest house that really treats you like a guest. (No sleeping pills in Ireland. That's an order.) We paid our respects to the Blarney Stone although we didn't need to kiss it to make us more eloquent on the subject of Ireland. At Kinsale, we dined at The Man Friday (dinner deluxe, $2.40). In a Guinness-bred euphoria, we floated past the 16th century almshouses and saw ladies wrapped in the black, hooded Kinsale Cloak.

Since our American dollars are 15% richer in Ireland, we could certainly afford to live in Kilkea Castle, Ireland's newest, ancient castle-resort. With moat, turrets and the prettiest ghost we never did see (got her on fillum, though). In Dublin, cheered at the Abbey Theatre. Cheered even louder at the Long Hall, O'Donoghue's, The Brazen Head ...enough of this pub-crawling. Had our blast of the Opera Festival at Wexford, squeezed in a visit to nearby Kennedy Homestead. Dinner in Kilkenny town, at Kyteler's Inn. Loaded up on silver candles, candlesticks, color-crazed towels at the Kilkenny Design Center, near Kilkenny Castle.

We listened to the wild Irish-Gothic tales of Galway's Spanish past, played golf at fashionable Salthill. In the mountains of Connemara, where the marble is green, and Gaelic the official language, we watched pretty girls knit love stories into the patterns of fisherman's sweaters. Mine (pullover) $18. His (cardigan) $20. Slept in Ashford Castle.

Our farewell banquet (we had a ball) in a 15th century castle near Shannon Airport. Although Waterford glass, tweeds and linens are great buys everywhere in Ireland, we couldn't resist some last-minute, duty-free shopping. Chivas Regal, $3.50. French perfume at less-than-Paris prices, Scotch cashmere, German cameras, Swiss watches. We saved more than we spent. Although we regretted not buying that Connemara pony for the kids for $300. (We'll buy one next year.) Next year, we'll take the kids.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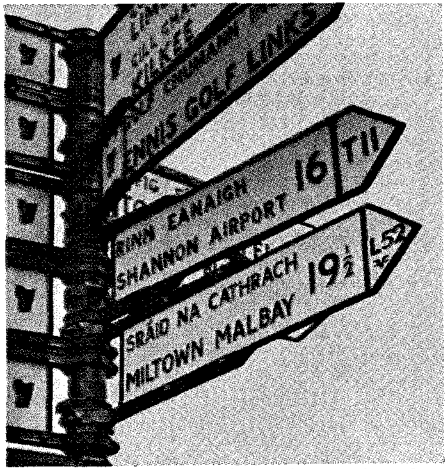
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion in German, based on diaries and letters, by Loek Huisman. With Helene Thimig. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**Hasty Pudding Show**—A musical, "All the Queen's Men," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, March 30, at 6 and 9. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, there are song recitals by Caterina Valente, which are a very good way of beginning or ending an evening. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

**Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The well-known civic center, devoted to such domestic arts as table-hopping and, when all else fails, dancing—nine until two—to a small band. It stays home Sundays and Mondays.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shouldn't the postillions sit a bit more erect?) are thrown open to the general public. Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one of the bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are played by the handpicked men of Ben Cutler's best band (Stanley Worth is their mentor), which is spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Business as usual every night of the week, except that Miss H. has Mondays off.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Gail Martin, who sings now at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, withdraws on Tuesday, March 26. Next evening, at ten, Sergio Franchi begins to sing in a voice that needs no help from the sound engineers. Thereafter, he, too, will appear at dinner and supper. The well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—At nine, the Jonah Jones quartet comes to blows—big, splendid ones, of the sort that used to shiver the walls of Jericho. A trio begins at seven, and the bands (to say nothing of the bird's-eye view) do not cease until two. Closed Sundays.

**The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—An old hand named Abracadabra does the arrangements for the orchestra of Les and Larry Elgart, which engages in its final gymnastics on Wednesday, March 27. One night later, Woody Herman's commandos move in. Seven-thirty until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

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**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper every night but Sunday, Gretchen Wyler, whose foot-and-throat work has on occasion had a musical-comedy airing, makes an appearance. On Monday, March 25, Gino Tonetti, one of those Roman-candle tenors, will replace her. The bands of George Cort and Quintero will continue to do the dance music.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Ray Bolger, a fast man with a word, a song, or a pair of legs, is mixing them all together in one of his typical whirligigs. He shows up at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. Charles Turecamo's orchestra is the main piece of artillery. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has a less spectacular but unceasing career, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance triad of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Sunday from five to ten).

**Note—Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the three extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates are the best-known). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**Goldie's New York,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. The evening begins with Francis Thorne, back once more at his old show-tunes piano from six until eight-thirty, after which Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders take over, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are in full cry from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest, whose songs and piano delight those who fly, and late at night, cheers this den of propinquity, where he carries on every evening but Sunday. Marian McPartland's trio, which is not so modern as to believe that jazz must be joyless, operates on the same plan.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **Polo Bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1600): Where the manner and the piano are visibly grand. George Feyer, who presides over the latter commodity from eight-thirty until two every night but Sunday, applies to this instrument his own sort of serendipity.

## DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

*(No dining, unless indicated.)*

**ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A well-couched password is just about requisite. Possessors of it may witness, on the tiny dance floor, a remarkable exhibition of don't-follow-the-leader—a sport urged on with music bearing (and made by) strange devices as well as by living folk. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey, for crisp and pungent is his tape measure. Kai Winding's quartet, which takes the easy way out of its repertory, fills in, and a set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A form of social security bolstered not by our tax structure but by an arcane system of checks (certified, naturally) and balances. Be sure to get yourself certified before you confront the janissaries. Within this Roman villa, young ladies who will be dazzlers if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Music from eight by the Great God Pandemonium, and the sort of dancing (this *really* separates the boys from the girls) that goes with it. Sunday, the music runs from four to twelve. All in fun, of which there is plenty. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath. The enterprise will shut down after Sunday, March 24, and open at a new location, 310 W. 52nd St., on Thursday, March 28. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms; further wildfire is supplied by the rocking and the rolling of the crew called the Smubs. Closed Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): It could be the hippiest night of your life, and it already is one of the most entertaining of anyone's. Dancing or just watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; the spirits must be your own high ones, for the place is *alkoholfrei*. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen can manage a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sundays are null and void.

## BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin, leader of the youth brigade, relies not on the mere fact that he is a youth brigadier but on an extremely deft way of bringing pop tunes to life. On Thursday, March 28, Diana Ross and the Supremes and their calloohing/callaying will replace Mr. Darin. There is also a set of Copa ballerinas, beautiful and bemused. Dancing for the customers, too, and no nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A dozen of the lofty showgirls, placed consecutively head to toes, would reach all the way to Heaven, which is precisely what they represent. The extravaganza in which they are involved is supplemented by Red Buttons, a humorist who should be seen but certainly not heard. Twice a night, forever and a night.

## CABARETS

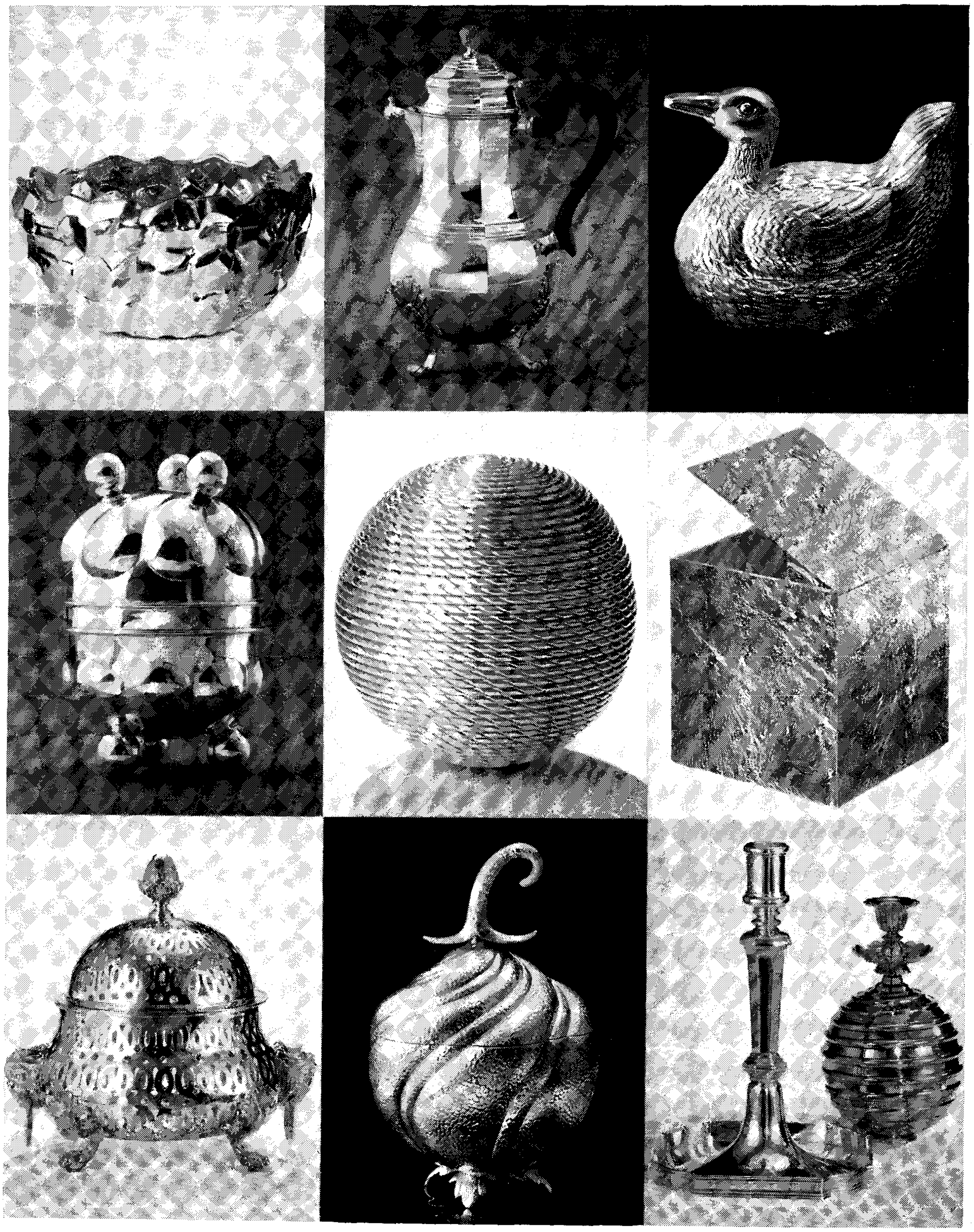
(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The ploy's the thing; so say the quick-as-a-wink players of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The ployers, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Mary Louise Wilson, Liz Sheridan, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. For the record, the occupants are the Argentinian String Brothers and their compatriot, baritone Hector Casas, plus the flamenco troupe of Emilia Rivas. Dancing for the patrons, too, who are a match for nearly any pro. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Alejandro Manzana and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She begins around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Meanwhile, back at the ranch, which lies in between Beersheba and Jerusalem. The quality of this Israeli prance-in often verges on the amateur, yet the bubbling spirit with which the song and jest (the provinces of Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr) and the music (the stately oud of Chic Ganimian is involved) are presented contrasts pleasantly with our customary prepacked way of night life. Dining as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A sterling set of characters, good to the last bop. They are Gary Burton's quartet and Elvin Jones' trio. They absent themselves Mondays, which are devoted to uprisings by the whopping Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Belowstairs, the animation happens wholly on weekends. Thus, on Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, the unassuming Odetta will be making folklore sound a great deal better than most of it really is, and the fife-and-ten band of Herbie Mann will be skirling. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, the slow and easy Teddy Wilson trio unfolds its pleasurable way of life every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment. It is currently being done by the Jazz Communicators, featuring Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson, and Louis Hayes. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Saturdays and Sundays from five to nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The temperature is raised above room level by Al Cohn's foursome. They will be replaced on Tuesday, March 26, by Zoot Sims' quartet. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny timpani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): On Wednesdays, from six to



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nine, Daphne Hellman and harp, a picturesque pairing, commune with her two sidemen in the interest of a music that is part chamber, part jazz. Dining of fair proportions, and portions. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): Soul-searching is the purpose of Lori Burton, soprano-in-chief of this Village coffeehouse. On hand with her through Monday, March 25, will be Joe and Lydia (rock is their role). Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The event of the week here concerns the words (some are winsome, all are wisdom) chanted in duet by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. Thursday through Saturday, commencing at ten. Dining.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Robert Adler**—Expressionist figures and landscapes; through Thursday, March 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Stephen Antonakos**—Neon sculptures; through Saturday, March 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Boris Aronson**—Designs for theatre sets and costumes, also paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, March 23. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 9.)

**Jean Arp**—Sculptures in marble and bronze and painted wood reliefs by the celebrated practitioner of "concrete" art; through April 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**John Balossi**—Welded steel sculptures and related drawings; through Wednesday, March 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Dan Ben-Shmuel**—Large, complex, and menacing metal sculptures; through Saturday, March 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

**Ilya Bolotowsky**—Geometric abstraction in circular, diamond-shaped, and rectangular canvases and wood sculptures; through April 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Warren Brandt**—Figure paintings by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, March 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Cadmus**—A retrospective selection of drawings and prints by a realistic painter of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through April 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Andrea Cascella**—Abstract sculptures in marble and granite; through Saturday, March 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Dash**—Landscapes, some including figures, by a poet; through April 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**John Day**—Mythological landscapes that incorporate photographs of celebrities; through Saturday, March 30. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Victor de Pauw**—Drawings, mostly of people, with a tendency toward abstraction; through April 5. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

**Alexander Dobkin**—Romantic paintings by an artist who has shown in New York for many years; through Friday, March 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Jan Doubrava**—Figurative paintings; through Friday, March 29. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

**Alice Forman**—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

**Richard Gaffney**—Figurative drawings; through April 6. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

**Leonel Góngora**—Compositions in mixed styles emphasizing themes in the news; through April 6. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Adolph Gottlieb**—An exhibition of prints that is running simultaneously with his shows at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough Graphics, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Gropper**—Paintings and drawings by a well-known social-realist painter and caricaturist; through Saturday, March 30. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

**Léon Hartl**—Landscapes and still-lifes by a veteran artist; through Saturday, March 30. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Irwin**—Abstract paintings stressing color; through April 10. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Howard Jones**—Works using constellations of light bulbs and some using sound; through Saturday, March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Stanley Brandon Kearl**—Small semi-abstract sculptures of figures in evocative settings; through April 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

**Gyorgy Kepes**—Colorful abstractions; through April 13. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Norma Jean Koplin**—Large drawings in colored pencil of organic and geometrical forms which often fade into uncompleted contours; *through* Saturday, March 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Lee Krasner**—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist familiar in the New York art world; through Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Norbert Kricke**—Sculptures made of stainless-steel wires and tubes; through Saturday, March 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Les Levine**—Scale models for a series of large clear plastic units; through Friday, March 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jacques Lipchitz**—Sixty-five major Cubist sculptures in stone and bronze (1913-30); through Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leo Manso**—Abstract assembled sculptures; through April 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Giacomo Manzù**—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Maryan**—Lithographs and watercolors by an artist of fantasy in Pop style; through Friday, March 22. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Barrie McDowell**—Stainless-steel sculptures with movable parts; through April 17. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John McLaughlin**—Twelve large black-and-white hard-edge oils; through Saturday, March 23. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

**Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel**—Abstract paintings by a German couple who worked at the Bauhaus; through April 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Mogensen**—Geometrical paintings; through Thursday, March 28. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Frances Morofsky**—Abstract paintings stressing dynamic energy; through Saturday, March 30. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Anthony Padovano**—Abstract forms in cast metal, some painted; through Saturday, March 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Hal Pauley**—Colored plastic constructions making use of reflections and light effects; through April 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

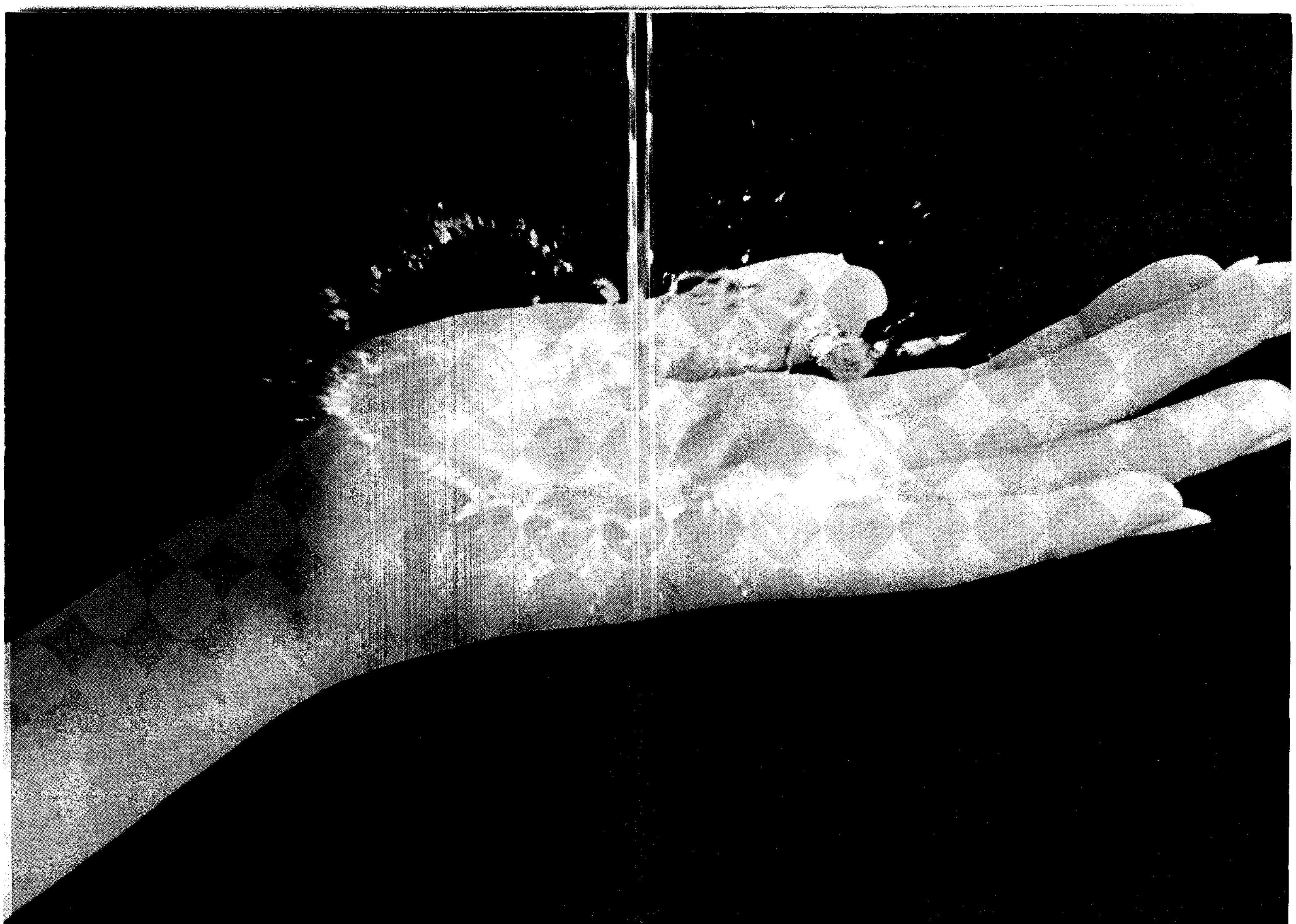
**William Pettet**—Monochromatic paintings; through Wednesday, March 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Picasso**—Paintings and drawings (1908-64); through April 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Randell**—Fibre-glass sculptures in bright colors; through April 13. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Bernard Rosenthal**—Monumental bronze sculptures; through Saturday, March 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Maynard Sandol**—Landscapes, some with fig-



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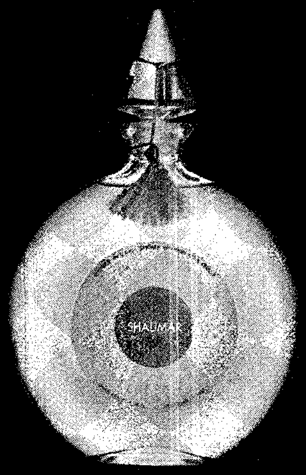

In Portugal, when you need a good raincoat, you go to the nearest hayfield and pick one.

Very convenient, but a straw coat does have its share of shortcomings. Smoking in it, for instance, is risky. And getting it into a suitcase can be a problem. But what especially concerns us is that it tends to make a woman look less like a woman. (The three Portuguese models, by the way, are women.) A bit of this same tendency seems to exist in ladies' raincoats everywhere. Rain, unfortunately, is often the sad excuse for a drippy-looking coat.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ures; through Saturday, March 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**PAUL SIGNAC** (1863-1935)—Drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, March 30. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

**LEON POLK SMITH**—Paintings, including a freestanding panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through Saturday, March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD SMITH**—Folded colored cardboard encased in Plexiglas; through Thursday, March 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

**ROBERT SMITHSON**—Geometrical sculptures in plastic, steel, and glass; through Wednesday, March 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**THEODOROS STAMOS**—Paintings by a veteran New York Abstractionist; through April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MAY STEVENS**—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through Wednesday, March 27. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SYLVIA STONE**—Freestanding geometric sculptures in Plexiglas; through Thursday, March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BOB THOMPSON**—"Fantastic" paintings by a Negro artist who died in 1966; through Saturday, March 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROGER VAN DAMME**—Seascapes, interiors, and genre paintings; through Saturday, March 23. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

**THOMAS WILFRED**—An electronically programmed light performance by the pioneer of "Lumia;" through Saturday, March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JAMES ZVER**—Paintings whose effects are produced by shifts of scale; through Saturday, March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**SOCIETY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTISTS**—Their forty-ninth annual print exhibition; through April 6. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Oils and watercolors by Demuth, Marin, Shahn, Hopper, Dove, Davis, and other twentieth-century leaders; through April 6. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the early years of this one, among them Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through Saturday, March 30.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Paintings and constructions of doors by artists related to Surrealism, such as Delvaux, Duchamp, Lindner, Magritte; through April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck; through April 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Works by Russian artists, such as Tchelitchew, Gontcharova, and Larionov, who worked in Paris before 1930; through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through April 27.

**LATIN AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Four Argentinian artists working in current Abstract modes; through April 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by leading Mexican artists, including Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo, and Cuevas; through April 13.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Peruvian silver from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty-six prints offering impressions and interpretations of New York City during the twentieth century, by such artists as Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi; starting Friday, March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissaro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through April 7. . . . ¶ Early paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Whitney Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibitions at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Donald Judd, a designer of "primary" factory-made forms; through Sunday, March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Genre paintings by Richard Caton Woodville, a middle-nineteenth-century American; through April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**COOPER UNION MUSEUM**, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

**FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART**, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**FRICK COLLECTION**, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition of photographs called "Man in Sport;" through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**GROLIER CLUB**, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of Gutenberg Bibles, along with related printed material; through April 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g. corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Environments by seven artists who worked together last summer in an international artists' seminar; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Admission fifty cents.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday evening, March 21: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leon-

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tyne Price, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 22: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 23: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 23: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Ludmila Dvorakova, Sándor Kónya, William Dooley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Theodore Lambrinos. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 25: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Stratas, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 26: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Patricia Welting, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 27: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Joy Clements, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 28: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Stratas, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Joy Clements, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—Thursday, March 21, at 7:45: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Carol Bergey, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Joan Summers, Carolyn Stanford, Vern Shinall, John Stamford, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Enrico di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and Kellis Miller. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, Seymour Schwartzman, William Beck, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Maralin Niska, Dominic Cossa, William Ledbetter, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 7:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Carol Bergey, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Carol Bergey, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 7:45: The première of Douglas Moore's "Carry Nation," with Beverly Wolff, Ellen Faull, Arnold Voketaitis, Julian Patrick, Edward Pierson, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Isabel Penagos, Salvador Novoa, Richard Torigi, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Evelyn Sachs, William Beck, Norman Treigle, Dominic Cossa, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. A benefit performance; for tickets, call EL 5-3131 Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 23, at 8:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano). . . . ¶ Skitch Henderson and Richard Rodgers directing Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!," in concert form, on Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Howard Da Silva, John Davidson, Anita Gillette, Margaret Hamilton, Charles Nelson Reilly, Constance Towers, and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 29, at 2:15; Saturday, March 30, at 8:30; and Monday, April 1, at 7:30 (no soloists).

**Municipal Concerts Orchestra**—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with William Kroll, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Town Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola; and Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, at 8:30, with Erica Morini, violin. All seats have been sold for the third and fourth concerts, and only standing room is left.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Paul Paray conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3, and Monday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**Mannes Chamber Orchestra**—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Hampton Institute Choir**—Roland M. Carter directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**Manhattanville College Choir**—Ralph Hunter directing a program of the music of Venice, with a chamber orchestra and soloists. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

**New England Conservatory Chorus**—Lorna Cooke de Varon directing, with Gunther Schuller as guest conductor. (Town Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago**—At Town Hall—Thursday, March 21, at 8:30: Esther Glazer and Easley Blackwood in a recital of Charles Ives sonatas for violin and piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:30: Ralph Shapey conducting a program of music by Stefan Wolpe.

**Eleanor Steber**—Soprano, in a Britten-Brahms program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 21, at 8:40.)

**Carlos Montoya**—Flamenco guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**Fine Arts Quartet and New York Woodwind Quintet**—Performing Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**Alan Mandel**—Piano, in a Beethoven-Ives program. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 5:30.)

**Henryk Szeryng**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**Loewenguth Quartet**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Guiomar Novaes**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

**Leonard Eisner**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

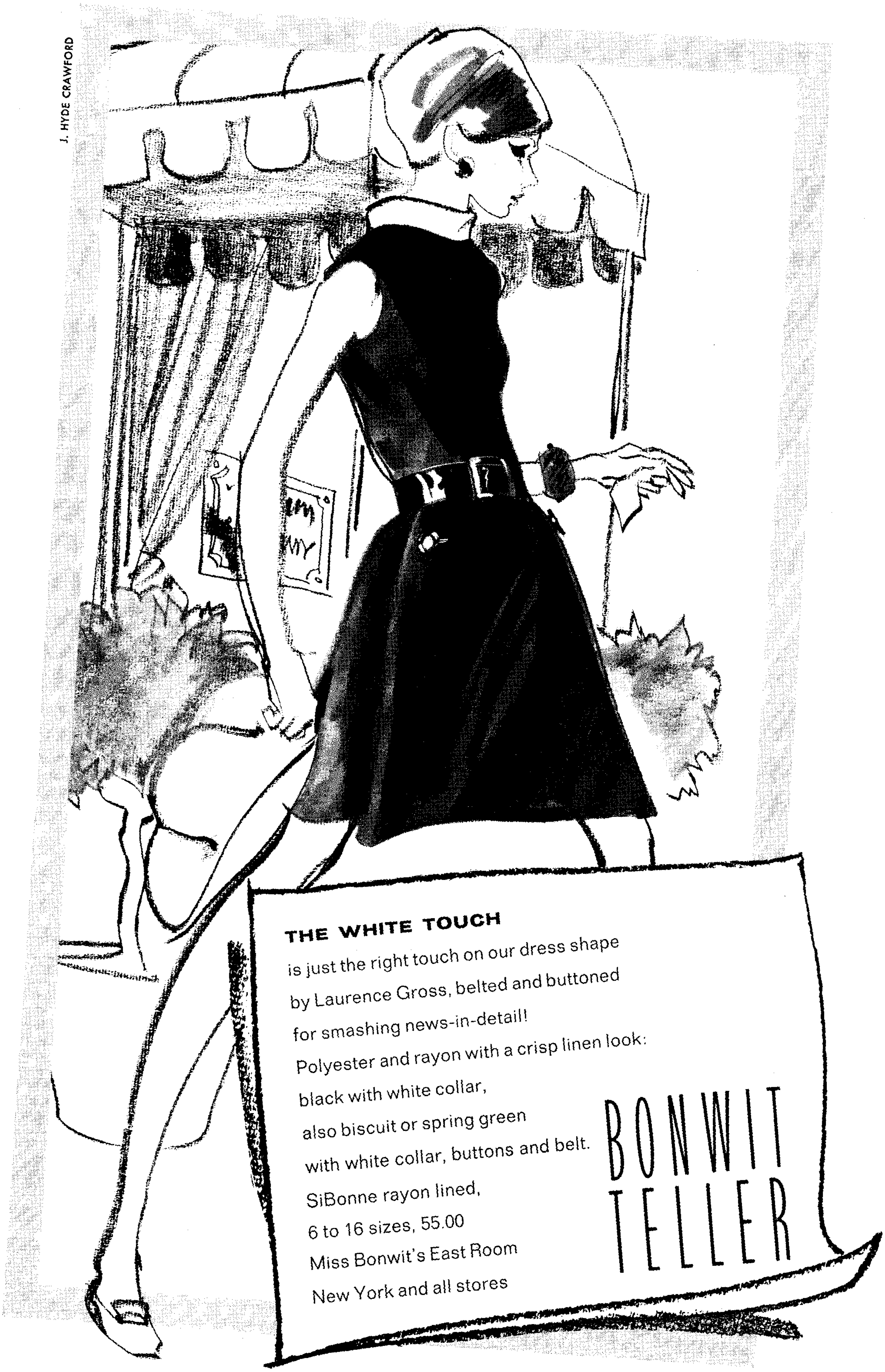
**New York Chamber Ensemble**—A Mozart-Bartók-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**International Society for Contemporary Music**—Hugo Weisgall and John Castellini conducting a program of music by Luigi Dallapiccola, Hubert Howe, Leo Kraft, George Perle, Henry Weinberg, and Mr. Weisgall himself, performed by Neva Pilgrim, soprano; Paul Zukofsky, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Robert Sylvester, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**Galimir Quartet**—The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

**Evenings for New Music**—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Robert Moran, Lawrence Singer, Yannis Xenakis, Pauline Oliveros, Jon Hassell, Yuji Takahashi, and Carlos Alsina. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

**Karine Georgian**—The young Russian cel-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

list. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.)

**BEVERIDGE AND MICHAEL WEBSTER**—Piano and clarinet. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.)

**BYRON JANIS**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

**DANIEL BARENBOIM**—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital postponed from Feb. 15. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

**ANTHONY NEWMAN**—Organ and pedal harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

**ARTURO SERGI**—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL SEMIFINAL AUDITIONS**—Twenty-two singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the twelve finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 29, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3259.)

**NEW IMAGE OF SOUND**—The third in a series of five programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago, conducted by Ralph Shapey. With Esther Glazer, violin, and Neva Pilgrim, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 22, at 8:40.)

**JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.**—Don Shirley, with cello and bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Eddy Arnold and Fannie Flagg. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Cream. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 29, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . ¶ Archie Shepp's quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Joan Baez. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**BOXING**—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 24, at 7:05.)

**KARATE**—All-American Open Karate Championships, Saturday, March 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions, Sunday, March 31, at 2. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center.)

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 30.

**TENNIS**—U.S.L.T.A. International Tournament—Monday and Tuesday, March 25-26, at noon; Wednesday and Thursday, March 27-28, at 6; Friday, March 29 (semifinals), at 6; and Saturday, March 30 (finals), at 7. (Madison Square Garden Center.)

**TRAPSHOOTING**—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, March 30, at 9:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 10 and noon.)

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23.

## FOR CHILDREN

**OPERA**—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 23, at 2:30.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By BIL BAIRD'S THEATRE: "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:

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And we mean *our* pick. Our pick of Johannisberg Riesling. Or Gamay Beaujolais. Or Gewürztraminer. Or any of the distinguished varietal wine grapes. Because they all prosper to our own high standards of perfection . . . on our own vineyards: Paicines Mountain Vineyards.

Here, in the cool, green grandeur of California's Gavilan Range, Almadén maintains the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes. Here, ideal soil, climate, elevation and care consistently create a superb difference in our grapes. A difference imparted . . . through patience and skill . . . to every Almadén wine.

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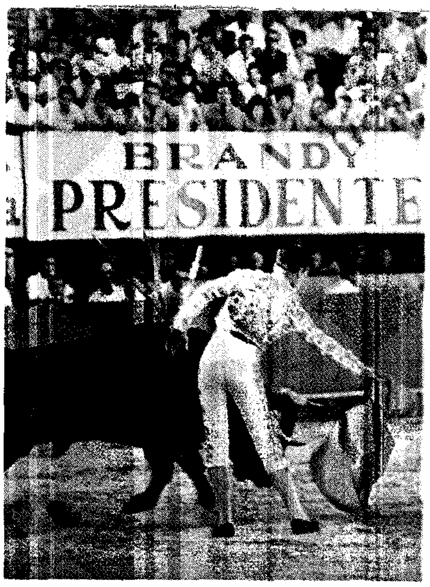
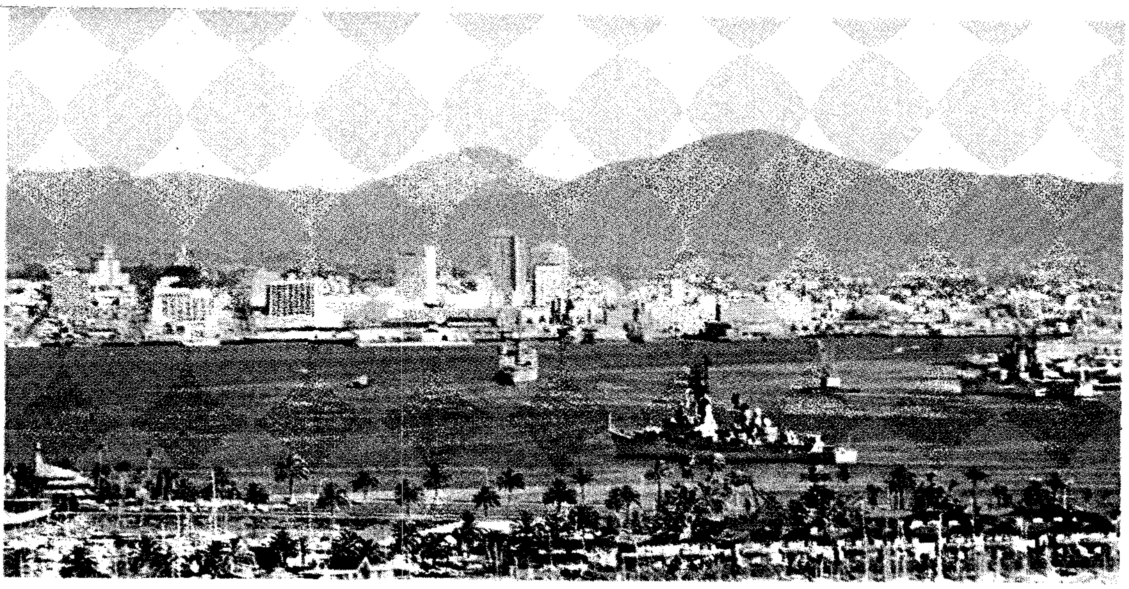
**ALMADÉN**

*For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California*

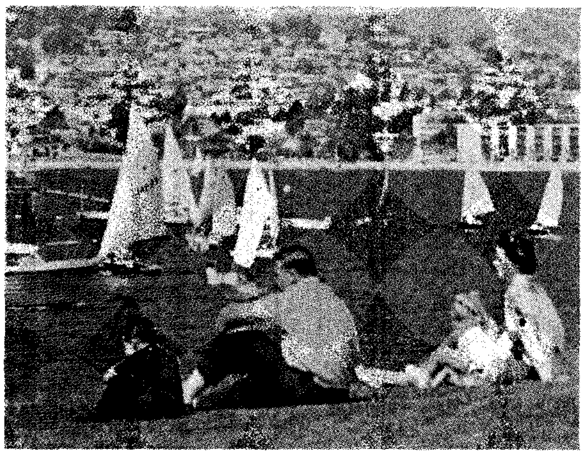


**Excitement** is the bullfight—an old-world spectacle, spring and summer in nearby old Mexico.



**Excitement** is enjoying spectacular views at every turn. See one of the world's great harbors, alive with shipping . . . palm-dotted islands, the growing skyline of the West's third largest city, especially magnificent at night. Beautiful valleys, pine-clad mountains and vast sunny deserts are all just a short drive away.

# excitement!



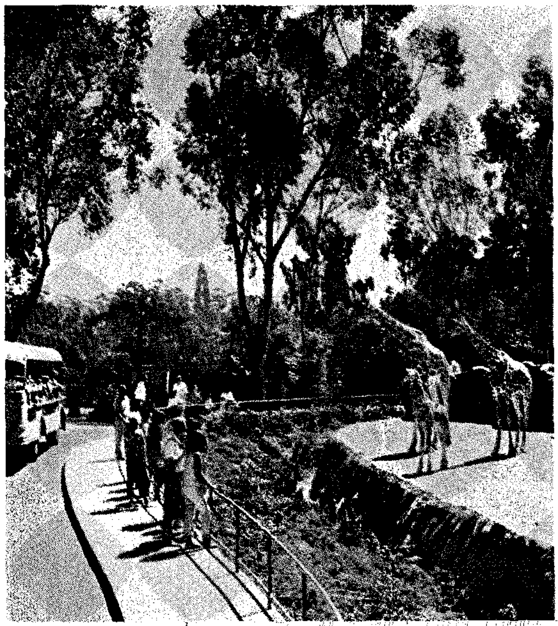
**Excitement** is unlimited water fun! Sail, swim, water ski, go sportfishing, sun on 70 miles of white beach, play on 4600-acre Mission Bay!

San Diego excitement! Come, enjoy it all . . . a vacation brimful of the best of California, crowded with the color of two countries, an unlimited variety of fascinating things to see and do. Visit Mexico, just minutes away . . . fish for marlin, play golf, see dozens of world-famous attractions, and more! The sun shines all year-round; mild temperature seldom varies more than 10 degrees; it seldom rains. Send for your free vacation kit now: things to do, places to stay! Write Convention & Visitors Bureau, Dept. NY-368, 330 A Street, San Diego, Calif. 92101.

# san diego

Celebrating 200th anniversary in 1969

**Excitement** is world-famous San Diego Zoo. Over 5000 animals in tropical gardens. Guided bus tours . . . and Children's Zoo.



**Excitement** is golfing any day on one of 65 courses, green fairways all year. Some lighted at night.

**Excitement** is Sea World's performing killer whale, dolphins.

**Excitement** is thoroughbred racing, all year at Caliente; summer and fall at Del Mar.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3....¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 3.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "The Thief of Baghdad," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 22, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese paintings, Chinese and Japanese decorative objects, jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, and a collection of ivory figures; from various owners....¶ Saturday, March 23, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 26-27, at 10:30 and 1:45: Modern French literature, color-plate books, illustrated works on South America, and other books; from the library of the late Enrique Garcia Merou.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—March 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), with Laurel and Hardy....¶ March 22 at 2 and 5:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant.... ¶ March 23 at 11:30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by and with Erich von Stroheim....¶ March 23 at 3 and 5:30: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers....¶ March 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Swing Time" (1936), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire....¶ March 25 at 2: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper....¶ March 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant....¶ March 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by and with Erich von Stroheim. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

AZINES BOOK
REETING CARDS
BOOKS
GREETING CARDS
THRILLING
NOW SHOWING
FASCINATING
NEXT SHOW
ALL STAR SHOW
ALL STAR SHOW
CIGARS
SODA
FOUNTAIN SERVICE
Luncheonette
KOV

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |

**The Battle of Algiers**—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 26. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B. at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 27.)

**Bedazzled**—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Bonnie and Clyde**—Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film) became the Depression's folk heroes and thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 26.)

**Camelot**—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Charlie Bubbles**—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**China Is Near**—A new young prodigy from Italy, writer-director Marco Bellocchio, brings operatic style to sex and politics. A brilliant, subtly freakish comedy. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 26.)

**Closely Watched Trains**—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film directed by Jiri Menzel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 26.)

**Cool Hand Luke**—A really good melodrama about a young Southerner who wishes only to go to hell in his own way. Paul Newman is splendid in the leading role. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 27.)

**Doctor Dolittle**—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Elvira Madigan**—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**The Fox**—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

**The Graduate**—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

**Half a Sixpence**—A musical this big and this bad is a millstone in the history of film. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**In Cold Blood**—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Ingeniously adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**—Good dance films are rare; this one could almost stand as a model. The camera always seems to be where it should be. George Balanchine's production features Arthur Mitchell, Edward Villella, and Suzanne Farrell. Directed by Dan Eriksen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**Planet of the Apes**—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

**Poor Cow**—Donovan sings as Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's disappointingly dreary version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**The Stranger**—Luchino Visconti's gallant attempt to do justice to the Camus novel. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 26.)

**Thoroughly Modern Millie**—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

**The Two of Us**—This simple fable about an old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, partly because it is so simple and artless. Alain Cohen is very fine as the child, but Michel Simon overdoes the human old-fellow bit. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

### REVIVALS

**À Nous la Liberté** (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 26.)

**Any Wednesday** (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 27.)

**Beauty and the Beast** (1947)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 23.)

**Le Bonheur** (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 27.)

**The Crazy Quilt** (1966)—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 26.)

**Gone with the Wind** (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**A Man and a Woman** (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail** (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 26-27.)

**Orpheus** (1950)—Directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 23.)

**Repulsion** (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 26.)

**Sanjuro** (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 26.)

**Ten Days That Shook the World** (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 24-25.)

**Throne of Blood** (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 26-27.)

**Time in the Sun** (1940)—A documentary on Mexico, by Sergei Eisenstein. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 24-25.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Guns for San Sebastian," Anthony Quinn.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**PLANET OF THE APES.**

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**HALF A SIXPENCE.**

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"P.J.," George Peppard.

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**DOCTOR DOLITTLE.**

**TRANS-LUX WEST**, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
**POOR COW.**

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**THE FOX.**

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**CAMELOT.**

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 26: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian).
From March 27: "Sofi," Tom Troupe.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
**A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French), revival.

**CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 26: **REPULSION**, revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
From March 27: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 26: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From March 27: "The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Sergeant Ryker," Lee Marvin, Bradford Dillman.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Queens" (in Italian).

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Broken Wings," a Lebanese film.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**CHARLIE BUBBLES.**

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**POOR COW.**

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Producers," Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**BEDAZZLED.**

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**THE GRADUATE.**

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**IN COLD BLOOD.**

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

**YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
**CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**THE TWO OF US** (in French).

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
**PLANET OF THE APES.**

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Guns for San Sebastian," Anthony Quinn.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 23: **ORPHEUS** and **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (both in French and both revivals).
March 24-25: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and **TIME IN THE SUN**, revival.
March 26-27: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese and both revivals).

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 26: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **THE CRAZY QUILT**, revival.
From March 27: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 26: **THE STRANGER** (in French).
From March 27: "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
**CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**THE FOX.**

**CINEMA RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE GRADUATE.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through March 24: "Treasure of San Gennaro" (in Italian), Nino Manfredi, Senta Berger.
From March 25: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 27: **LE BONHEUR** (in French), revival; and "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 26: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From March 27: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 21: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon; and "Claudine" (in French), revival.
March 22-25: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "Yanco," revival, a Mexican film.
From March 26: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 26: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From March 27: "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

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Cocktail shaker in heavy silverplate, 32 oz. capacity, $47.50;
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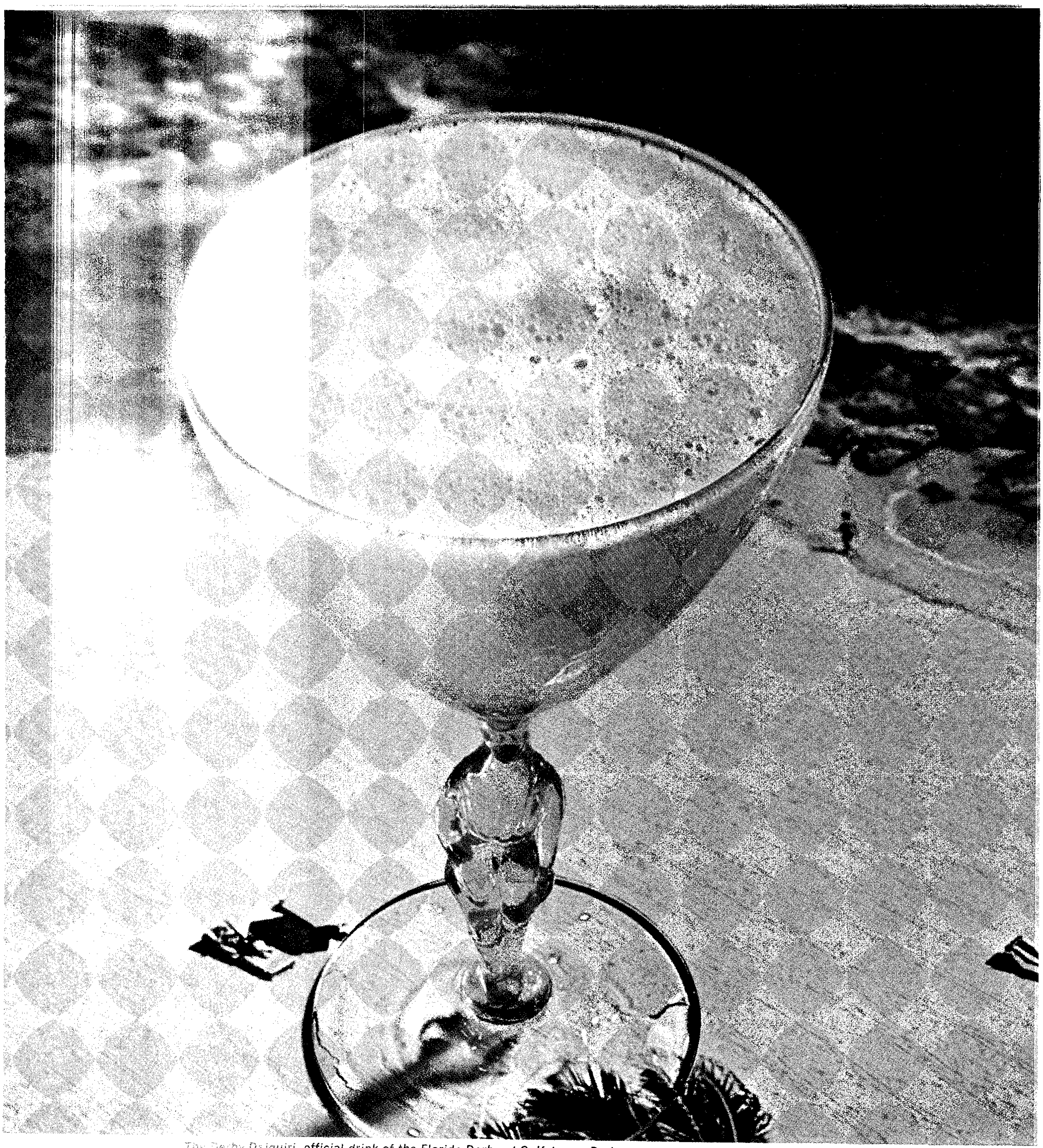

*The Derby Daiquiri, official drink of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, created by the Mai-Kai Restaurant, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

# How to put sunshine in a Daiquiri:

1. Make it a Derby Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice, 1 oz. orange juice, teaspoonful of sugar, 1½ oz. white rum.
2. Mix in a Waring Blendor—with a cup of crushed ice. Serve unstrained in a chilled cocktail glass.
3. Use light rum. That means a Puerto Rican rum—distilled at high proof for maximum lightness and dryness.

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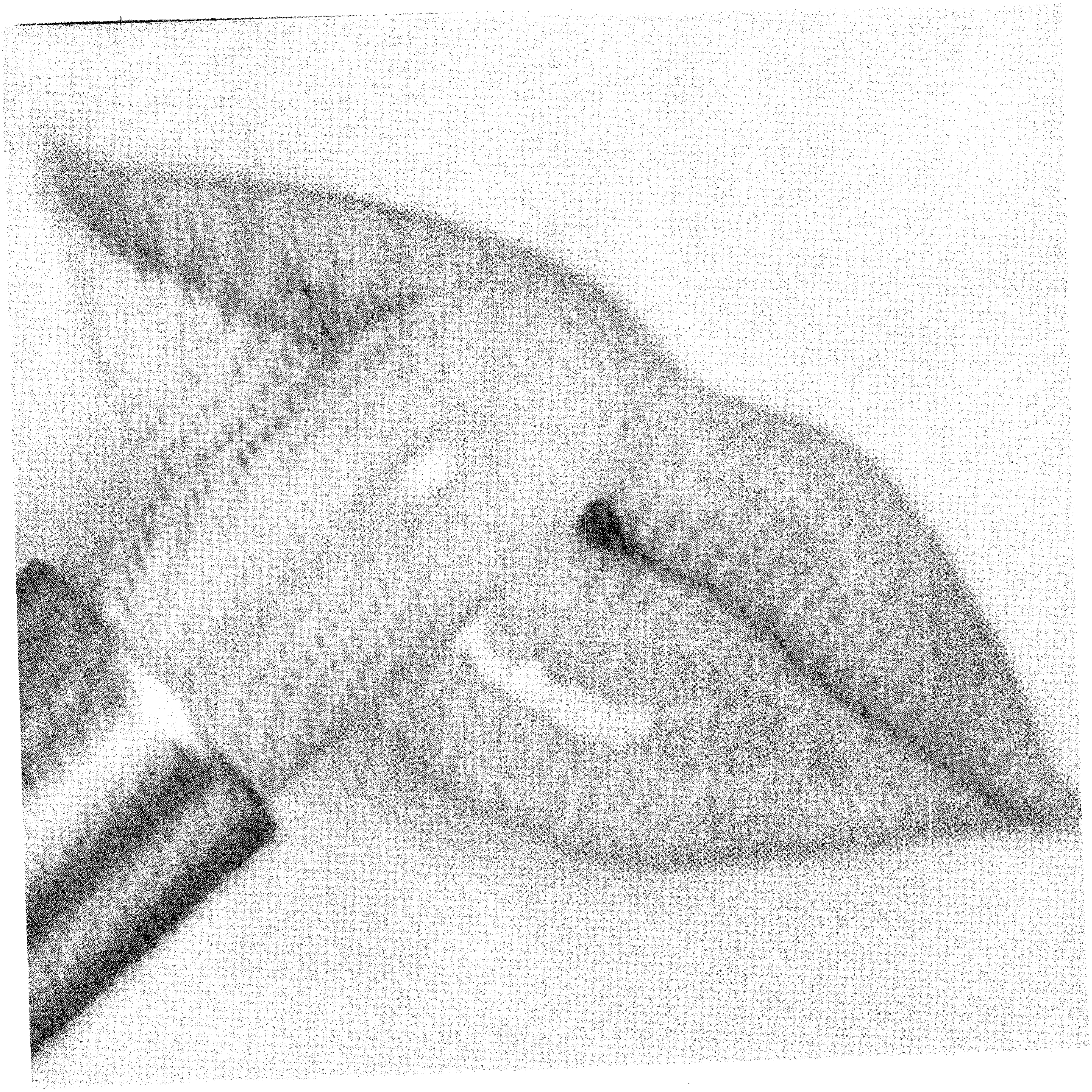
A cup of espresso can relax the mind, loosen the tongue and let the words go forth.

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Est. 1899.



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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

Hill 881, which the Marines arduously captured last May, is now so effectively surrounded by enemy forces that the only way onto it or off it is by air. Helicopter rescue operations draw fire from below. Not all the men who need more than routine medical care can be airlifted to where care is available. Because evacuation of the wounded is so hazardous, the Marines who are holding Hill 881 know that to be wounded may cost them their lives. Ordinarily, our military forces are not supposed to fly the American flag over such a territory except in combination with the flag of the Republic of South Vietnam, but, we heard on radio station WNEW the other day, the American flag is flying alone over Hill 881. The newscaster quoted Marines there as saying, "We paid for this hill with our blood. We're going to fly our own flag." He said the flag they were flying had become tattered. New flags are apparently in short supply in Vietnam, so it has not been replaced. Like its precursor that withstood the British bombardment of Fort McHenry, in Maryland, in 1814, its broad stripes and bright stars stream raggedly in the perilous night. Later in the broadcast, an unidentified major in the battalion that is holding the hill made a diffident appeal—if such it might be called—to the American public via the news media. "Maybe somebody will send one," he said to newsmen. "Well, Major," the newscaster appended, in what sounded like a heartfelt ad lib, "I suspect that right at this moment someone—perhaps many someones—is busy filling that order." As has been happening often lately when we listen to the news, we found ourself reaching over to snap off the radio. Several months ago, we had a hard time explaining to some under-thirty new radicals why it upset us to see them burn the American flag. To many of them, the flag was mere cloth. They asked us in impassioned voices why we didn't worry about burning people instead of flags, until the very air grew agitated with their pain, and ours, and it was no longer clear that one could oppose the burning of our country's flag without necessarily sanctioning human incineration. On the other hand, we expect we'd now have a hard time explaining to the major why we weren't among the package-senders. Like the new radicals, he has tried to appropriate the flag's complex and powerful symbolism—to make of it, as philosophers say, "sufficient motive" for a particular course of action. We don't like the idea of having to choose between two loaded versions of the flag. We don't believe that the flag should be degraded to express antagonism to the government's behavior. Nor should that behavior be enveloped in it, so that substantive opposition seems an affront to the flag itself. We aren't prepared to take sides in an argument over the strategic or tactical significance of Hill 881. Too many fundamental judgments must be made before it is possible to assess, in lives, the value of a particular bluff or valley or village or area of jungle in Vietnam. Since such territories have not tended to remain securely and permanently either in the enemy's hands or in our own, one must actually decide how many lives it is worth to gain ephemeral control over them. Strategic consequence, in the purely military sense, is only one factor in that decision, which must also take into account innumerable "psychological" (or propaganda) effects here at home, in Saigon, in Hanoi, and in friendly and hostile capitals throughout the world. To inject protection of the flag of the United States into these considerations at once complicates and simplifies matters horrendously. It is proper, surely, for military men to fight to defend our flag, natural for them to fight to defend a piece of ground in which our flag has been stuck, but perhaps *mandatory* for them to fight to defend a hill that has become an absurd repository for thousands of flags, sent by Americans, at their own expense, as emblems of our national honor.

We phoned WNEW about half an hour after the broadcast, and the man who answered said they'd already had a terrific number of calls asking for the address to which flags should be sent.

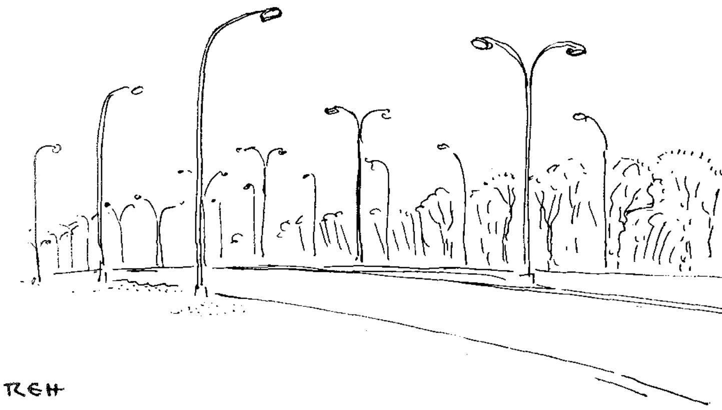
"The major's men may be wounded and without hope of evacuation, but you appear to indicate they'll have plenty of reason to hold on to the hill," we said.

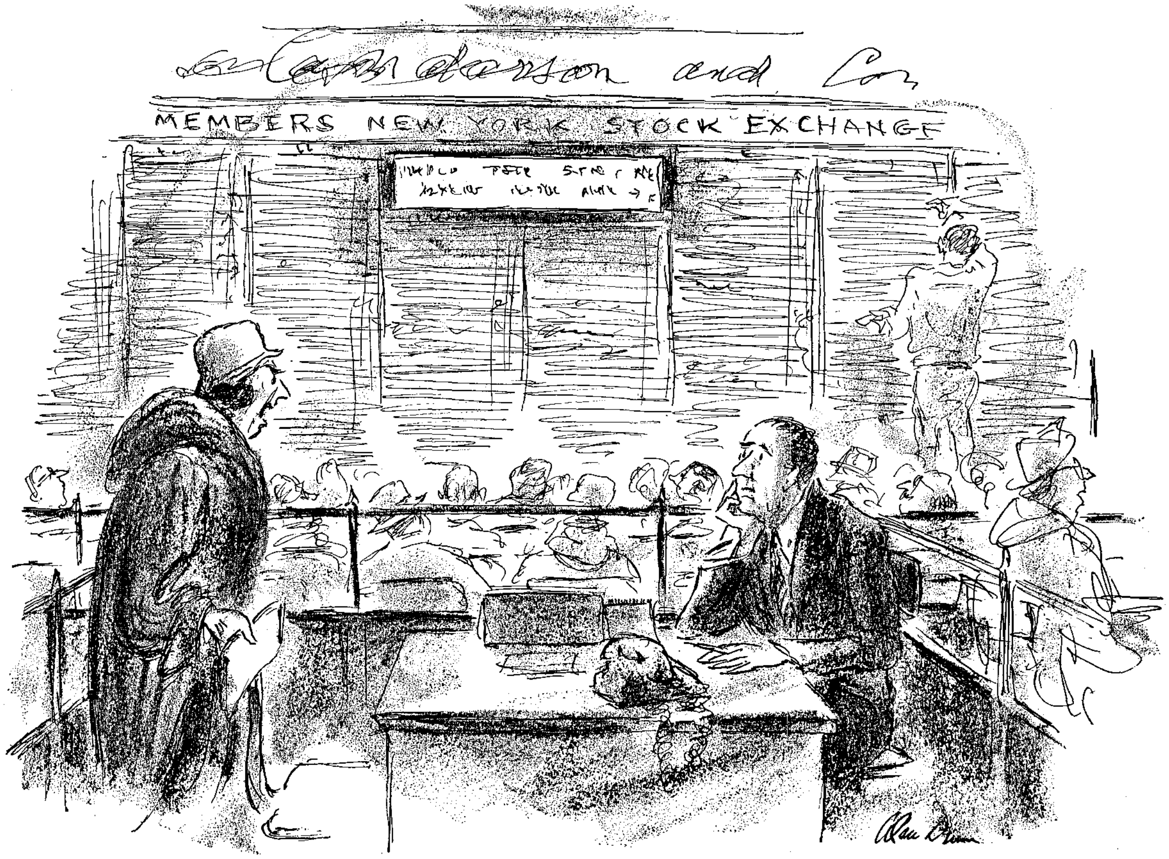
"Yeah, I guess our listeners could hear the music in the background," the WNEW man said.

We asked what music he had in mind.

"You know," he said. "The *music*."

After we hung up, we realized, with sudden sadness, what imaginary tune they must have heard, and




MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

*"You and your 'educated guess'!"*

• •

what splendid sight they must have conjured up. The rockets' red glare. The bombs bursting in air. The proof, through the night, that our flags—all the flags that high-flying mail planes can parachute-drop onto Hill 881—are still there.

## *Moral Ache*

DR. JEROME LETTVIN, professor of communications physiology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently delivered the fourth annual Man and Nature lectures at the American Museum of Natural History—four evening talks on the general subject of perceiving, or "the relation between what we see, feel, hear, smell, and touch, and what our nervous system is doing," which he approached largely through color, as "something that lends itself to explanation in terms which interrelate the psychological and physiological." We got to a couple of the lectures, which Dr. Lettvin, who is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, conducted in a well-tailored dinner jacket, and after the series had ended, we approached him early one morning at the Museum for a peripheral chat. He was wearing a pea-green sports shirt with its sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and no tie; his hair was long and wavy; his expression was benign; and he was accompanied by an attractive lady in a miniskirt, who turned out to be his wife. "I'd never given any truly popular lectures before," he said, over coffee thoughtfully provided by the Museum. "I tried to present a moderately complicated picture—the history of a stimulus that is complex, beautiful, and multifarious—in choreographic language. The nature of the color scene is a very old story, which scientists have always studied. Unlike form, the spectrum can be measured so accurately that it's a delight. The trouble about discussing color with the layman is that you tend to take it for granted that your audience understands things you have taken for granted since you learned about them, a couple of years ago. I detected a good many glazed expressions on the faces of my listeners during the first lecture, but I think things went better during the others."

Dr. Lettvin smiled and went on, "I'm probably the only professional dilettante in my field who has merely an M.D. degree. I was born in Chicago, in 1920, and went to the Tuley High School there, at the time when Saul Bellow was editing the school magazine. It was one of those never-never schools, with a permissive attitude and a kind of passion for learning and the arts. People would walk up and down the corridors practicing on the flute. Every time there was a strike in Chicago, the school walked out in sympathy. I went on to a two-year course at Lewis Institute, a workingman's college that has since become part of the Illinois Institute of Technology, and then to the University of Illinois Medical School. I wanted to be a poet, but my mother wanted her son to be a doctor." Next came an interneship at the Harvard Nerve Center of Boston City Hospital, and then thirty months in the Army, where Dr. Lettvin ended up as head of the neuropsychiatry service at the 237th General Hospital during the Battle of the Bulge. In 1948, he became senior psychiatrist at Manteno State Hospital, in Illinois. "There were eight thousand patients and twelve doctors, but only five of the doctors practiced, even in a moderate way," he said. "The rest were administrators. I built a laboratory there. It was a tour of Hell in one way and another. A lot of the patients were perfectly well, but the board of trustees wouldn't release them. I had a locksmith friend make me some master keys, and I'd walk through with a bunch of thirty or forty of them and hand them to people, so they could escape. Let me give you a case in point. I once leafed through the folder of a man who had been there seven years. He'd been arrested for drunkenness in a park and committed to Manteno as an alcoholic. Alcoholics were generally given clerical work and released after a month, but he'd been labelled schizophrenic. No doctor had examined him for years. I examined him and found he *wasn't* a schizophrenic. I finally got him released without having to give him a key. I'd wake up at five in the morning and do two autopsies before breakfast. I sometimes found cases that no doctor had *ever* examined. Their only records were garbled accounts made by illiterate attendants.

You had to make postmortem diagnoses by a kind of Sherlock Holmes procedure, using minimal data."

Dr. Lettvin, who has been connected with the Research Laboratory of Electronics at M.I.T. since 1951, has virtually abandoned all other research, pro tem, to devote himself to a study of student drug addiction and its amelioration. "Last May, the students invited Tim Leary to a debate on drugs at M.I.T.," he said. "They paid him his fee of a thousand dollars and had no money left for the other speaker. They persuaded me to be the other speaker. The debate was televised, and I became an authority on drugs, which I hadn't been involved with since Manteno." Last fall, he wrote a long essay on the morality and the philosophy of hippies for the American Museum's *Natural History*. "I became violently aware of the problem of drugs among high-school students," he told us. "I began visiting the schools, and found that in a certain sense the kids had no other way out. During the past two decades, a change has come about in education. Education has become a shopkeeper's education—a competition to get into college, in which schools have become businesses, rather than refuges from the world; in which ideas, as ideals, have been devalued; and in which one kid is set against another as a potential enemy. There is no room for the scholar. The children have been driven to ask what the purposes of education are. Most of them don't want to have anything to do with it. The situation has been made critical by the abominable treatment of the Negro. I have advanced at M.I.T. the notion of mutual aid, rather than competition, among students. I've been pushing a program to get some of my students to move in as teaching assistants in a Boston high school. There's a terrible demoralization at M.I.T., both in the undergraduate body and in the faculty, because of the Vietnam war. Some of the best minds have turned against science as being responsible for it. Science is being rejected because of its fruits. Every part of the teacher suffers with these kids. There's blood on the hands of all of us. This is terrifying. The moral and ethical aspects of the world have intruded, so that to practice science is like painting with a toothache. It's a moral ache. So I'm staying with the kids, instead of concentrating on research, and I'm devoting a lot of time to supporting Senator McCarthy, in order to defeat the present tyranny that we're under."

We asked Dr. L. where he was staying, and he said the Museum had put him and his wife up at the Hotel Stanhope.

"My husband thinks that it's too posh and that the money could be better spent another way," Mrs. Lettvin said. "I'm sure he's right, but I must say I've enjoyed it."

•

CONVERSATION with a cabdriver who had been given an address on West Forty-fourth Street:

DRIVER: That's the Lambs Club, isn't it?

PASSENGER: No, the Lambs Club is in the next block.

DRIVER: What is the Lambs Club?

PASSENGER: It's a club for actors.

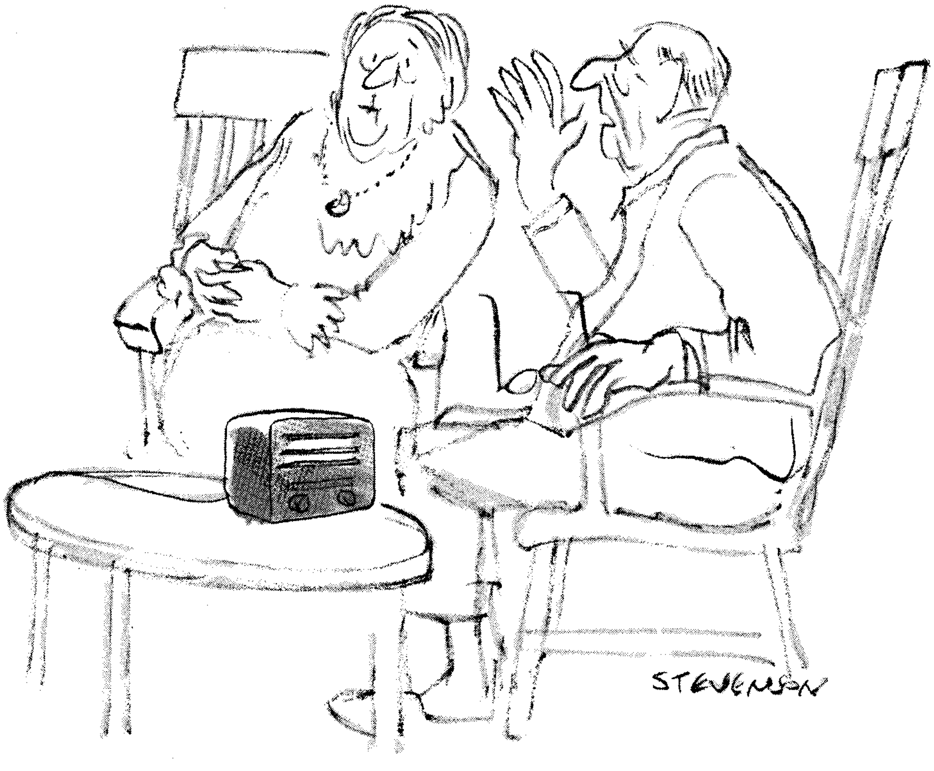
DRIVER: But you aren't an actor. I can tell.

PASSENGER: I never said I was.

DRIVER: Well, you must know the saying "The world's a stage and everybody in it is an actor in it."

## *Bennett Show*

THE other day, we spent a happy and instructive morning in the gallery of the Berg Collection, at the Public Library, inspecting an "Arnold Bennett: The Centenary of His Birth" display of some three hundred exhibits, arranged in forty-two glass cases and accompanied by a hundred and fifty-seven captions (many of them small essays) written by the late John D. Gordan, who, as the Berg curator, installed the show last December, three months before he died. It starts out with a snapshot of its subject's humble 1867 birthplace in Staffordshire and winds up with a 1931 London *Times* account of his funeral—attended by such far from humble mourners as Lord Beaverbrook, Viscount Castlerosse, Sir James Barrie, Sir Arthur Pinero, John Drinkwater, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes—and a program of the service at Golders Green Crematorium. In between are: The manuscript of a school-copybook poem, "Courage," that was written when Bennett was a day under fourteen, and whose first stanza reads, "Courage! it is a glorious thing/To all who do possess it,/It makes the faintest heart to sing/With hope, and then, to bless it." A July, 1895, *Yellow Book*, opened to Bennett's first serious piece of fiction, a short story called "A Letter Home." (The caption reads, in part, "It was graphic in detail, pessimistic in its view of humanity and life, understated in its effects.") A copy of his first novel, "A Man from the North," published in 1898. ("John Lane, publisher of the *Yellow Book* . . . gave Bennett a 5% royalty and took almost two years to bring out the rather stark-looking volume shown.") The manuscript of "Anna of the Five Towns" and a first edition, in a pictorial binding, of "The Grand Babylon Hotel," both published in 1902. Tear sheets of ar-



*"I said he says there's three inches of powder on a hard-packed two-foot base at Sugarbush."*

ticles (called the "Savoir-Faire Papers" and the "Savoir-Vivre Papers") contributed by Bennett in the early nineteen-hundreds to *T. P.'s Weekly*, a London publication, from Paris, when—for nearly ten years—he was living there, learning how to live. ("He made friends with cocottes and in cultivated society . . . with English expatriates like Maugham. . . . He furnished an apartment and patronized favorite restaurants.") A 1903-04 volume of his Journal, of which the Berg Collection has a run of thirty-four volumes. ("The Parisienne who contributed most to Bennett's knowledge of the sexes *en déshabillé* is referred to in the Journal as Chichi. She had a wide range of erotic experiences about which the novelist liked to hear.") A photograph of a sister of the novelist Julian Green, Eleanor Green, fifteen or more years Bennett's junior, to whom he became engaged in June, 1906, and by whom he was dismissed seven weeks later; a Journal reference to this episode ("At 11 A.M. . . . my engagement to Eléonora was broken off. In the meantime I had, with the utmost difficulty, finished my novel: 'Whom God Hath Joined' "); and a picture of Marie Marguerite Soulie, a Frenchwoman, whom he married on the rebound the next year. More volumes of the Journal, including one (1903) opened to a passage describing the genesis of "The Old Wives' Tale"—the sight, in a Paris restaurant, of an ungainly elderly woman, who got him thinking about the contrast between youth and old age. Copies of the "Clayhanger" trilogy; letters from Conrad, Beerbohm, and others; and memorabilia of Bennett's sole visit—in 1911—to America, where he had his greatest sales ("New York he found exciting; Chicago a 'city of Superlatives;' Philadelphia a city of wits"). First World War Allied-propaganda writings (he was Director of Propaganda in the Ministry of Information); several postwar plays, mostly unsuccessful; a photograph of his last yacht, Velsa; and a couple of editions of his last novel, "Imperial Palace" (1930), which, like "The Grand Babylon Hotel," drew on the Savoy as a general model ("The Savoy management admitted him to every department he wished to study").

The Berg Collection, we were told, has the biggest Bennett holdings anywhere, including four hundred and fifty individual manuscripts and typescripts and as many letters, to and from Bennett, and the public seems to have been enjoying the show. The exhibit has had seventy-five hundred people in since it opened.

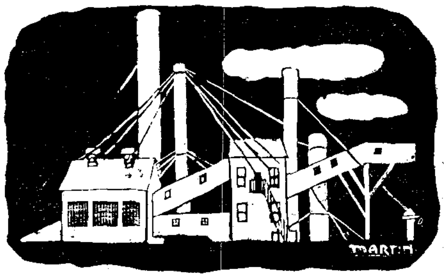
## Occupant

FRED PRELLER, of Orlando, Florida, has informed us that he recently received a sailboat catalogue addressed to Uncle Fred Preller. Since he doesn't emcee any children's TV show, or even coach the local Little League team, he was puzzled. However, a bit of investigation disclosed that a nephew had asked a firm of boatbuilders to send a catalogue to "my Uncle Fred," as a broad hint. Fine. But now a mailing-list company has picked up the name, and Mr. Preller is haunted by a daily deluge of magazine-subscription offers and discount-appliance announcements, all addressed to Uncle Fred Preller.

## Long-Winded Lady

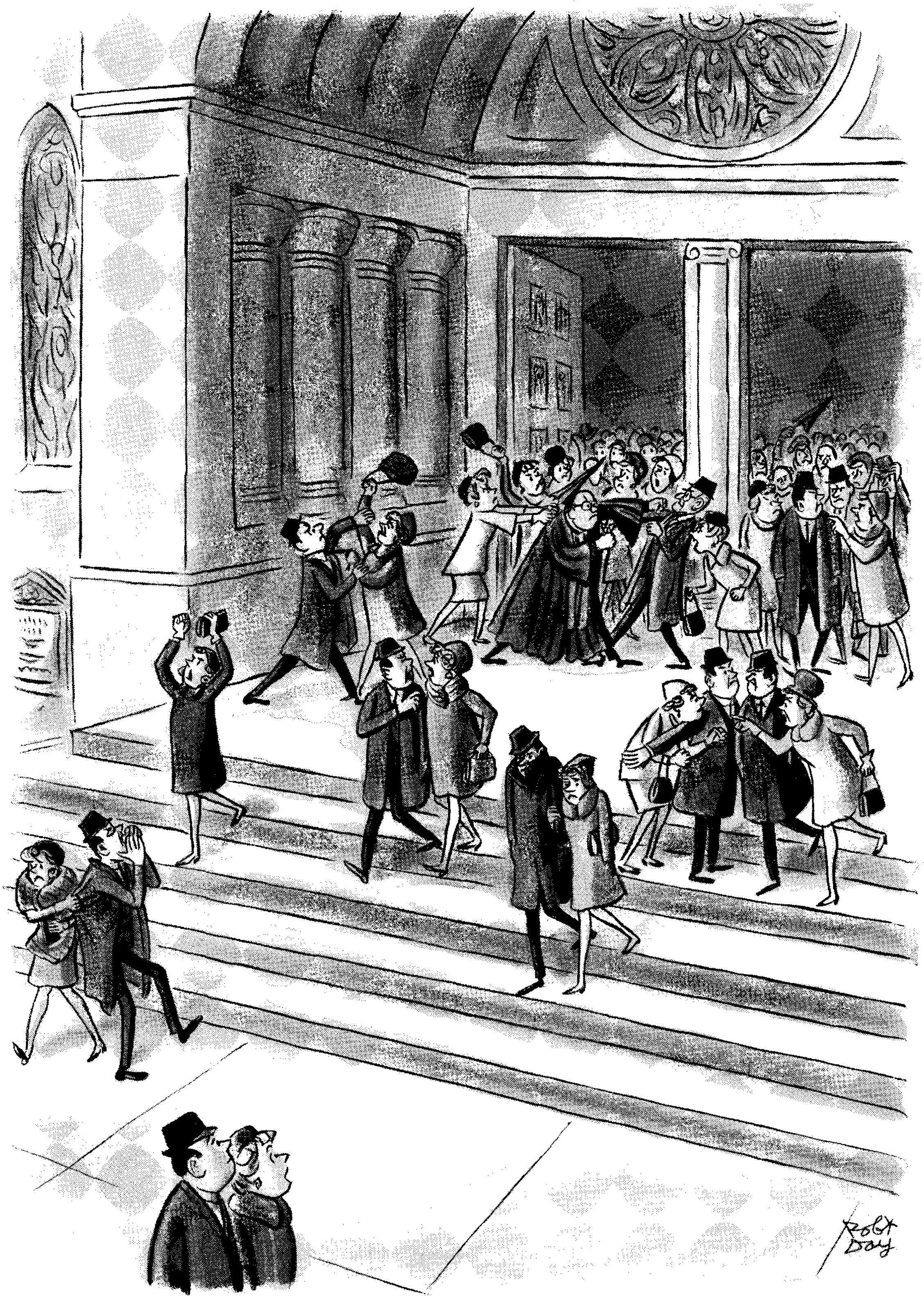
OUR friend the long-winded lady has written to us as follows:

"The ailanthus, New York City's back-yard tree, has been appearing around Broadway lately. 'Appearing' is the exact word, because the ailanthus appears, like a ghost, like a shade, beyond the vacancy left by the old brownstone houses that are coming down one two three four five these days. From the north and from the south and from the east, Office Space is advancing on Broadway, and the small side streets west of Sixth Avenue are going fast. Behind the old houses, only shreds remain of the original back yards or gardens, but when the houses come down the ailanthus appears—the tenacious ailanthus, growing up, well nourished, in its scrap of earth. The first of the Broadway ailanthuses I saw appeared on Forty-ninth Street, beyond the empty hole left by the brownstone where the gypsies used to be. The gypsies had had the first floor of the house, and they had taken over the front steps as well. The old house hadn't been changed much, and nine worn steps with iron treads led up to the entrance. Somebody had made the ascent narrower and easier with low iron railings, and on summer nights the gypsies congregated there, and the young women among them stood and leaned against the railings while the small gypsy children swung and tumbled about on the railings. When I looked across the street one day, after the wreckers had been at work on that block for quite a while, and saw the ailanthus—two ailanthuses, in fact—I was startled, and I stood and looked at them, and said to them, silently, 'Were you there all the time?' That first day, the two ailanthus trees were green under a blue November sky. It was sixty-five degrees that afternoon, unseasonable weather, but the ailanthuses accepted the warm sunshine serenely, and made shadows of themselves against the high, blank wall beyond them. The Forty-ninth Street ailanthus trees are skeletons now—thin skeletons, meticulously defined by the blank wall, which juts out from the back of one of the Sixth Avenue buildings. The trees will soon be gone, and so will the blank wall, because that area between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth is being flattened to make way for the latest Rockefeller office building, a fifty-four-story skyscraper that will probably be the new Esso Building, according to the *Times*. On these Broadway side streets, where the architecture is so mixed and often so unfortunate, the brownstones, the handsomest houses of them all, come down the most quickly. One minute the brownstone is standing, deserted, stripped, and empty, and the next minute its roof is gone and its front is gone and its insides are showing, daylight streaming like cold water over curved staircases and papered walls and small interiors—doors and ceilings and corners that remain secret even with everybody looking at them. Then, when it is all over and the house is gone and the thick white dust has settled, there is the ailanthus, speaking of survival, and of ordinary things. These days in New York, when Order and Chaos shadow each other so closely that it is hard to tell the difference between them, the ailanthus stands up like a sign of reality. The new Office Space giants have nothing to do with our daily lives, or with ordinary things, and they are taking away our streets.

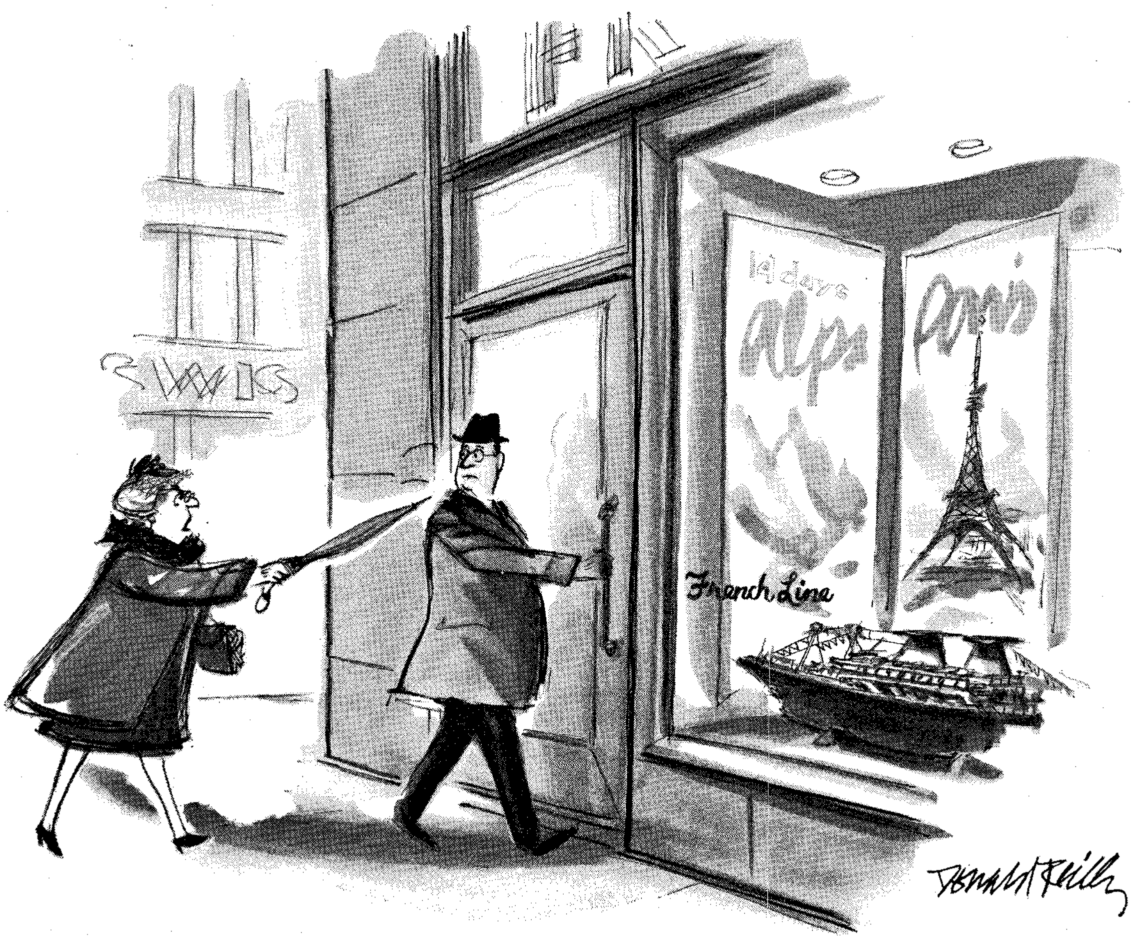


"The side streets off Broadway have always been crammed with small enterprises of every description, and with small restaurants. There used to be hundreds of restaurants, of every nationality and of varying degrees of charm and atmosphere and price. What all those restaurants had in common was that each place was owned by the man who stood behind the bar, or by the man who stood behind the cash register, or by the man who came forward to meet you when you walked in. We ordinary New Yorkers were kings and lords in all those places, even where the owner pretended to be surly, even where he really was surly. We could pick and choose and find our favorites, and so enjoy one of the normal ways of making ourselves at home in the city. It is in daily life, looking around for restaurants and shops and for a place to live, that we find our way about the city. And it is necessary to find one's own way in New York. New York City is not hospitable. She is very big and she has no heart. She is not charming. She is not sympathetic. She is rushed and noisy and unkempt, a hard, ambitious, irresolute place, not very lively, and never gay. When she glitters she is very, very bright, and when she does not glitter she is dirty. New York does nothing for those of us who are inclined to love her except implant in our hearts a homesickness that baffles us until we go away from her, and then we realize why we are restless. At home or away, we are homesick for New York not because New York used to be better and not because she used to be worse but because the city holds us and we don't know why.

"Manhattan is an island, and so she has two horizons—the architectural horizon, impermanent and stony, and the eternal horizon, constantly changing, that is created when water and sky work together in midair. It may be that the secret of Manhattan's hold over us is lost somewhere between those two horizons, the one hard and vulnerable, the other vague, shifting, and implacable. All we can be sure of is that she has a secret that binds us to her—something unresting and restless, something she shares with us even though we are not allowed to understand it. Other cities are mysterious. Amsterdam and London and Hong Kong are mysterious. Rome and Berlin are mysterious. New York is not mysterious. New York is a mystery. What is this place where Chaos stretches and sits down and makes himself at home? We live here, and we become part of the mystery. With Chaos, we make ourselves at home. We find our way about, and establish a daily life for ourselves. But more and more the architecture of this city has nothing to do with our daily lives. The Office Space giants that are going up all over Manhattan are blind above the ground, and on the ground level they are given over to banks and to showrooms, and to businesses run by remote control by companies and corporations rich enough to afford the



*"Goodness, what do you suppose the Rector's message for the troubled world was this time?"*



*"Hold on a minute, Mister! You wouldn't be planning to take any good American dollars out of this country, by any chance, would you?"*

• •

staggering rents. The smooth, narrow thoroughfares created by the office skyscrapers are deadly to walk through in the daytime, and at night they are silent and dangerous. The newly depressed areas of our city are very rich.

"At this moment, I am sitting at a table in the English Grill and I am looking out into Rockefeller Plaza. The Promenade Café is bright and cheerful, with the vaguely institutional air common to restaurants run by remote control—restaurants where the host is not the owner. It is a benign institutionalism, not bad at all once you get used to it. Sitting here by the big glass wall, I am a part of the crowd outside in the Plaza. The Plaza is spectacular, with its stone terraces and stone steps, and with the long and lingering vistas of stone and light and shadow that occur between and through the surrounding towers of Rockefeller Center. In the skating rink, the skaters go round and round. I wonder if the ailanthus will ever appear in Rockefeller Plaza. I suppose not. The ailanthus is a back-yard tree, and Rockefeller Plaza is a private back yard only one day each year. Every July, for the length of one Sunday, the Plaza is closed to the public. On all the other days, members of the public are allowed to come and go in the Plaza, free of charge. And the ailanthus is wild. It grows like a weed. There are no weeds in Rockefeller Plaza. The Plaza is monumentally correct in every detail, and its key monument, the massive John D. Rockefeller, Jr., memorial stone, has not a scratch on it, not even a smudge. The memorial stone is a huge, severely cut wedge of polished dark-green marble, and it is set into the top of the steps at the eastern end of the skating rink. The side of the stone facing the rink bears a bas-relief in bronze of Mr. Rockefeller's head, and, underneath:

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.
1874-1960
FOUNDER OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER

"The reverse side of the stone, facing the flowered promenade that leads to Fifth Avenue, is slanted for easy reading, and is deeply engraved with the ten points of Mr. Rockefeller's personal credo, his 'I Believe.' To anyone approaching the stone from Fifth Avenue, the engraved words stare out with the dark and awful command of a prophecy. Here are Mr. Rockefeller's words:

> I BELIEVE
>
> I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
>
> I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.
>
> I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.
>
> I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.
>
> I believe that thrift is essential to well ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.
>
> I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.
>
> I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.
>
> I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.
>
> I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.
>
> I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might. —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

"Architecturally, very little that was notable has been lost in the destruction of the Broadway area. What has been lost is another strip of the common ground we share with each other and with our city—the common ground that is all that separates us from the Machine. Mr. Rockefeller's words stand up to be read by everyone who walks through Rockefeller Plaza. Perhaps the architects of the proposed Esso Building will consider memorializing the words of another New Yorker, a man whose only house was made of wood and built on sand. How enjoyable to see engraved, *in marble*, on a wall of the new Rockefeller skyscraper: 'Where it all will end, knows God!—Wolcott Gibbs.' "

# SOMETHING NO ONE EVER SEES

I HAVE something to say about my father before another winter goes by and there is no spring, no blue sky following the dark, and I shall be as explicit about it as I can, because a winter has just passed, and the buds are waiting to come out on the trees in my back yard, and something has got to be said very shortly, while I am here to say it.

My father worked for a considerable part of his life in a corner of a steel mill that made sounds like a dragon at night and snored without visible fire all day long. People who are old and discolored by life always tend to beautify what they remember, but that much I know to be a fact. So when the steel mill got too loud for my father's ears, he hunted around on the edge of the town we lived in in those days—Canton, Ohio—to find a quiet farm, which he thought, when he found it, he would die on. (He didn't, and he isn't dead yet. He is like a rock on the side of a hill: he just gets smaller from the rains, and tighter together.)

One day, my father quit the steel mill and bought a strip of land on the frayed edge of the city, and paid probably more money for it than he ever possessed, and it never made him anything, but it did teach him how to swear. Sometimes he sat staring at the horizon, where the steel-mill stacks belched out long streams of black smoke. And in the evening, when the ground moles with their blind eyes and the wheat snakes the color of chaff were sound asleep in their special places, my father took his double-barrelled shotgun—which he never shot—and went through the chicken yard, through the pigpen, over the fence, and on.

I have thought about that farm many times. You would have, too. We lived there three and a half years—my mother, my little brother David, my father, and myself. And I suppose what my father did out there in the fields in the evening was look toward the city, just as, when we lived in the city, he took long walks to where he could look toward the land. Whatever he did, it was none of my business, and it didn't improve the value of his farm in the least.

When I grew older, into my twenties, and we were living somewhere else, I thought about when we lived there. When I grew into my thirties, and found a woman to marry, and my eyes often watered, and I wanted to climb on boxcars and escape responsibility, I thought of my father's farm. Now that I am nearly sixty years old, and I have not managed to run away from my family, and more and more joints in my body are paining me, I think about a certain winter day on that farm that my father owned long ago.

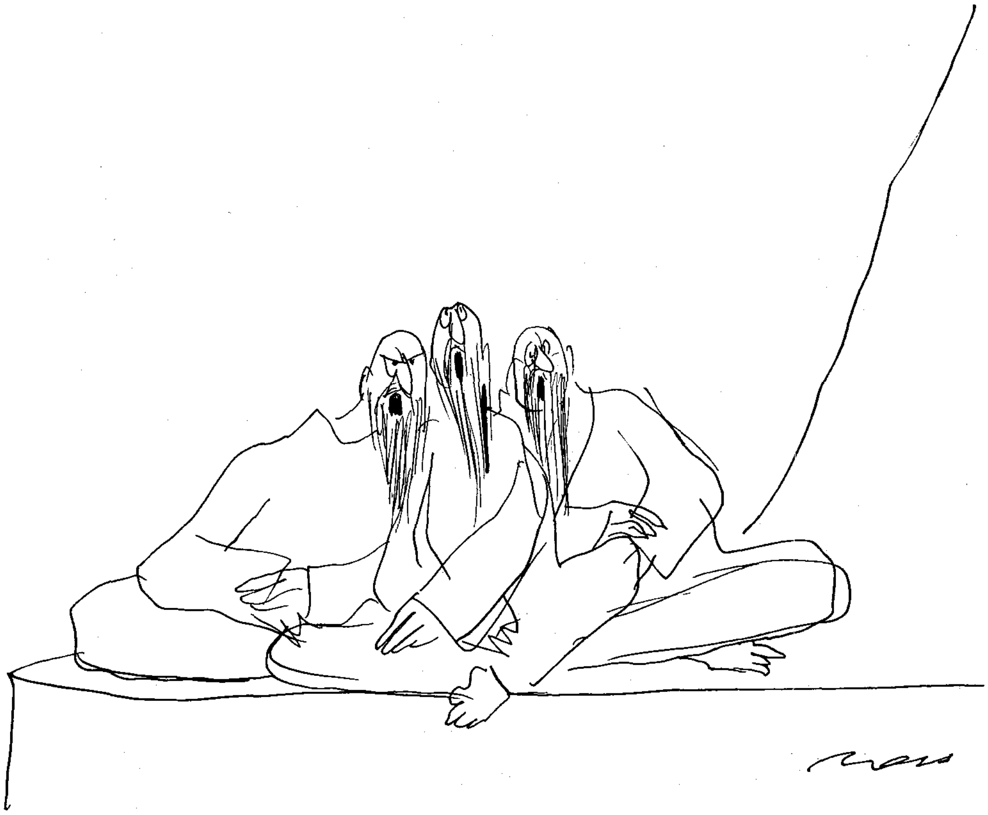
I am a sign painter, and I have my own shop in a California city, away from Ohio, away from the steel mills that belched out smoke. And often when I am given an order for a sign to paint in all kinds of colors, I try somehow to insert something of that day with my father. That day of all days. But all I do, really, is paint letters in fluorescent and sell my signs and get behind in my shop rent and receive notices from the gas company that they are coming to shut the gas off. I don't come any closer to it than that.

Across the street from my shop, the bulldozers are pushing over old houses to make room for a supermarket, and the chances are they will have to tear down my place soon. I can hear the tree saws wailing and sighing. I can see the men running back and forth, but I have such an important memory to lay out in my mind and decorate that I can't worry about them. They don't even look toward my shop. They are not worrying about me. They are too noisy to worry, and too young, and they never knew my father or walked across his land.

When we lived on the farm, I was a kid, thirteen years old, and studying art by correspondence from a school in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and I drew people crying and having wrinkles in their coats, and horses with artistic hoofs, etc. The people in Minneapolis said to me, "Always look for something to draw that no one ever sees"—which I always did.

One year, there wasn't enough summer on our land—not enough sunlight, not enough warmth. And even by mid-November the field mice were leaving the barn. There was nothing for them to nibble at. If you were quiet, you could behold a whole exodus going on of dissatisfied mice. And soon our lovely barn was silent and unfragranted of hay. When, because of some errand, my father had to go into the barn, he held one hand over his eyes so he wouldn't have to see the empty haylofts or the field mice going. The horses were standing in their stalls without hay. In the haymows on either side of the barn there wasn't a sprig of hay. You could go into the barn and recite a poem out loud and the poem would echo against the barn walls, frightening the horses and cows, and come back to you. There was a blue cold in the empty lofts, and the sifting snow lay everywhere, on the roads and in the rolling fields and on the roofs of houses and barns. The sun was nowhere in sight. The sky was gray and bleak, and my mother's wash hanging on the clothesline was straight and stiff. It was like looking through a stereopticon of wonder and seeing all things caught in an act of kindness, with color and dimension. And my father didn't know what to do.

Early one morning in January, he hitched up the horses and we



*"When you're out of Lao-tse, you're out of truth."*

• •

drove from farmhouse to farmhouse in our empty hay wagon in search of hay. At first we made up songs and sang them at the top of our lungs and hugged each other and acted like children. Now and then my father touched the whip to the horses to make them go a little faster, because they didn't know we were hunting hay for their stomachs; they only knew they were pulling a wagon that had two men in it, in the daytime.

The wagon rattled over the frozen roads, through deep ravines, where in summer the sun was shut out and there was a delicious coolness, and the blue-winged dragonflies hovered motionless over a shadow of fern, or a lizard heard a waterfall that wasn't in his life. But now in the deep ravines it was very cold, and we stopped our foolishness. The snow had drifted in the deep hollows of the brooks, and the sound of the raw winter wind was like the voice of my father's father, whose hands were like leather and folded easily across his chest when he slept.

My father reached out again to touch the whip to the horses' rumps, because they were afraid, suddenly, of something they could not see, and we went on into a clearing where there were fields but not a single house, and the wind was savage and cut our faces and stung our eyes, and my hands and feet were without feeling.

The two white horses were wild with excitement; their eyes were running-away eyes, their tails were straight out. And I was frantic with cold. I was freezing to death.

It was a lovely picture postcard of January, but we were *in* the picture, you see, and we were freezing. My father stood up in the wagon with his legs apart. He turned to look at me. There was an icicle under his nose.

"I can't feel the wind anymore," I cried. "I can't feel the toes of my feet."

My father whipped the horses again and said, "Get down and run alongside the wagon, Son. Hurry!"

So I jumped down from the wagon and ran beside it, and my father beat the horses and yelled at them. I was running beside the sound of my father's voice.

"Stick your hands down in front of you, in your pants, against your skin," he shrieked in the wind. I stuck my hands where he said, down there in the warmth between my legs, and ran and ran, and then I fell the length of me, and picked myself up crying, and ran again. All I could see was my father beating the horses to make them go faster so I would have to run faster to keep up with them. And then I let the urine come to flow over my hands. While I ran, I allowed it all to happen to me, and I looked at the horses and pitied them. I don't know why. I felt sorrier for them than I felt for us, because we had the wagon, because we were searching, because somewhere we would find hay for them and warmth for us, and the horses had no place in their bodies for hope.

We went on in a patchwork of nothing, and finally we came to a house in the middle of a blizzard, and we drove into the barnyard. We didn't even stop to tie the horses. We just left them standing in the cold, and ran toward the house. My father pounded on the door, and his pounding sounded like the poem in the empty barn. The farmer's wife let us in, and we stomped the snow off our feet and took off our coats and stood by the stove.

When my father asked the woman if they had any hay to sell, a voice from another room answered that my father could have some hay, because there was plenty. And the woman whispered, "That's my husband. He's dying. He won't need to plan on the summertime for hay. There is more than enough." Her voice, sounding like the wind, fell to the carpeted floor and we could have walked on it. Then she brought my father a glass of dark-red wine, and my father, before he drank, held the glass in front of him and looked through its color at me; and through the same color back at him I saw his face in a way that was new to me and just as the art course said.

I THOUGHT a long time about my father's face seen through the wine. I thought the answer to the way it looked would be contained in the lessons from the art course from Minneapolis, like the secret in the diary of a murderer. But when the criticisms came back for Lesson Five, all they said was that if you look at a tree don't see the tree, see light, see shadow.

There was no mention of my father's expression through a glass of dark-red wine. In the cold, in the moment of freezing, we would have lasted forever. As it was, my father's face was like a live ash on the rim of a dead volcano; and you would have thought the art school knew that. But if they did they were afraid to say.

—GEORGE H. FREITAG

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I dislike busy people. I dislike even more those people who really are not busy but manage to give the appearance that they are too busy to be bothered with the basic human emotions of compassion, kindness, friendliness, and apathy.—*Sally Barber in the Ayer (Mass.) Public Spirit.*

And don't forget sloth.

# MALCOLM AND BEA

## I

WALKING diagonally over the sacred grass on his way up from the parking lot, Malcolm Armitage hears first the *gardien's* whistle, then children shooting. To oblige the children, he doubles over his bent arm, wounded. Death, in children's wars, arrives by way of the stomach. Malcolm does not have to turn to know the children are Americans, just as the *gardien*, though he may not place Malcolm accurately, can tell he is not French. He can tell because Malcolm is walking on the grass between the apartment blocks, and because he is in his shirtsleeves, carrying his jacket. This is the only warm day in a cold spring. NATO is leaving, and by the time school has ended Malcolm and the embattled children will have disappeared. The children, talked of as rough, destructive, loud, laughed at for the boys' cropped heads and girls' strange clothes, are identifiable because they play. They play without admonitions and good advice. They tear over the grass shooting and killing. They shoot their mothers dead through picture windows, and each of them has died over and over, a hundred times. The *gardien* is not a real policeman, just a bad-tempered old man in a dirty collar, with a whistle and a caved-in cap. In the late warm afternoon the thinned army retreats in the direction of the wading pool, which is full of last year's leaves and fenced in, but this particular army knows how to get over a fence. The new children gradually replacing them do not mix and do not play. White net curtains cover their windows, and at night double curtains are drawn. The new children attend school on Saturdays, and when they come home they go indoors at once. They do their lessons; then the blue light of television flashes in the chink of the curtains. When they walk, it is in a reasonable manner, keeping to the paths. They seem foreign, but of course they are not: they are French, and Résidence Diane, six miles west of Versailles, is part of France.

As he reaches the brick path edged with ornamental willows and one spared lime tree, Malcolm, unseen, comes upon his family. Bea has her back to him. Her bright-yellow dress is splashed with light. She carries the folding stool she takes to the playground and, tucked high under one arm, "Montcalm and Wolfe," which she has been reading for weeks and weeks. When Malcolm asks how far along she is, she says, "Up to where it says Canada was the prey of jackals." Then she looks as if *he* were the jackal, because he was born in England. She looks as if she had access to historical information Malcolm will never understand. Only once he said, "Who do you hate most, Bea? The English, the French, or the Americans?" He has had to learn not to tease.

Behind her, for the moment abandoned, is the old blue stroller they bought after some other international baby had grown out of it. Ruth, Malcolm's child, is asleep in it, slumped to one side. Roy, astride his tricycle, faces Bea. Malcolm imagines himself as two miniatures—two perspiring stepfathers—on the child's eyes. Roy's eyes are mirrors. He never looks at you: there is no you. "Look at me," you say, and Roy looks over there.

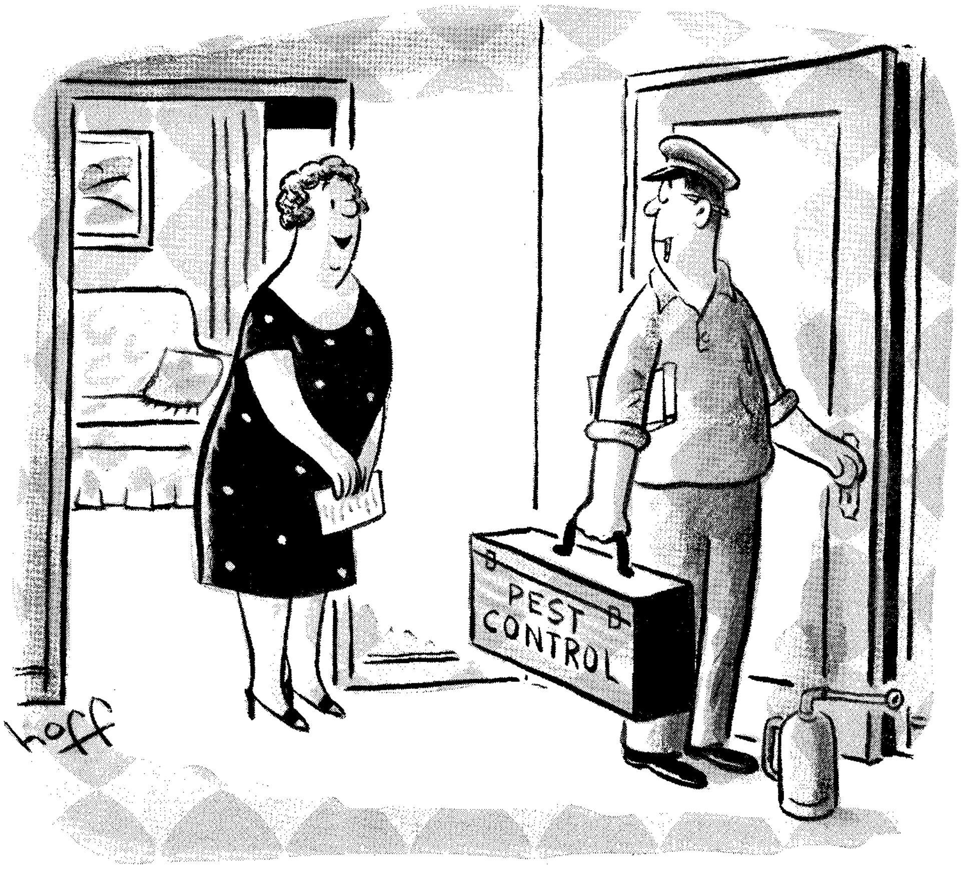
The family scene set up and waiting for Malcolm consists of a fight for life. Roy, who is afraid of mosquitoes, has refused to ride his tricycle through a swarm of gnats. He is at a dead stop, with a foot on the path. His dark curls stick to his forehead. His resistance to Bea lies in his silence and stubbornness, or in sudden vandalism. Last weekend he snapped the head off every spaced, prized, counted, daffodil in reach of the playground. Malcolm heard Bea say, "I'll kill you!" He walked up to them—as he is doing now—trying to show the neighbors nothing was wrong. Bea is moved by an audience; Malcolm would like to be invisible. He drew Bea's arms back and Roy fell like a sack. She was crying. "Ah, he's not mine," she said. "He can't be. They made a mistake in the hospital." Only then did she notice Roy had been biting. She showed Malcolm her arm, mutely. He looked at the small oval, her stigmata. "He can't be mine," she said. "I had a lovely boy but some other mother got him. They gave me Roy by mistake."

"Listen," said Malcolm. "Never say that again."

Bea, suddenly cheerful, said, "But Roy's said worse than that to *me!*"

"Say right now, so he can hear you, that he's yours and there was no mistake."

Of course Roy was hers! She said so, laughing. He was hers like the crickets she kept in plastic cages and fed on scraps of lettuce the size of Ruth's fingernails; like the hedgehog she raised and trained to drink milk out of a wineglass; like the birds she buys on the Quai de la Corse in Paris and turns out to freeze or starve or be pecked to death. It is always after she has said something harebrained, on the



*"Veni, vidi, vici. Eh, Mr. Mildorp?"*

very limit of reason, that she seems most appealing. Her outrageousness is part of the coloration of their marriage, their substitute for a plot. "Poor kid," Malcolm will suddenly say, not about the wronged child but of Bea. It is easy for Bea to crave this pity of his, to feel unloved, bullied, to turn to him, though she thinks he is a bully too.

A rotary sprinkler now pivots on its stem. Roy is protected from Bea by rainbows. Bea, waiting for Roy to surrender, heaves her slight weight onto one foot. Her dress follows the line of her spine. "Honestly, Roy, you're just a coward, you know," she says. Accustomed to making animals trust her, she advances now almost without seeming to move. "Afraid of some old bugs! When I was your age I wasn't scared of anything." Bea has passed the lime tree. Her dress is in full sun. She will drop the stool and the book and shoot through rainbows. She will suddenly shove Roy off his tricycle and slap him twice, coming and going. She will drag the tricycle away and leave him there to mull over his defeat. No, none of it happens: Roy suddenly comes to life, pushes forward to meet her. When she turns back with him, she sees Malcolm. His whole family comes toward him now, and Bea is smiling.

A grievance overtakes her welcoming look. Something has come up. What now? On the way indoors she tells him: Leonard and Verna Baum, their closest friends, the only Canadians they know here, are not going to Belgium. Leonard is going to Germany, with the Army. Her interest in having Canadian friends, like her interest in history, is new. She does not always recognize a Canadian when she hears one.

"What's your father?" she said to a stray little boy who, like a puppy, followed Roy home one day. Just like that: not even "What's your name?"

"He's an Ayer Force Mayn," said the innocent, in syllables that should have rung like gongs to Bea.

"Well, Roy happens to be Canadian," said Bea haughtily, demonstrating how you put down any American aged about five.

By mistake, Bea has packed and shipped to Belgium pots and pans that belong to their landlord. She forgot to send their trunk of winter clothes. Ruth is back to baby food, and Roy (when he will eat) lives on marmalade sandwiches. Malcolm and Bea will have their dinner at the local bric-a-brac snack bar called Drug Diane. He knows, because she seems so comfortable in this ramshackle way of living, that she must have had something like it when she was a child. As if he had never seen her house, never known her father, she sometimes describes a house and a garden and a set of parents. "I liked it when we first came over to France and lived right in Versailles," she will say. "It was more like home."

## A LITTLE RETARDED BOY ON THE LEXINGTON AVENUE EXPRESS

He was on the Lexington Avenue Express,
on Sunday,
with his father,
going uptown from South Ferry,

hands waving like a dancer's,
each movement ending
with the arching, snakelike gesture—
one imperative finger pointing—
of an Italian god or saint or king
by one of the Great Masters.

Even on his father's lap his tears stream
because he wants to go
all at once
to any and all of those places
his arms and hands are talking about.

And his quiet father,
holding him on his knees,
wipes away the tears with
his gestures of long practice—
gentle, watchful,
his eyes full of love
and unhappiness.

—RALPH POMEROY

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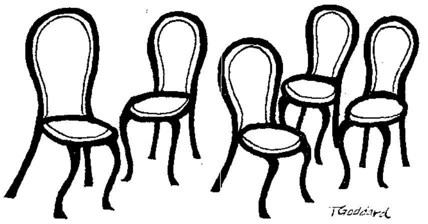
## II

THE desire to be rid of Bea overtakes Malcolm at hopeless times, when he can do nothing about it. If she left him now, this second, it would settle every problem he ever has had in his life—even the problem of the winter clothes left behind. Bea, questioned about it, says she has never wanted to leave *him*. Sometimes she says, "All right, you take Roy, I'll keep Ruth." She forgets Roy isn't his. She thinks her difficulties would be resolved if she just knew something more about men. All she knows is Malcolm. The father of Roy hardly counted. She slept with him "only the once," as she puts it, and hated it. She warned Malcolm the other day: she would have an affair. If she waits too long, no one will want her. When Malcolm said, "With Leonard?" she burst out laughing. A few seconds later, evidently thinking of herself in bed with Leonard, she laughed again. "*Him*," she said. "It's too easy. Anybody can have him. They say any girl that ever worked in his office . . ." But her interest dies quickly. Malcolm has seldom heard her gossiping. Gossip implies at least a theory about behavior, and Bea has none. "Anyway, Leonard's losing his hair and all," she said, seriously.

So, she has an idea about a lover, Malcolm can see that, but it is still someone unreal.

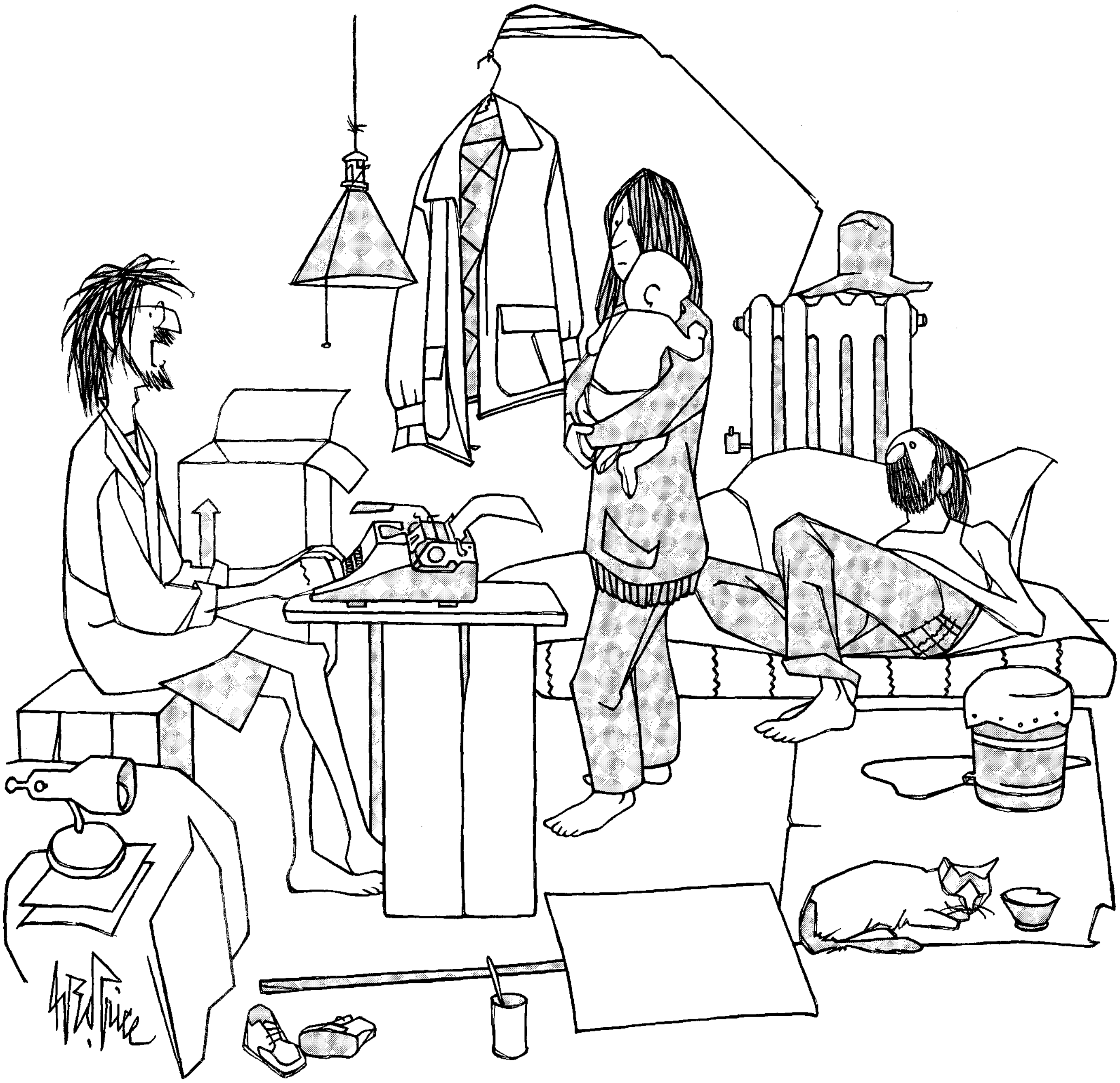


BEA hasn't asked what Malcolm and Leonard were doing in Paris today, Saturday. She knows that Leonard rang just after lunch and said, "Can you come in and get me? I can't drive my car." He gave the address of a hospital.

"I think Leonard's had a heart attack," he said to Bea. "Don't say anything to Verna yet."

But when Malcolm found Leonard he discovered that Leonard's Danish girl, Karin, had cut her wrists with a fruit knife—one of those shallow cuts, with the knife held the wrong way. She isn't dead, but her stomach has been pumped out for good measure, and she is tied to her hospital bed. The police have Leonard's name.

Bea hasn't even said, "What was wrong with Leonard?" or "What did



*"How do you spell 'preamble'?"*

• •

he want?"—which means she knows. If she knows, then Verna knows. Leonard is at this moment telling a carefully invented story to Verna, who may pretend to be taken in.

Bea sits very calmly on the balcony of the apartment, with Ruth in a pen at her feet, and waits for Malcolm to bring her a drink.

"Leonard's done a lot of lying to Verna," she says, out of the blue. "But I'm the sort of person no man would ever lie to."

She sits in a deck chair, serene, hair pulled into a dark ponytail so tense her black eyes look Asian. She means raw lying, such as a man's saying he is going out to buy cigarettes when he really wants to send a telegram. She would never think of a more subtle form, and might not consider it lying. She truly thinks that her face, her way of being invite the truth.

Malcolm is convinced he will never have an idea about Bea until he understands her idea of herself. Of course Bea has an idea; what woman hasn't? In her mind's eye she is always advancing, she is walking between lanes of trees on a June day. She is small and slight in her dreams, as she is in life. She advances toward herself, as if half of her were a mirror. In the vision she carries Ruth, her prettiest baby, newly born, or a glass goblet, or a bunch of roses. Whatever she holds must be untouched, fresh, scarcely breathed on.

What is her destination in this dream? Is it Malcolm?

She looks taken aback. It is herself. She *is* final. She can't go farther than herself, and Malcolm can't go any farther than Bea.

Malcolm, pouring straight gin, thinks "infantile" and then "conceited." Having her entire attention, he sits on the balcony railing and tries to tell her that no one is a destination, and no marriage simply endures: it is difficult to begin, and difficult to end. (Her dark eyes are full of love. She takes this for a declaration.) The only question, the correct question, about any marriage—the Baums', for instance—would be "What is it about?" Every marriage is about something. It must have a plot. Sometimes it has a puzzling or incoherent plot. If you saw it acted out, it would bore you. "Turn it off," you would say. "No one *I* know lives that way." It has a mood, a setting, a vocabulary, bone structure, a climate.

All Bea says to that is "Well, no man would ever lie to *me*."

## III

IT is not true that Bea put pressure on me to marry her, Malcolm decides. In her cloudiest rages she says, "You were maneuvered! I lied to you from the beginning! If that's what you think, why don't you come out with it?" But I have never thought it. There was no beginning. There were springs, and sources, but miles apart, uncharted. It would be like crossing a continent on foot to find them all. I would find some of them long before I knew she existed. The beginning, to her, would need a date to it—the day we met. I had been in Canada four months then, and was still without friends or money, waiting for a job I had been promised in London. Friends and money—I thought I was coming to a place where it would be easy to find both. One afternoon—a Saturday?—I was picked up in a movie by two giggling girls. Outside, I saw they were dumpy, narrow-eyed. They were twins, they told me, named Pattie and Claire. In that Western city every face bore a racial stamp, and because this was new to me I kept asking people what they were. The girls shrugged. They were called Griffith, whatever that was worth. Their father had come out here from Cape Breton Island after their mother died. I understood they might be blueberry blondes—Indians. I was still so ignorant then that I thought you could say this. The poisonous hate in their eyes lasted two or three seconds. My accent saved me. My English accent, so loathed, so resented out here, seemed hilarious to Pattie and Claire. I was hardly a generation away from signs reading, "Men Wanted. No British Need Apply," but the girls didn't know that. They must have been fifteen, sixteen. They wanted me to take them somewhere, but on a Saturday afternoon there was nowhere to go, nowhere I could take them, except my one-room flat ("suite" the girls called it). They drank rye and tap water, and told dirty stories, and laughed, and opened all the drawers and cupboards. They weren't tarts. They didn't want money. It was their idea of a normal afternoon. They wanted me to ring up some bachelor friend, but I didn't know anyone well enough. The upshot of the day was that they took me home with them. It was about eight o'clock; the sun was still high and hot.

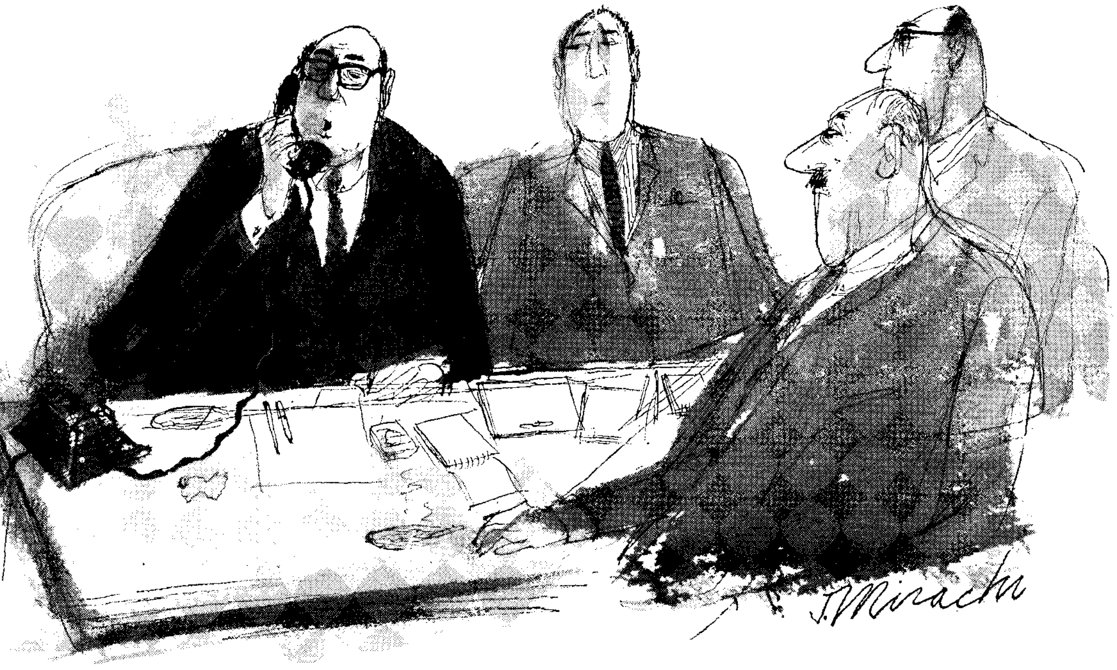
"When you meet our Dad, just say you've always known us," said Pattie.

"No, say we went to see you for a summer job," said Claire. "Anyway, he won't ask."

They lived in a dark-green painted house behind a dried-up garden. Nearly blocking the entrance was a pram with a sleeping baby in it. His lips were slightly parted, his face flushed and mosquito-bitten. The baby's rasped thighs, his dark damp curls, the curdled-milk stain on the pillow had the print of that moment, as if I had already left Canada (I was, already, trying to do just that) and was getting ready to remember Bea, whom I hadn't met. I memorized the bright hot summer night, the stunning season that was new to me, a kind of endless afternoon, the street that seemed neither town nor country, the curtain at the window perfectly still behind a screen. The pram, the baby, and, once we were indoors, even the Seven Dwarfs on the fake chimneypiece, displayed like offerings in a museum, seemed reality, something important, from which my upbringing had protected me. I understood I had met the right people too late, for Canada had been a mistake, and it was already part of the past in my mind. The living room was spotless and cool; the linoleum on the floor gleamed pink and green. Upon it two dark-red carpets lay at pointless but evidently carefully chosen angles. Plants—dark furry begonias and a number of climbers—grew on the windowsill. A cat lay curled before the logs of the fire, exactly as if there were a real blaze. We did not stop here; the girls led me down a passage and into the kitchen. I remember a television set with the sound turned off. On the screen a man wearing a Stetson leaned against a fence, telling us to fly, fly, because the skies were falling—if the sound had been on, he would merely have been singing a song. On one wall was a row of cages with canaries, and there were still more green plants. We had walked into a quarrel. When two people are at right angles to each other they can only be quarrelling. I saw for the first time Bea's profile, and then heard her voice. The voices of most Canadian girls grated on me; they talked from a space between the teeth and the lips, as if breath had no part in speech. But the voices of all three Griffith girls were low-pitched and warm. The girls' father sat at the table drinking beer, leaning on a spread-out newspaper. Behind him was the photograph of a good-looking young man in Army uniform. At first I thought it must be his son.

"All Cath'lic girls are called Pat and Claire" was one of the first things Bea ever said to me. "I got my mother's

MINCED ONION
NUTMEG
DILL WEED
SWEET BASIL
PAPRIKA
OREGANO
SAGE
WHOLE CLOVE
THYME
MINT
KOREN



"*Yes, Doris, a think session. Why the giggle?*"

name. *Beetriss.*" She mocked me, looking at me, gently exaggerating the way she and her sisters sounded, so as to make slight fun of me.

What did I fall in love with? A taciturn man who was anchored in the last war; two silly girls; quiet Bea. We ate quantities of toast and pickles and drank beer. "Come back any time," said Mr. Griffith, without smiling. Bea saw me out.

"I like it here," I said carefully, for I had learned something about the touchiness of Canadians, "but I may be going over to NATO. Somebody's pulling strings for me." I was diffident, in case she thought I thought I was being clever.

"That's like the Army, isn't it?"

"Not for me. I'm a civilian."

"I hope we'll see something of you before you go," she said. "But we're not very interesting for you."

"I love your family," I think I said. I said something else about "kitchen warmth."

"You like that, do you? I'd like to get out of it. But I'm stuck, and no one can help me. Well, I've got used to it. I mean, I guess I've got used to kitchens."

I wasn't the first person in her life. There was the father of Roy. What about him? "Oh, he was scared," she said. "Scared of what he'd done." She seemed curiously innocent—did not understand her sisters' jokes, or the words that sounded like other words and made them laugh. When I knew I was leaving, a few months after that, I felt I had no right to leave her behind. Even so, there was no beginning. Talking about her mother one day, we came close to talking about a common future.

"She died," Bea said, "but not at home. After the twins were born she thought everyone had it in for her, that Dad was getting secret messages over the radio, all that. She thought the cushions on the back of the sofa were watching her. She tried to drown the twins. Dad thinks we'll be like her. He thinks we already are."

"He's wrong," I said. "No one knows much about that kind of illness, but it isn't inherited." I went on—cautiously now, "Was your mother Indian? Indians are often paranoid, for some reason."

"No. Would you mind if she was?"

Nothing would have let her believe how interesting, how exotic I would have found it. "I'd mind other things more," I said. "Hemophilia, for instance."

It was exactly as if I were asking her to marry me. She looked at me, and decided not to trust me. "My mother was French-Canadian," she said. "Dad's Irish and Welsh."

I may have gone on talking then; I may have compressed my feelings about leaving her into a question. We were in a restaurant. She was a slow eater, never ate much, left half of everything on her plate. Now she stopped altogether and said quietly, "All right. I mean, yes, I want to. More than anything. But do something for me. Write it down."

"What do you want me to write? A proposal?"

"Yes. Say it in writing."

"Why?" I said. "Do you think I'm going to take it back?"

"No. I want it for Dad. Date it from three months back, so he won't be able to say I held a gun at your head."

"What is this?" I said. "What's it about?"

"Well, I'm pregnant," said Bea. "I was afraid if I told you you'd say it wasn't yours. Anyway there's nothing I could force you to do. There's no way of forcing a man to do anything. I could only wait for you to make up your mind about me. Dad thinks we're already engaged. I told him that to keep him quiet. I didn't want him to go down to your office and that."

The thought of what had been going on made my blood stop. I had never seen a change in him; there were always the same meals in the kitchen, the early supper, the noiseless television, the twins' laughter. Then Bea said, "I'll get rid of this one if you want, because of your new job and all. I suppose I can't keep my cat?"

I had expected "Can I keep Roy?"

"You can have another," I said. We seemed to be talking about the same thing.

Mr. Griffith asked me a few questions. One was "Been married before?" and another "What about the boy?"

"I'm adopting Roy," I said. This had not come up, except in my mind. Bea must have been waiting, once again, for me to decide. I remember that she looked completely astonished as I said it; not grateful, not even relieved. When she gave my written proposal to her father, her remark was "Don't say I never gave you anything for your old age."

It was nearly our farewell evening. We were around the kitchen table drinking wine I had brought. He read the proposal, made a ball of it, and threw it in the sink. Bea's face went dark, as if a curtain had been blown across the light. It was a dark look I saw later on Roy when he was learning to stand up to her. Mr. Griffith said, "Let's get back to something serious," and hoisted the bottle before him. His hand shook, and that made Bea smile. When she saw she had made him tremble, she smiled. That is all I know about her father and Bea.

Before we left she took her cat away to be destroyed. She had already stopped watering the plants, and the birdcages were empty. By the time we were married and she went away to start a new life with me, the household, the life in it, had been killed, or had committed suicide; anyway, it was dead.

## IV

EARLIER today, in the tunnel of Saint-Cloud, between the western limit of Paris and the *autoroute*, stalled in Saturday traffic, Leonard Baum talked about his wife. The NATO removal coincides, for the Baums, with a fresh start. They have come to a "When all's said and done" stage of marriage. When all's said and done, it hasn't worked out too badly. When all's said and done, we did a good job with the children. We see absolutely eye to eye where the children are concerned. There's always that.

# GOING TO THE BAKERY

## (Rio de Janeiro)

Instead of gazing at the sea
the way she does on other nights,
the moon looks down the Avenida
Copacabana at the sights,

new to her but ordinary.
She leans on the slack trolley wires.
Below, the tracks slither between
lines of head-to-tail parked cars.

(The tin hides have the iridescence
of dying, flaccid toy balloons.)
The tracks end in a puddle of mercury;
the wires, at the moon's

compulsiveness, are taking off,
to snarl in distant nebulae.
The bakery lights are dim. Beneath
our rationed electricity,

the round cakes look about to faint—
each turns up a glazed white eye.
The gooey tarts are red and sore.
Buy, buy, what shall I buy?

Now flour is adulterated
with cornmeal, the loaves of bread
lie like yellow-fever victims
laid out in a crowded ward.

The baker, sickly too, suggests
the "milk rolls," since they still are warm
and made with milk, he says. They feel
like a baby on the arm.

Under the false-almond tree's
leathery leaves, a childish *puta*
dances, feverish as an atom:
*chá-cha*, *chá-cha*, *chá-cha*. . . .

In front of my apartment house
a black man sits in a black shade,
lifting his shirt to show a bandage
on his black, invisible side.

Fumes of *cachaça* knock me over,
like gas fumes from an auto-crash.
He speaks in perfect gibberish.
The bandage glares up, white and fresh.

I give him seven cents in *my*
terrific money, say "Good night"
from force of habit. Oh, poor habit!
Not one word more apt or bright?

—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

They are a raggle-taggle international family. They have been in Denmark, and in the Congo. Unless you know many varieties of North American accent (Bea knows none, as Malcolm can easily prove), they could be from anywhere. The girls, with their petrol-blue and flag-red anoraks, their perpetual sniffles, their droopy skirts, their washed-out slacks, and their wide backsides, seem reasonably Canadian to Malcolm, though Bea says she has never seen anything like them in her life before.

"I feel like hell about Karin," Leonard said, "but that's what she wants me to feel. Suicide is always against somebody. She knew I wasn't responsible for her. I couldn't be. I am responsible for Martha and Susan and . . ." He forgot his wife's name. So did Malcolm. Both men searched for her name. Malcolm tried to pretend he was looking at her, straight across a room. She was tall and fair, her hair was pinned up, she looked like Malcolm's idea of a transfigured horse and like his idea of a missionary. "*Verna!*" said Leonard. "I'm responsible for Verna." Leonard now spoke so plainly that he must be suffering from shock. "When Verna turned Catholic, she said she didn't want any more sex. She didn't want any more children, and she had this new religion. Once there was no more of that to argue about, we got on better than before. I never missed a weekend at home and I never missed a meal. I didn't want my home to fall apart. I gave Karin as much time as I could. She poured all her life into the time I gave her. My life today makes no more sense than a sweeper's in India. I've been writing my own obituary: 'He left two young daughters and a hard-up wife.' 'His many friends were unanimous—the guy was a bastard.' 'All his life he thought he was going to Pichipoi.' You know what Pichipoi means?"

He's going to talk like this all the way home, Malcolm thought. He has talked about himself before now, but himself thirty years ago. We know

about his mother and his father and his mother's cherry jam. He never talked about Verna, any more than I would talk about Bea. I know about Pichipoi. It was the name of an unknown place. The Jews in Paris invented it. It was their destination, but it was a place that might not be any worse than the present. Some of them thought it might even be better, because no one had come back yet to say it was worse. They couldn't imagine it. It was half magic. Sometimes in their transit camps they'd say, "Let's get to Pichipoi and get it over with." Leonard wasn't here. He must have been in Canada, in college. I was what—four, five? Roy's age? Leonard is still in control of his life. He was in control when he chose Verna over Karin. There is no more terror and mystery in Leonard's life than in mine. Now he thinks he has no control. His life is running away with him, because the girl tried to kill herself, the French have kicked us out and they hate us, the police have his name, he has to face Verna, and the future can't be worse than the way he feels now, stalled in the tunnel of Saint-Cloud. He shouldn't say "Pichipoi." It was a word that children invented. That makes it entirely magic. It is a sacred word. But it was

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"But, Walter, what if everybody felt an obligation to his or her conscience?"*

such a long time ago, as long ago as the Children's Crusade. Leonard is generous; he knows he is presuming. He is on sacred ground, with his shoes on. *They* were on their way to dying. If every person thought his life was a deportation, that he had no say in where he was going, or what would happen once he got there, the air would be filled with invisible trains and we would collide in our dreams.

Leonard said, "I feel vindictive, now we're leaving. This is a private conversation, so I don't mind telling you. I get pleasure knowing a recession is on the way. When I see the sports cars with '*À Vendre*' in the windshield and I hear that cleaning women are coming round now and asking for work, I think of how we were gouged. Four hundred a month we paid for that dump. The phone never worked. We paid extra for hot water and heating and for using the elevator. Verna keeps asking, 'What's going to happen now?' Verna's very intelligent, but she asks me these questions, like 'Why are there wars?' She said, 'Leonard, explain to Martha and Susan about the new patterns of history. The girls are very interested in current affairs.' 'It's easy,' I said. 'Say Uganda has a project. They want to put a man on the moon. They'll apply to France.' 'Leonard, are you being serious?' Verna says."

Leonard knew he didn't have to say, "Don't repeat anything I've told you." He simply said, "Thanks a lot. I've talked your ear off." The shopping center of Résidence Diane looked like a giant motel. Where the lawns began, midges danced under the trees. Three American wives, in bare feet, holding mugs of coffee, stood on the holy grass. The *gardien* was furiously whistling, like a lifeguard who for some reason was unable to launch a boat. He stood at the edge of the grass and the three wives did not look at him; they stood laughing together with their mugs of coffee. Malcolm and Leonard saw something Malcolm, at least, had never seen before: a grown person dancing with rage. The *gardien* could not stop blowing his whistle; it seemed to be part of his breath. His arms were stiff with temper and he danced, there, on the path. Leonard raised his shoulders. He looked at Malcolm, and all at once seemed slightly foreign and droll.

## V

IN the midst of her packing and sorting and of Leonard's explanations, Verna Baum has remembered Malcolm and Bea. The ring at the door now is Verna, pushing a waterproof shopping cart. In it is an electric iron that cannot be plugged in anywhere except Hamilton, Ontario, two pairs of hand-painted porcelain doorknobs bought in the Paris Flea Market, a souvenir chessboard from Florence and about thirteen chessmen, a shoebox filled with old Christmas cards and Kodachrome holiday memories—these are for Roy. Roy will sit on the floor peering at them and sorting them over and over.

Bea, who has rubbish problems too, looks out of the corner of her eye and says, "Just leave it all in the hall."

Verna has also come because she wants to tell Bea exactly what her mistakes are as a mother. She may never see Bea and Malcolm again. They will exchange a letter or two, then Christmas greetings, then nothing at all. She sits down in the kitchen. Her long missionary horseface blocks Malcolm's view of Bea. Verna accepts

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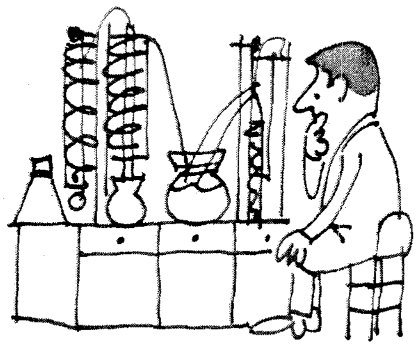

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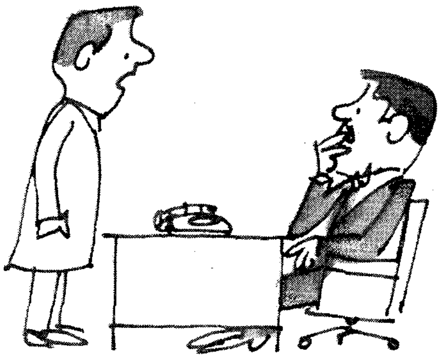

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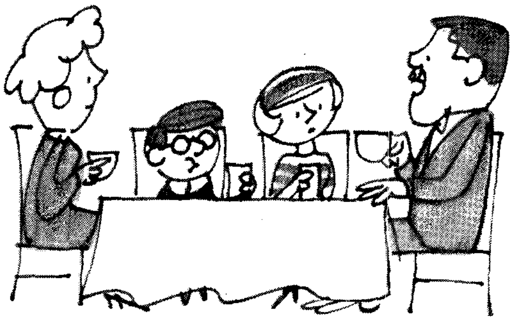

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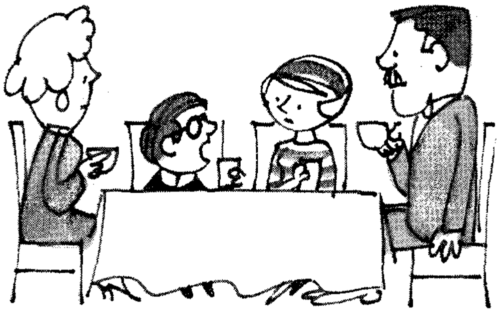

sherry (half a tumbler), which she thinks has less alcohol in it than beer. Does she know that Leonard's girl tried to kill herself, that Leonard was too scared afterward to drive his own car? All she chooses to say is that she studied psychology in an American university and is in a position to analyze Roy, pass censure on Bea, and caution Malcolm. He understands her to say "I was a Syke-Major" and for a moment takes it to mean her maiden name. Bea is making the children passive, Verna says. Roy will be a homosexual and Ruth will be sucking her thumb at thirty-five unless Malcolm at once confiscates the stroller and the tricycle. Verna's words are "I want you to hear this, Mac. It's time somebody around here spoke up. Those two little kids should be walking on their own four feet. Roy doesn't trust you. He never asks a question. When Martha was hardly older than Roy I told her about you-know and she said, 'How long does it take?' She trusted me then and she trusts me now."

"If Ruth ever asks me anything like that, I'll belt her one," says Bea. "It's none of her damned business."

"It will have to be her business at some point," says Verna.

"Well, her business is none of mine. I don't want my own daughter coming round telling me it's too much or not enough."

"Your reactions are so aggressive, Bea," says Verna. "I wish you'd have someone take a look at Roy. I'm glad Mac's here, because I want him to hear this. Mac, Leonard is very worried about Roy. He's a very sick child. He's an autistic child. You know that, don't you?"

"Autistic my foot," says Bea. "He's bone lazy, that's all. He talks when he wants to."

Malcolm, standing with his back to the sink, half sitting on the edge of it, slides along to where he has a better view of Bea. Verna has a red sherry flush right up to the edge of her eyes. "Mac never looks at Ruthie," she says. "You wouldn't know she had a father. If intelligent young parents like you two can't do the right things, what can you expect from people like the Congolese? I don't mean that racially. They make mistakes over weaning and that, but they have every excuse. Even our parents had an excuse. They didn't know anything."

"Mine did," says Bea. "My mother was a saint and my father worshipped her. We were very, very happy. Three girls. When I was thirteen my mother said to me, 'All men are filth.' " Bea laughs.

Verna swings round to Malcolm as if to say, "Now do you see what's wrong with Bea as a mother?"

Bea, glancing at Malcolm, says, "I can't talk openly if somebody thinks I'm telling lies."

"Oh, Bea, I don't!" This is Verna, but who cares what Verna says? The play is back to Malcolm and Bea.

Purified, exalted, because she has just realized what a good mother she is; sensing that Malcolm at this moment either wants to leave her or know something more about her, so that the marriage is at extremes of tension again, Bea calls happily, "Roy, there's a whole box of pictures for you in the hall."

She cuts the crusts off Roy's sandwiches and carries the plate to the living room. A puppet show is adjusted for him on the hired television and he is told to turn the sound off the instant it ends. Bea comes back and sits on a kitchen stool with her skirt at the top of her thighs. She grows excited, delaying Verna, keeping her because Malcolm wants her to go.

To say she had not wanted her children, as Verna sometimes hints, is a lie, Bea argues. She wanted a boy, then a girl—just what she was given. You have to take into account how Roy was conceived. She hardly knew the man. She never tried to hide Roy, or pretend he wasn't hers, though under the circumstances she might have been pardoned. She read Spock and gave Roy calcium and Vitamin D. "Mystery" had been her word for Roy unborn. But why hadn't anyone warned her the Mystery was so very ugly? Birth was ugly. Death was another ugly mystery. Her mother, dying . . .

"Now, Bea, that's just brooding over the past." Verna again.

But most of everything is just dirt and pain, says Bea. When she was pregnant with Ruth, she knew there was no mystery, she knew what to expect. She knew Malcolm wanted a child just to satisfy his ego, and because he felt guilty over something, and she woke him up in the night to say, "Look at how ugly you've made me."

Their lives are spread out for Verna like the wet tea leaves in the sink; like debris after a crash. No secret, dreaded destination could be worse than this. He leaves the room, walking between the two women, who seem too rapt to notice him. In the living room Roy is playing with Kodachromes, squinting, holding them up to the light. Malcolm

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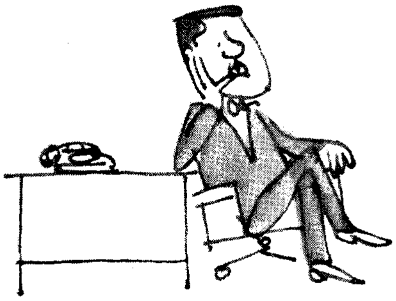

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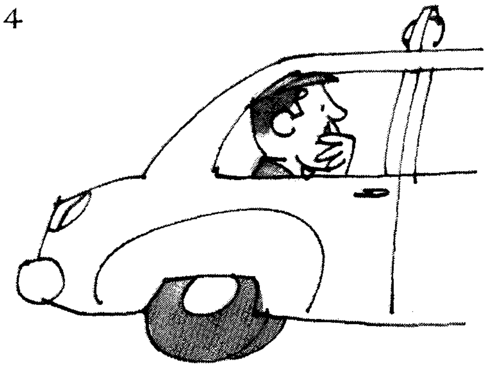

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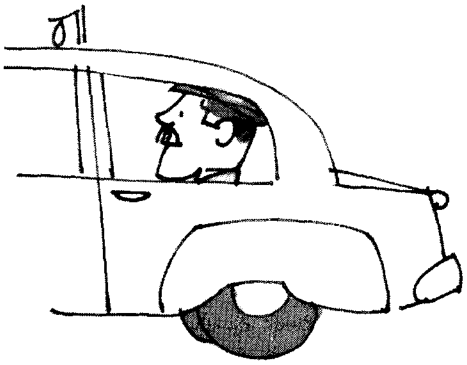

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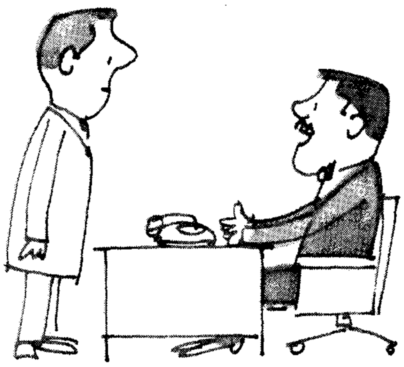

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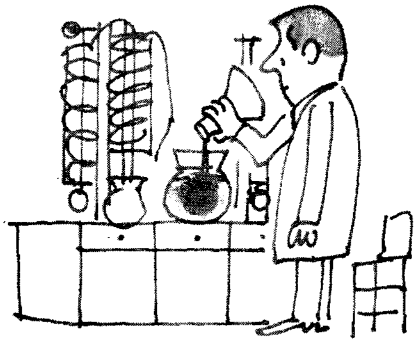

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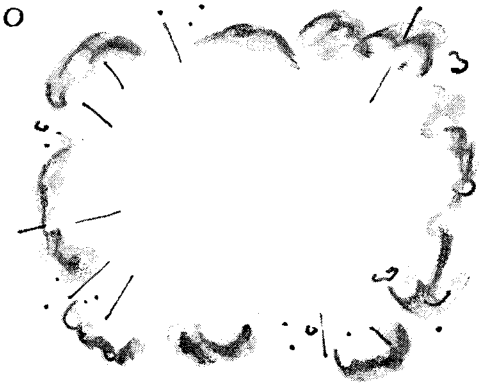

Drucker

bends down, as if helping the child. He sees the Baums' holiday in Spain, the Baums around a Christmas tree. Roy does not seem to notice Malcolm, but then he seldom does.

NEITHER Malcolm nor Roy heard the music rise and become poignant.

"Oh, *damn!*" Bea darts into the room. Roy kneels, staring at the screen. A woman lies on a large old-fashioned bed, surrounded by weeping children. Bea says, "The goddam mother's died. Roy shouldn't be looking at that."

Roy will speak now that Bea is here: "It's sad."

She raises her hand. "You know you're only supposed to watch the kids' programs." Her hand changes direction. She snaps off the sound.

Verna, looking as unhappy as Malcolm has ever seen any woman in his life, trails after Bea. In snatches, sometimes drowned in Ruth's bath water, he hears from sad Verna that it is depressing to live in rooms where half the furniture is gone. It reduces the feeling of stability. Tomorrow we'll be gone from here. No one will miss us. There will be homes for twelve hundred people now on a waiting list. As if a rich country could not house its people any other way. They will pay half the rents we are paying now. The landlords will paint and clean as they never had to for us. I'm not sad to be leaving.

A door is slammed. Behind the door, Verna whispers. Leonard's story is being retold.

MALCOLM stood up as Bea came into the room. He said, "Don't come to Belgium." A blind movement of Roy at his feet drew his attention. "All right," he said. "I know you're there. Where do *you* want to go? Who do you want to go with, I mean?"

The child formed "Her" with his lips.

"You're sure? It beats me, but we won't discuss it now."

As if looking for help, Bea turned to the screen. Silently, washed by a driving rain (a defect of transmission), the President of the Republic's long bald head floated up the steps of a war memorial. The frames shot up wildly, spinning, like a window shade. Bea stood staring at the mute news, which seemed to be about stalled cars and middle-aged faces. Roy looked at his mother. His brow was furrowed, like an old man's.

I should have told Leonard, Malcolm thought: The real meaning of Pichipoi is being alone. It means each of us flung separately—Roy, Ruth, Bea—into a room without windows. It can't be done. It can't be permitted, I mean. No jumping off the train. I nearly made it, he said to himself. And then what?

"No," he said aloud.

A sigh escaped the child, as if he knew the denial was an affirmation, that it meant "Yes, I am still here, we are all of us together."

Breathing again, the child began his mindless sorting of old pictures and Christmas cards.

"Well, Roy," said Malcolm, as if answering some comment, "half the people in the world don't even get as far as I did just now."

That was the end of it—the end of the incident. It turned into a happy evening, one of their last in France.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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She [Mrs. Jermaine Magnuson] is also a most unorthodox politician with a blunt and down to earth way of speaking that is almost unheard of in official Washington. In fact, Mrs. Magnuson is so frank she freely discusses tinting her hair and says flatly her idea of relaxation is "to sit quietly and do nothing."

—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

It's just that kind of thinking that tears at the roots of our society.

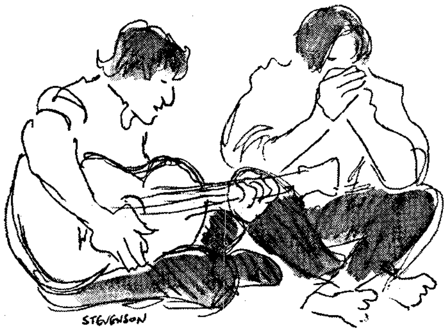
# ANNALS OF FINANCE

## IN DEFENSE OF STERLING—I

THE Federal Reserve Bank of New York stands on the block bounded by Liberty, Nassau, and William Streets and Maiden Lane, on the slope of one of the few noticeable hillocks remaining in the bulldozed, skyscraper-flattened earth of downtown Manhattan. Its entrance faces Liberty, and its mien is dignified and grim. Its arched ground-floor windows, designed in imitation of those of the Pitti and Riccardi Palaces in Florence, are protected by iron grilles made of bars as thick as a boy's wrist, and above them are rows of small rectangular windows set in a blufflike fourteen-story wall of sandstone and limestone, the blocks of which once varied in color from brown through gray to blue, but which soot has reduced to a common gray; the façade's austerity is relieved only at the level of the twelfth floor, by a Florentine loggia. Two giant iron lanterns—near-replicas of lanterns that adorn the Strozzi Palace in Florence—flank the main entrance, but they seem to be there less to please or illuminate the entrant than to intimidate him. Nor is the building's interior much more cheery or hospitable; the ground floor features cavernous groin vaulting and high ironwork partitions in intricate geometric, floral, and animal designs, and it is guarded by hordes of bank security men, whose dark-blue uniforms make them look much like policemen.

Huge and dour as it is, the Federal Reserve Bank, as a building, arouses varied feelings in its beholders. To admirers of the debonair new Chase Manhattan Bank across Liberty Street, which is notable for huge windows, bright-colored tiled walls, and stylish Abstract Expressionist paintings, it is an epitome of nineteenth-century heavy-footedness in bank architecture, even though it was actually completed in 1924. To an awestruck writer for the magazine *Architecture* in 1927, it seemed "as inviolable as the Rock of Gibraltar and no less inspiring of one's reverent obeisance," and possessed of "a quality which, for lack of a better word, I can best describe as 'epic.' " To the mothers of young girls who work in it as secretaries or pages, it looks like a particularly sinister sort of prison. Bank robbers are apparently equally respectful of its inviolability; there has never been the slightest hint of an attempt on it. To the Municipal Art Society of New York, which now rates it as a full-fledged landmark, it was until recently only a second-class landmark, being assigned to Category II, "Structures of Great Local or Regional Importance Which Should Be Preserved," rather than Category I, "Structures of National Importance Which Should Be Preserved at All Costs." On the other hand, it has one indisputable edge on the Pitti, Riccardi, and Strozzi Palaces: It is bigger than any of them. In fact, it is a bigger Florentine palace than has ever stood in Florence.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York is set apart from the other banks of Wall Street in purpose and function as well as in appearance. As by far the largest and most important of the twelve regional Federal Reserve Banks—which, together with the Federal Reserve Board in Washington and the sixty-two hundred commercial banks that are members, make up the Federal Reserve System—it is the chief operating arm of the United States' central-banking institution. Most other countries have only one central bank—the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and so on—rather than a network of such banks, but the central banks of all countries have the same dual purpose: to keep the national currency in a healthy state by regulating its supply, partly through the degree of ease or difficulty with which it may be borrowed, and, when necessary, to defend its value in relation to that of other national currencies. To accomplish the first objective, the New York bank coöperates with its parent board and its eleven brother banks in periodically adjusting a number of monetary throttles, of which the most visible (although not necessarily the most important) is the rate of interest at which it lends money to other banks. As to the second objective, by virtue of tradition and of its situation in the nation's and the world's greatest financial center, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is the sole agent of the Federal Reserve System and of the United States Treasury in dealings with other countries. Thus, on its shoulders falls the chief responsibility for operations in defense of the dollar. Those responsibilities have been weighing heavily over the past couple of weeks—and, indeed, since the defense of the dollar sometimes involves the defense of other currencies as well, over the past three and a half years.



Charged as it is with acting in the national interest—and, indeed, having no other purpose—the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, together with its brother banks, obviously is an arm of government. Yet it has a foot in the free-enterprise camp; in fact, in what some might call characteristic American fashion, it stands squarely astride the chalk line between government and business. Although it functions as a government agency, its stock is privately owned by the member banks throughout the country, to which it pays annual dividends limited by law to six per cent per year. Although its top officers take a federal oath, they are not appointed by the President of the United States, or even by the Federal Reserve Board, but are elected by the bank's own board of directors, and their salaries are paid not out of the federal till but out of the bank's own income. Yet that income—though, happily, always forthcoming—is entirely incidental to the bank's purpose, and if it rises above expenses and dividends the excess is automatically paid into the United States Treasury. A bank that considers profits incidental is scarcely the norm in Wall Street, and this attitude puts Federal Reserve Bank men in a uniquely advantageous social position. Because their bank *is* a bank, after all, and a privately owned, profitable one at that, they can't be dismissed as mere government bureaucrats; conversely, having their gaze fixed steadily above the mire of cupidity entitles them to be called the intellectuals, if not actually the aristocrats, of Wall Street banking.

Under them lies gold—still the bedrock on which all money nominally rests, though in recent months a bedrock that has been shuddering ominously under the force of various monetary earthquakes. As of early this month, more than thirteen thousand tons of the stuff, worth more than thirteen billion dollars and amounting to more than a quarter of all the monetary gold in the free world, reposed on actual bedrock seventy-six feet below the Liberty Street level and fifty below

"We're lucky the Peace Corps sent us a Princeton man."

• •

sea level, in a vault that would be inundated if a system of sump pumps did not divert a stream that originally wandered through Maiden Lane. The famous nineteenth-century British economist Walter Bagehot once told a friend that when his spirits were low it used to cheer him to go down to his bank and "dabble my hand in a heap of sovereigns." Although it is, to say the least, a stimulating experience to go down and *look* at the gold in the Federal Reserve Bank vault, which is in the form not of sovereigns but of dully gleaming bars about the size and shape of building bricks, not even the best-accredited visitor is allowed to dabble his hands in it; for one thing, the bars weigh about twenty-eight pounds each and are therefore ill-adapted to dabbling, and, for another, none of the gold belongs to either the Federal Reserve Bank or the United States. All United States gold is kept at Fort Knox, at the New York Assay Office, or at the various mints; the gold deposited at the Federal Reserve Bank belongs to some seventy other countries—the largest depositors being European—which find it convenient to store a good part of their gold reserves there. Originally, most of them put gold there for safekeeping during the Second World War. After the war, the European nations—with the exception of France—not only left it in New York but greatly increased its quantity as their economies recovered.

Nor does the gold represent anything like all the foreign deposits at Liberty Street; investments of various sorts bring the total to more than twenty-eight billion dollars. As a banker for most of the central banks of the non-Communist world, and as the central bank representing the world's leading currency, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is the undisputed chief citadel of world currency. By virtue of this position, it is afforded a kind of fluoroscopic vision of the insides of international finance, enabling it to detect at a glance an incipiently diseased currency here, a faltering economy there. If, for example, Great Britain is running a deficit in her foreign dealings, this instantly shows up in the Federal Reserve Bank's books in the form of a decline in the Bank of England's balance. In the fall of 1964, precisely such a decline was occurring, and it marked the beginning of a long, gallant, intermittently hair-raising, and ultimately losing struggle by a number of countries and their central banks, led by the United States and the Federal Reserve, to safeguard the existing order of world finance by preserving the integrity of the pound sterling. One trouble with imposing buildings is that they have a tendency to belittle the people and activities they enclose, and most of the time it is reasonably accurate to think of the Federal Reserve Bank as a place where often bored people push around workaday slips of paper quite similar to those pushed around in other banks. But since 1964 some of the events there, if they have scarcely been capable of inspiring reverent obeisance, have had a certain epic quality.

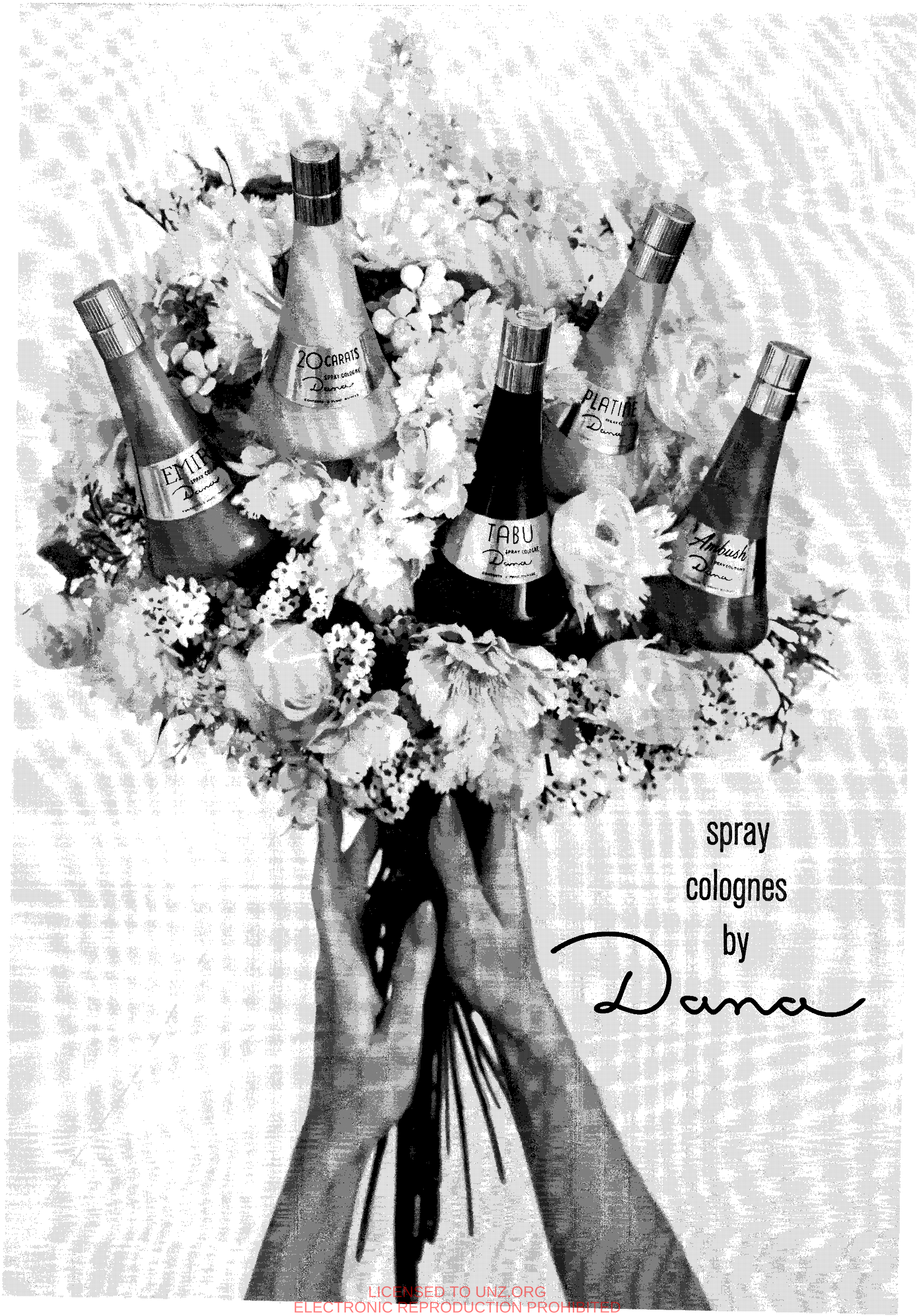
EARLY in 1964, it began to be clear that Britain, which for several years had maintained an approximate equilibrium in her international balance of payments—that is, the amount of money she had annually sent outside her borders had been about equal to the amount she had taken in—was running a substantial deficit. Far from being the result of domestic depression in Britain, this situation was the result of overexuberant domestic expansion; business was booming, and newly affluent Britons were ordering bales and bales of costly goods from abroad without increasing the exports of British goods on anything like the same scale. In short, Britain was living beyond her means. A substantial balance-of-payments deficit is a worry to a relatively self-sufficient country like the United States (indeed, the United States was having that very worry at that very time, and it still does), but to a trading nation like Britain, about a quarter of whose entire economy is dependent on foreign trade, it constitutes a grave danger.

The situation was cause for growing concern at the Federal Reserve Bank, and the focal point of the concern was the office, on the tenth floor, of Charles A. Coombs, the bank's vice-president in charge of foreign operations. All summer long, the fluoroscope showed a sick and worsening pound sterling. From the research section of the foreign department, Coombs daily got reports that a torrent of money was leaving Britain. From underground, word rose that the pile of gold bars in the locker assigned to Britain was shrinking appreciably—not through any foul play in the vault but because so many of the bars were being transferred to other lockers in settlement of Britain's international debts. From the foreign-exchange trading desk, on the seventh floor, the news almost every afternoon was that the open-market quotations on the pound in terms of dollars had sunk again that day. During July and August, as the quotation dropped from $2.79 to $2.7890, and then to $2.7875, the situation was regarded on Liberty Street as so serious that Coombs, who would normally handle foreign-exchange matters himself, only making routine reports to those higher up, was constantly conferring about it with his boss, the Federal Reserve Bank's president, a tall, cool, soft-spoken man named Alfred Hayes.

*"I ask the chamber's indulgence at this time to reply to the Smothers Brothers."*

Mystifyingly complex though it may appear, what actually happens in international financial dealings is essentially what happens in private domestic transactions. The money worries of a nation, like those of a family, are the consequence of having too much money go out and not enough come in. The foreign sellers of goods to Britain cannot spend the pounds they are paid in their own countries, and therefore they convert them into their own currencies; this they do by selling the pounds in the foreign-exchange markets, just as if they were selling securities on a stock exchange. The market price of the pound fluctuates in response to supply and demand, and so do the prices of all other currencies—all, that is, except the dollar, the sun in the planetary system of currencies, inasmuch as the United States has, since 1934, stood pledged to exchange gold in any quantity for dollars at the pleasure of any nation at the fixed price of thirty-five dollars per ounce.

Under the pressure of selling, the price of the pound goes down. But its fluctuations are severely restricted. The influence of market forces cannot be allowed to lower or raise the price more than a couple of cents below or above the pound's par value; if such wild swings should occur unchecked, bankers and businessmen everywhere who traded with Britain would find themselves involuntarily engaged in a kind of roulette game, and would be inclined to stop trading with Britain. Accordingly, under international monetary rules agreed upon at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, in 1944, and elaborated at various other places at later times, the pound in 1964, nominally valued at $2.80, was allowed to fluctuate only between $2.78 and $2.82, and the enforcer of this abridgment of the law of supply and demand was the Bank of England. On a day when things were going smoothly, the pound might be quoted on the exchange markets at, say, $2.7990, a rise of $.0015 from the previous day's closing. (Fifteen-hundredths of a cent doesn't sound like much, but on a round million dollars, which is generally the basic unit in international monetary dealings, it amounts to fifteen hundred dollars.) When that happened, the Bank of England needed to do nothing. If, however, the pound was strong in the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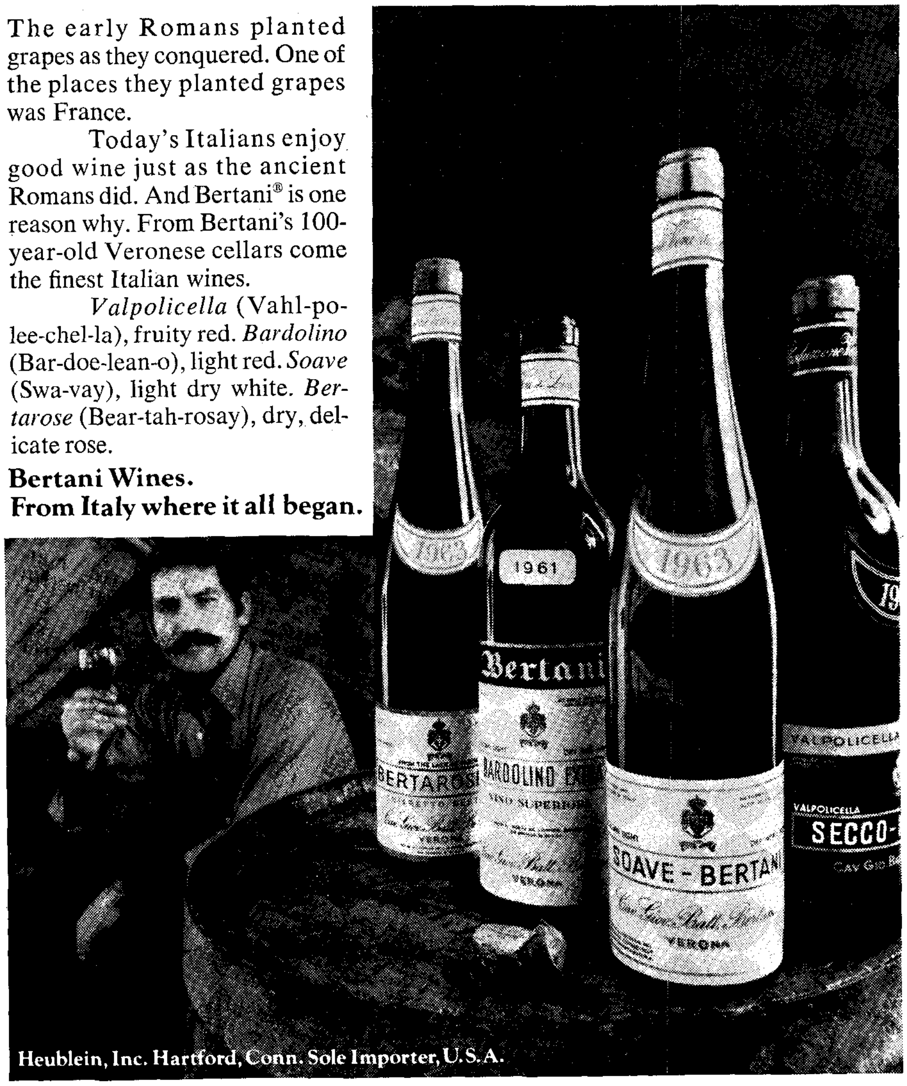

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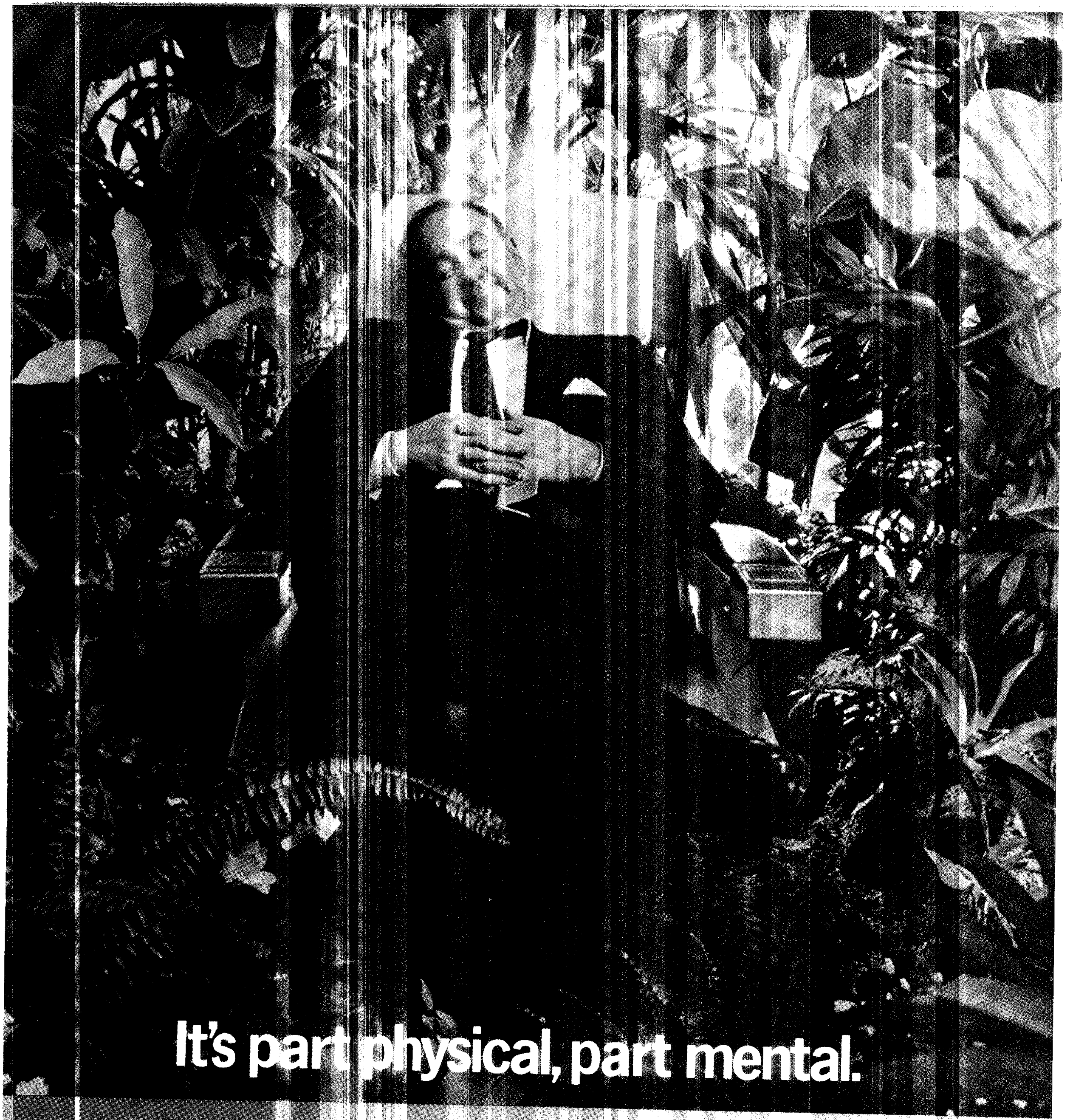
markets and rose to $2.82 (something it showed absolutely no tendency to do in 1964), the Bank of England was pledged to—and would have been very happy to—accept gold or dollars in exchange for pounds at that price, thereby preventing a further increase in the price and at the same time increasing its own reserve of gold and dollars, which serve as the pound's backing. If, on the other hand (and this was a more realistic hypothesis), the pound was weak and sank to $2.78, the Bank of England's sworn duty was to intervene in the market and buy with gold or dollars all pounds offered for sale at that price, however deeply this might have cut into its own reserves. Thus, the central bank of a spendthrift country, like the father of a spendthrift family, is eventually forced to pay the bills out of capital. But in times of serious currency weakness the central bank loses even more of its reserves than this would suggest, because of the vagaries of market psychology. Prudent importers and exporters seeking to protect their capital and profits reduce to a minimum the sum they hold in pounds and the length of time they hold it. Currency speculators, whose noses have been trained to sniff out weakness, pounce on a falling pound and make enormous short sales, in the expectation of turning a profit on a further drop, and the Bank of England must absorb the speculative sales along with the straightforward ones.

The ultimate consequence of unchecked currency weakness is something that may be incomparably more disastrous in its effects than family bankruptcy. This is devaluation, and devaluation of a key world currency like the pound is the recurrent nightmare of all central bankers, whether in London, New York, Frankfurt, Zurich, or Tokyo. If at any time the drain on Britain's reserves became so great that the Bank of England was unable, or unwilling, to fulfill its obligation to maintain the pound at $2.78, the necessary result would be devaluation. That is, the $2.78-to-$2.82 limitation would be abruptly abrogated; by simple government decree the par value of the pound would be reduced to some lower figure, and a new set of limits established around the new parity. The heart of the danger was the possibility that what followed might be chaos not confined to Britain. Devaluation, as the most heroic and most dangerous of remedies for a sick currency, is rightly feared. By making the devaluing country's goods cheaper to others, it boosts exports, and thus reduces or



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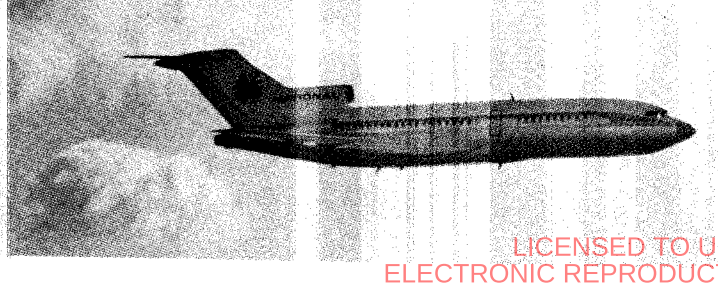

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eliminates a deficit in international accounts, but at the same time it makes both imports and domestic goods more expensive at home, and thus reduces the country's standard of living. It is radical surgery, curing a disease at the expense of some of the patient's strength and well-being—and, in many cases, some of his pride and prestige as well. Worst of all, if the devalued currency is one that, like the pound, is widely used in international dealings, the disease—or, more precisely, the cure—is likely to prove contagious. To nations holding large amounts of that particular currency in their reserve vaults, the effect of devaluation is the same as if the vaults had been burglarized. Such nations and others, finding themselves at an unacceptable trading disadvantage as a result of the devaluation, may have to resort to competitive devaluation of their own currencies. A downward spiral develops: Rumors of further devaluations are constantly in the wind; the loss of confidence in other people's money leads to a disinclination to do business across national borders; and international trade, upon which depend the food and shelter of hundreds of millions of people around the world, tends to decline. Just such a disaster followed the classic devaluation of all time, the departure of the pound from the old gold standard in 1931—an event that is still generally considered a major cause of the worldwide Depression of the thirties.

The process works similarly in respect to the currencies of all the hundred-odd countries that are members of the International Monetary Fund, an organization that originated at Bretton Woods. For any country, a favorable balance of payments means an accumulation of dollars, either directly or indirectly, which are freely convertible into gold, in the country's central bank; if the demand for its currency is great enough, the country may revalue it upward—the reverse of a devaluation—as both Germany and the Netherlands did in 1961. Conversely, an unfavorable balance of payments starts the sequence of events that may end in forced devaluation. The degree of disruption of world trade that devaluation of a currency causes depends on that currency's international importance. (A large devaluation of the Indian rupee in June, 1966, although it was a serious matter to India, created scarcely a ripple in the international markets.) And—to round out this brief outline of the rules of an intricate game of which everybody everywhere is an inadvertent player—

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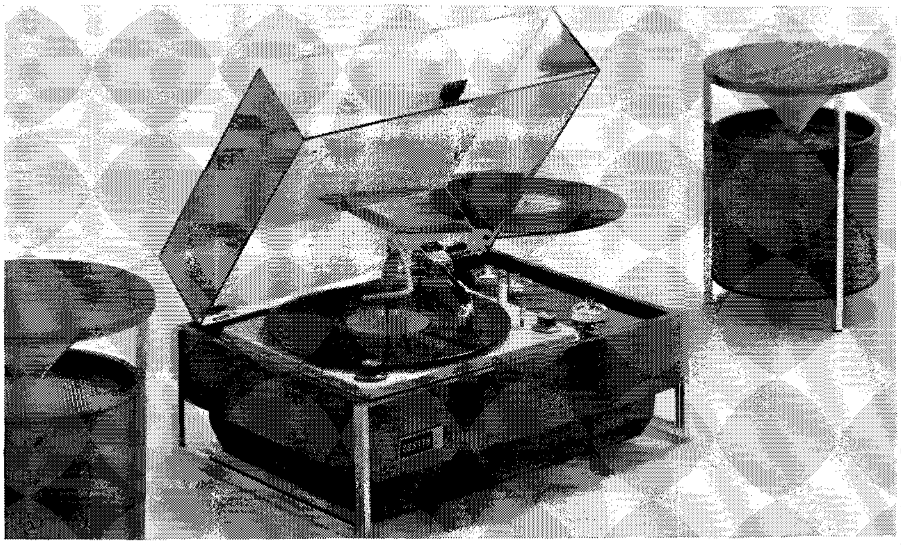

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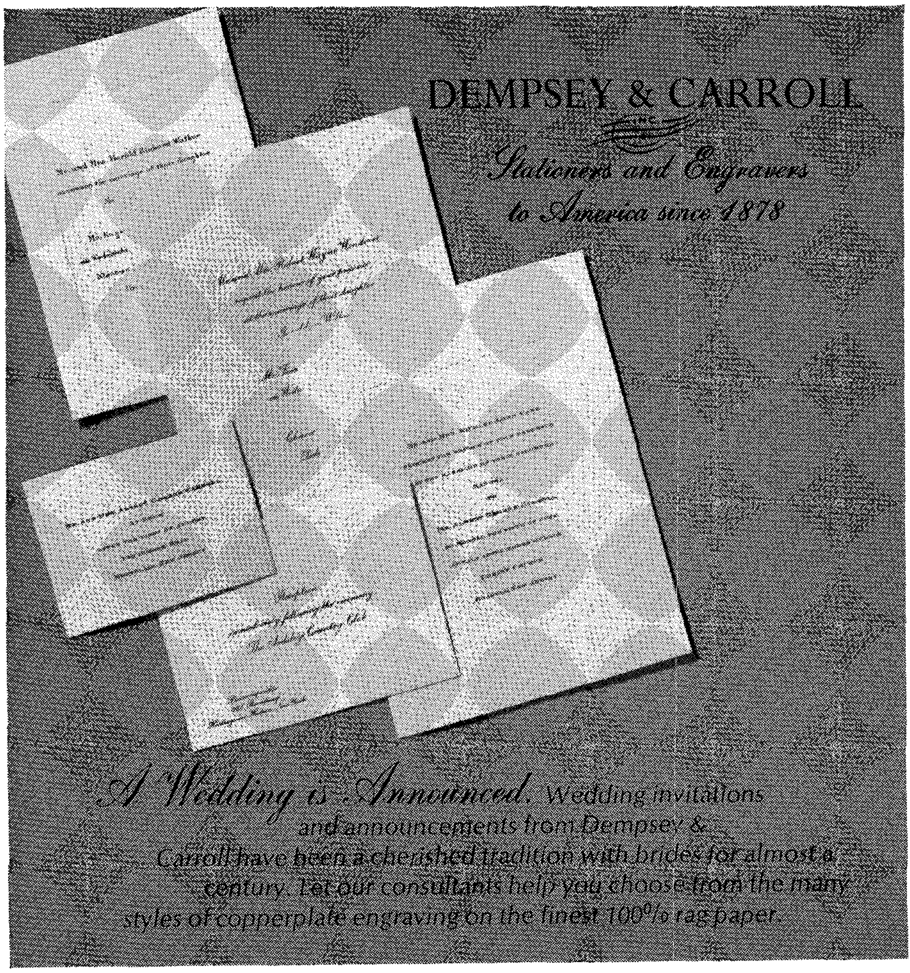

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even the lordly dollar is far from immune to the effects of an unfavorable balance of payments or of speculation. Because of the dollar's pledged relation to gold, it serves as the standard for all other currencies, so its price does not fluctuate in the markets. However, it can suffer weakness of a less visible but equally ominous sort. When the United States sends out substantially more money (whether payment for imports, foreign aid, investments, loans, tourist expenses, or military costs) than it takes in, the recipients freely buy their own currencies with the newly acquired dollars, thereby raising the dollar prices of their own currencies; the rise in price enables their central banks to take in still more dollars, which they can sell back to the United States for gold. Thus, when the dollar is weak the United States loses gold. France alone—a country with a strong currency and no particular official love of the dollar—required thirty million dollars or more in United States gold regularly every month for several years prior to the autumn of 1966, and between 1958, when the United States began running a serious deficit in its international accounts, and the middle of this month, our gold reserve was halved—from twenty-two billion eight hundred million to eleven billion four hundred million dollars. If the reserve ever dropped to an unacceptably low level, the United States would be forced to break its word and lower the gold value of the dollar, or even to stop selling gold entirely. Either action would in effect be a devaluation—the one devaluation, because of the dollar's preëminent position, that would be more disruptive to world monetary order than a devaluation of the pound.

HAYES and Coombs, neither of whom is old enough to have experienced the events of 1931 at first hand as a banker but both of whom are such diligent and sensitive students of international banking that they might as well have done so, found that as the hot days of 1964 dragged on they had occasion to be in almost daily contact by transatlantic telephone with their Bank of England counterparts—the Earl of Cromer, governor of the bank at that time, and Roy A. O. Bridge, the governor's adviser on foreign exchange. It became clear to them from these conversations and from other sources that the imbalance in Britain's international accounts was far from the whole trouble. A crisis of confidence in the soundness of the pound was developing, and the main

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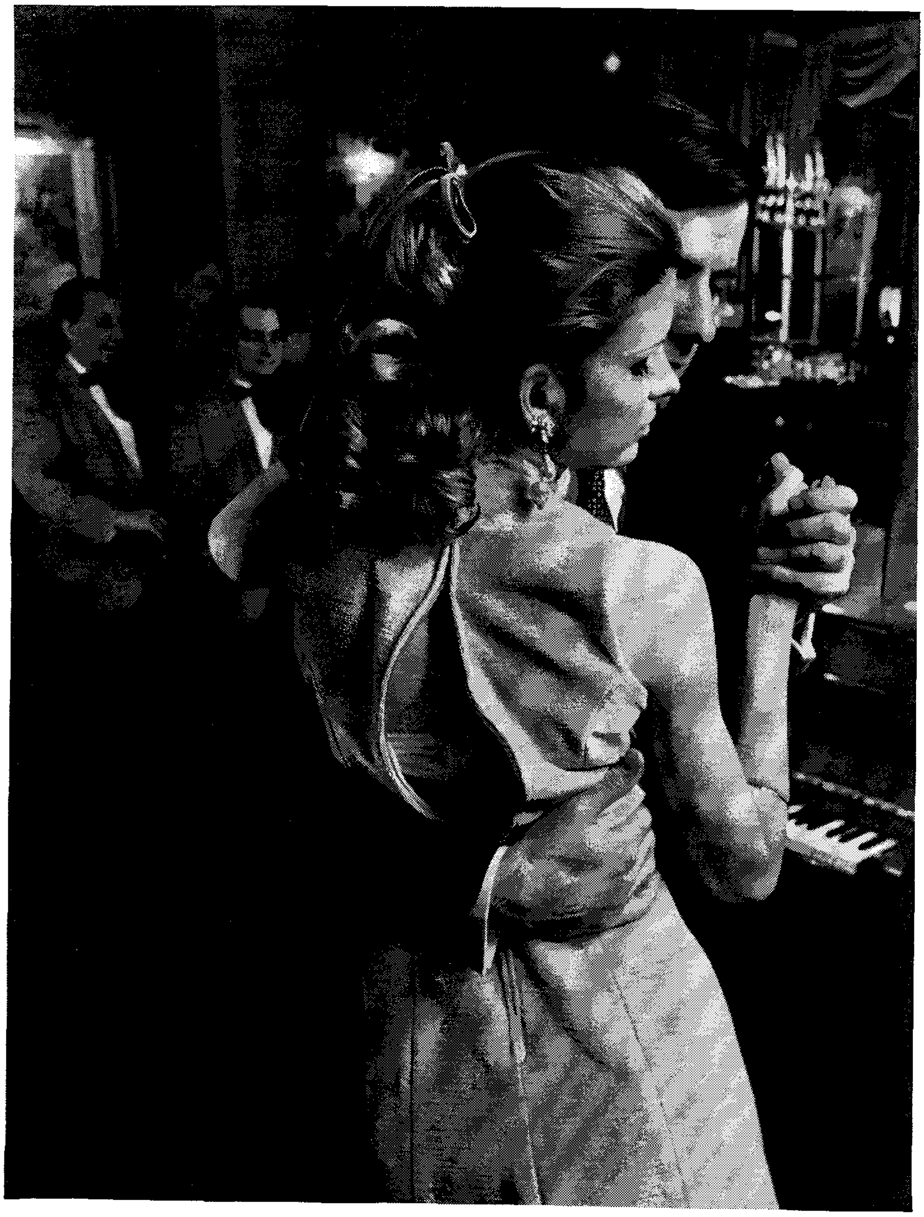

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cause of it seemed to be the election that Britain's Conservative Government was facing on October 15th. The one thing that international financial markets hate and fear above all others is uncertainty. Any election represents uncertainty, so the pound always has the jitters just before Britons go to the polls, but to the people who deal in currencies this election looked particularly menacing, because of their estimate of the character of the Labour Government that might come into power. The conservative financiers of London, not to mention those of Continental Europe, looked with almost irrational suspicion on Harold Wilson, the Labour choice for Prime Minister; further, some of Mr. Wilson's economic advisers had explicitly extolled the virtues of devaluation of the pound in their earlier theoretical writings; and, finally, there was an all too pat analogy to be drawn from the fact that the last previous term of the British Labour Party in power had been conspicuously marked, in 1949, by a devaluation of sterling from the rate of $4.03 to $2.80.

In these circumstances, almost all the dealers in the world money markets, whether they were ordinary international businessmen or out-and-out currency speculators, were anxious to get rid of pounds—at least until after the election. Like all speculative attacks, this one fed on itself. Each small drop in the pound's price resulted in further loss of confidence, and down, down went the pound in the international markets—an oddly diffused sort of exchange, which does not operate in any central building but, rather, is conducted by telephone and cable between the trading desks of banks in the world's major cities. Simultaneously, down, down went British reserves, as the Bank of England struggled to support the pound. Early in September, Hayes went to Tokyo for the annual meeting of the members of the International Monetary Fund. In the corridors of the building where participants in the Fund met, he heard one European central banker after another express misgivings about the state of the British economy and the outlook for the British currency. Why didn't the British government take steps at home to check its outlay and to improve the balance of payments, they asked each other. Why didn't it raise the Bank of England's lending rate—the so-called bank rate—from its current five per cent, since this move would have the effect of raising British interest rates all up and down the line, and would thus serve the double purpose of damping down domestic inflation and attracting investment dollars to London from other financial centers, with the result that sterling would gain a sounder footing?

Doubtless the Continental bankers also put such questions to the Bank of England men in Tokyo; in any event, the Bank of England men and their counterparts in the British Exchequer had not failed to put the questions to themselves. But the proposed measures would certainly be unpopular with the British electorate, as unmistakable harbingers of austerity, and the Conservative Government, like many governments before it, appeared to be paralyzed by fear of the imminent election. So it did nothing. In a strictly monetary way, however, Britain did take defensive measures during September. The Bank of England had for several years had a standing agreement with the Federal Reserve that either institution could borrow five hundred million dollars from the other, over a short term, at any time, with virtually no formalities; now the Bank of England accepted this standby loan and made arrangements to supplement it with another five hundred million dollars in short-term credit from various European central banks and the Bank of Canada. This total of a billion dollars, together with Britain's last-ditch reserves in gold and dollars, amounting to about two billion six hundred million, constituted a sizable store of ammunition. If the speculative assault on the pound should continue or intensify, answering fire would come from the Bank of England in the form of dollar investments in sterling made on the battlefield of the free market, and presumably the attackers would be put to rout.

As might have been expected, the assault did intensify after Labour came out the victor in the October election. The new British government realized at the outset that it was faced with a grave crisis, and that immediate and drastic action was in order. It has since been said that summary devaluation of the pound was seriously considered by the newly elected Prime Minister and his advisers on finance—George Brown, Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, and James Callaghan, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The idea was rejected, though, and the measures they actually took, in Octo-

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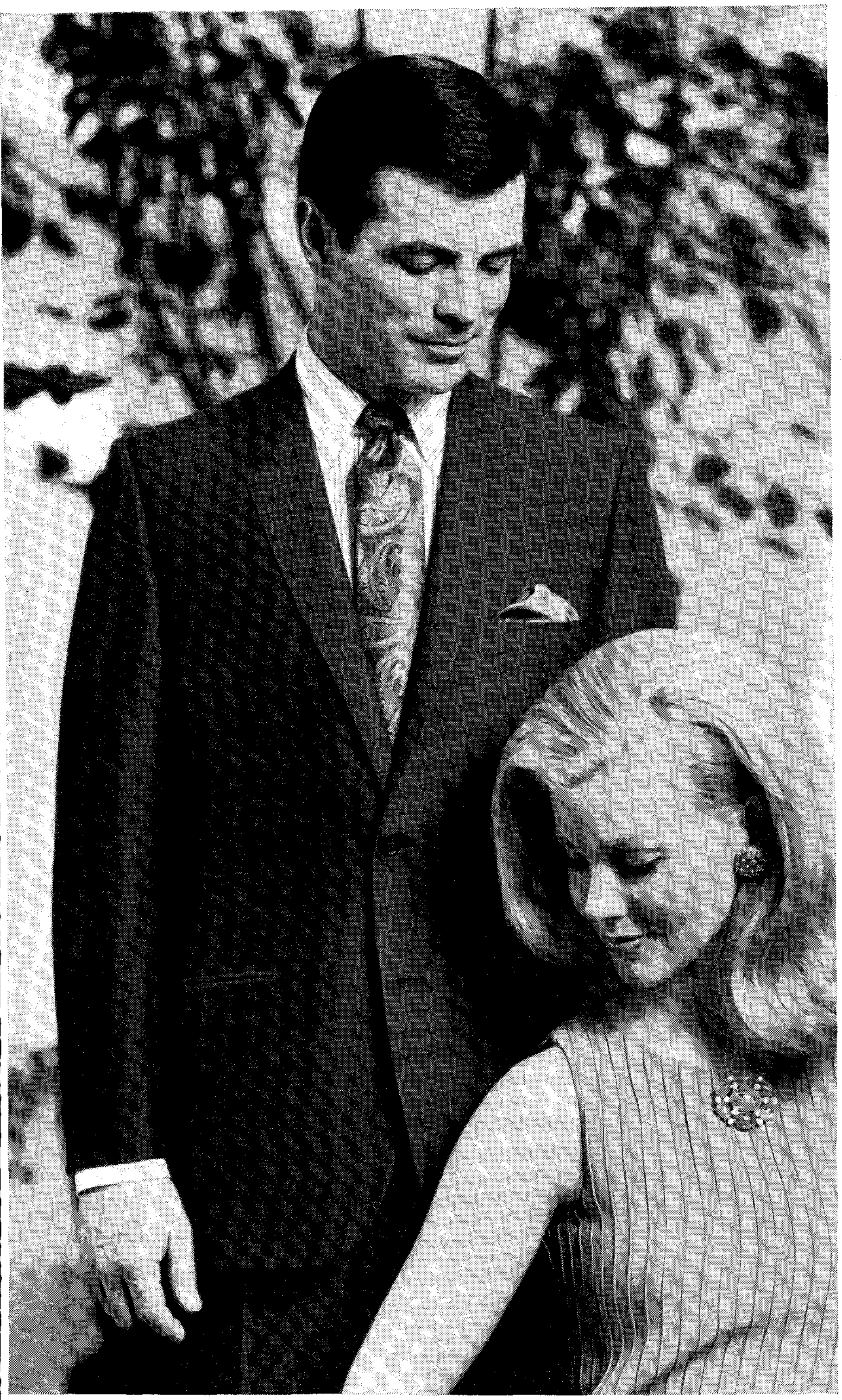
ber and early November, were a fifteen-per-cent emergency surcharge on British imports (in effect, a blanket raising of tariffs), an increased fuel tax, and stiff new capital-gains and corporation taxes. These were deflationary, currency-strengthening measures, to be sure, but the world markets were not reassured. The specific nature of the new taxes seems to have disconcerted, and even enraged, many financiers, in and out of Britain, particularly in view of the fact that under the new budget British government spending on welfare benefits was actually to be increased, rather than cut back, as deflationary policy would normally require. One way and another, then, the sellers—or bears, in market jargon—continued to be in charge of the market for the pound in the weeks after the election, and the Bank of England was kept busy potting away at them with precious shells from its borrowed-billion-dollar arsenal. By the end of October, nearly half the billion was gone, and the bears were still inexorably advancing on the pound, a hundredth of a cent at a time.

Hayes, Coombs, and their foreign-department colleagues on Liberty Street, watching with mounting anxiety, were as galled as the British by the fact that a central bank defending its currency against attack can have only the vaguest idea of where the attack is coming from. Speculation is inherent in foreign trade, and by its nature is almost impossible to isolate, identify, or even define. There are degrees of speculation; the word itself, like "selfishness" or "greed," denotes a judgment, and yet every exchange of currencies might be called a speculation in favor of the currency being acquired and against the one being disposed of. At one end of the scale are perfectly legitimate business transactions that have specific speculative effects. A British importer ordering American merchandise may legitimately pay up in pounds in advance of delivery; if he does, he is speculating against the pound. An American importer who has contracted to pay for British goods at a price set in pounds may legitimately insist that his purchase of the pounds he needs to settle his debt be deferred for a certain period; he, too, is speculating against the pound. (The staggering importance to Britain of these common commercial operations, which are called "leads" and "lags," respectively, is shown by the fact that if in normal times the world's buyers of British goods were all to withhold their payments for as short a period as two and



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a half months the Bank of England's gold and dollar reserves would vanish.) At the other end of the scale is the dealer in money who borrows pounds and then converts the loan into dollars. Such a dealer, instead of merely protecting his business interests, is engaging in an out-and-out speculative move called a short sale; hoping to buy back the pounds he owes more cheaply later on, he is simply trying to make a profit on the decrease in value he anticipates—and, what with the low commissions prevailing in the international money market, the maneuver provides one of the world's most attractive forms of high-stakes gambling.

Gambling of this sort, although in fact it probably contributed far less to the sterling crisis than the self-protective measures taken by nervous importers and exporters, was being widely blamed for all the pound's troubles of October and November, 1964. Particularly in the British Parliament, there were angry references to speculative activity by "the gnomes of Zurich"—Zurich being singled out because Switzerland, whose banking laws rigidly protect the anonymity of depositors, is the blind pig of international banking, and consequently much currency speculation, originating in many parts of the world, is funnelled through Zurich. Besides low commissions and anonymity, currency speculation has another attraction. Thanks to time differentials and good telephone service, the world money market, unlike stock exchanges, race tracks, and gambling casinos, practically never closes. London opens an hour after the Continent (or did until this February, when Britain adopted Continental time), New York five (now six) hours after that, San Francisco three hours after *that*, and then Tokyo gets under way about the time San Francisco closes. Only a need for sleep or a lack of money need halt the operations of a really hopelessly addicted plunger anywhere.

"It was *not* the gnomes of Zurich who were beating down the pound," a leading Zurich banker subsequently maintained—stopping short of claiming that there were no gnomes there. Nonetheless, organized short selling—what traders call a bear raid—was certainly in progress, and the defenders of the pound in London and their sympathizers in New York would have given plenty to catch a glimpse of the invisible enemy.

IT was in this atmosphere, then, that on the weekend beginning November 7th the leading central bankers of

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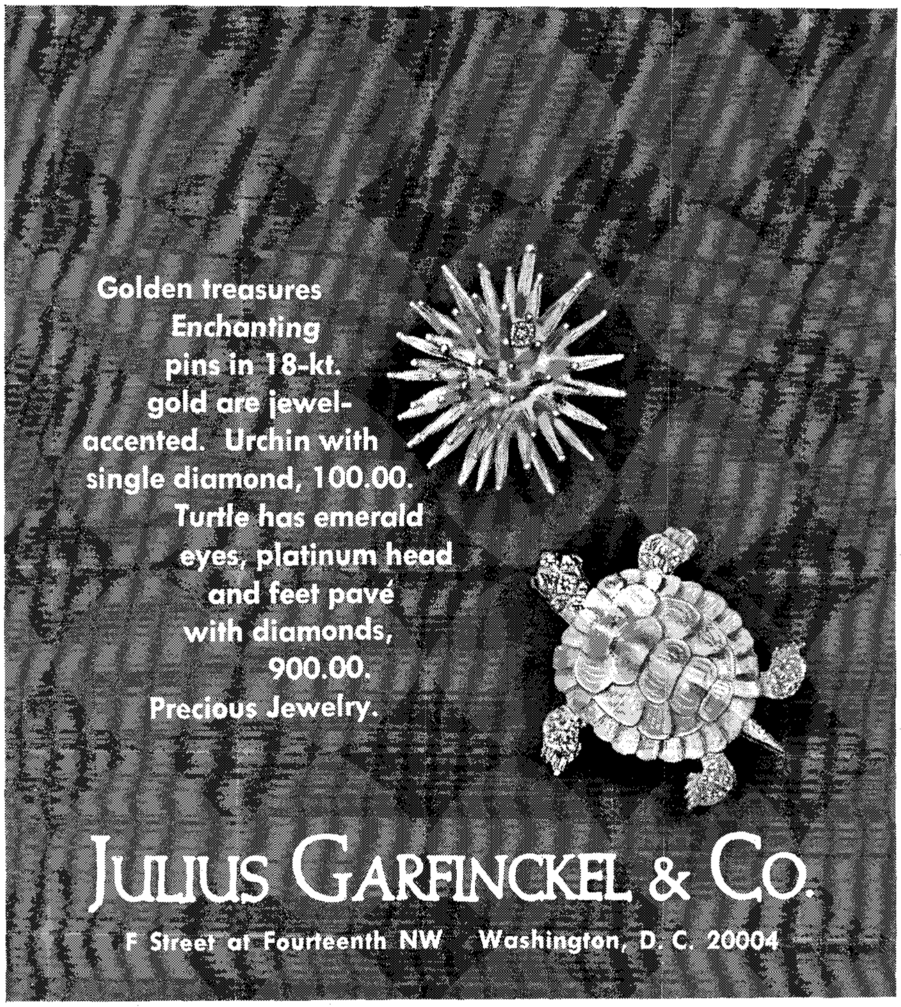

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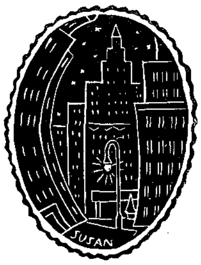
the world held their regular monthly gathering in Basel, Switzerland. The occasion for such gatherings, which have been held regularly since the nineteen-thirties except during the Second World War, is the monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Bank for International Settlements, which was established in Basel in 1930 primarily as a clearing house for the handling of reparations payments arising out of the First World War but has come to serve as an agency of international monetary coöperation and, incidentally, a kind of central bankers' club. As such, it is considerably more limited in resources and restricted as to membership than the International Monetary Fund, but, like other exclusive clubs, it is often the scene of great decisions. Represented on its board of directors are Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Switzerland—in short, the economic powers of Western Europe—while the United States is a regular monthly guest whose presence is counted on, and Canada and Japan are less frequent visitors. The Federal Reserve is almost always represented by Coombs, and sometimes by Hayes and other New York officers as well.

In the nature of things, the interests of the different central banks conflict; their faces are set against each other almost as if they were players in a poker game. Even so, in view of the fact that international troubles with money at their root have almost as long a history as similarly caused troubles between individuals, the most surprising thing about international monetary coöperation is that it is so new. Through all the ages prior to the First World War, it cannot be said to have existed at all. In the nineteen-twenties, it existed chiefly through close personal ties between individual central bankers, often maintained in spite of the indifference of their governments. On an official level, it got off to a halting start through the Financial Committee of the League of Nations, which was supposed to encourage joint action to prevent monetary catastrophes. The sterling collapse of 1931 and its grim sequel were ample proof of the committee's failure. But better days were ahead. The 1944 international financial conference at Bretton Woods—out of which emerged not only the International Monetary Fund but also the whole structure of postwar monetary rules designed to help establish and maintain fixed exchange rates, as well as the World Bank, designed to ease the flow of money from rich countries to poor or war-devastated ones—stands as a milestone in economic coöperation comparable to the formation of the United Nations in political affairs. To cite just one of the conference's fruits, a credit of more than a billion dollars extended to Britain by the International Monetary Fund during the Suez affair in 1956 prevented a major international financial crisis then.



In subsequent years, economic changes, like other changes, tended to come more and more quickly; after 1958, monetary crises began springing up virtually overnight, and the International Monetary Fund, which is hindered by slow-moving machinery, sometimes proved inadequate to meet such crises alone. Again the new spirit of coöperation rose to the occasion, this time with the richest of nations, the United States, taking the lead. Starting in 1961, the Federal Reserve Bank, with the approval of the Federal Reserve Board and the Treasury in Washington, joined the other leading central banks in setting up a system of ever-ready revolving credits, which soon came to be called the "swap network." The purpose of the network was to complement the International Monetary Fund's longer-term credit facilities by giving central banks instant access to funds they might need for a short period in order to move fast and vigorously in defense of their currencies. Its effectiveness was not long in being put to the test. Between its initiation in 1961 and the autumn of 1964, the swap network had played a major part in the triumphant defense against sudden and violent speculative attacks on at least three currencies: the pound, late in 1961; the Canadian dollar, in June, 1962; and the Italian lira, in March, 1964. By the autumn of 1964, the swap agreements ("*l'accord de swap*" to the French, "*die Swap-Verpflichtungen*" to the Germans) had come to be the very cornerstone of international monetary coöperation. Indeed, the five hundred million American dollars that the Bank of England was finding it necessary to draw on at the very moment the bank's top officers were heading for Basel that November weekend represented part of the swap network, greatly expanded from its comparatively modest beginnings.

As for the Bank for International Settlements, in its capacity as a banking institution it was a relatively minor cog

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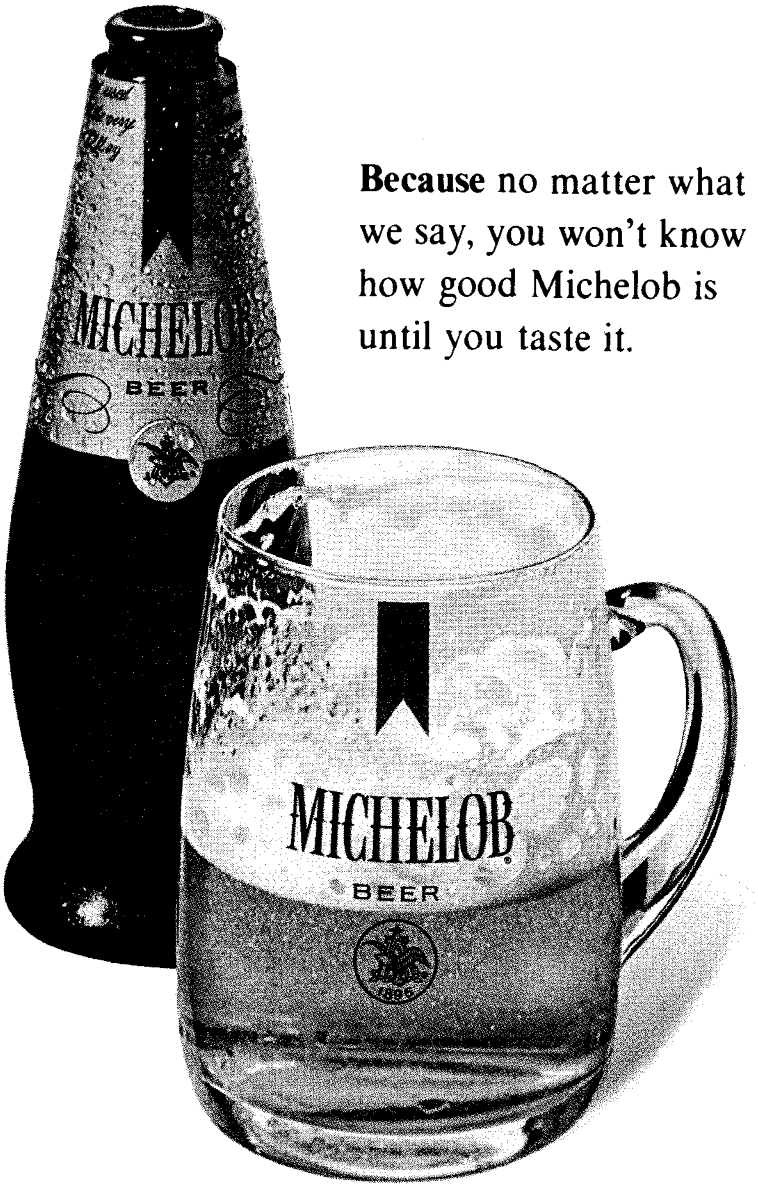
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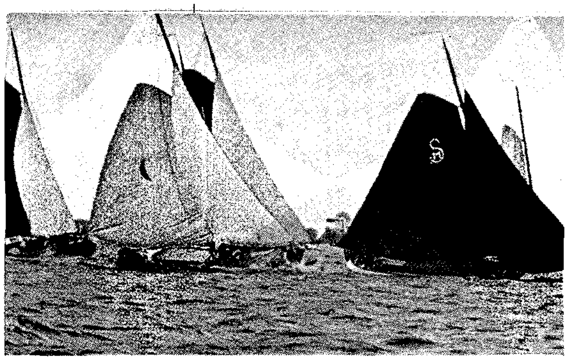
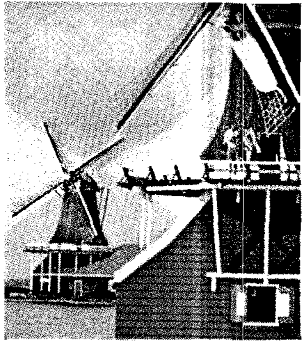
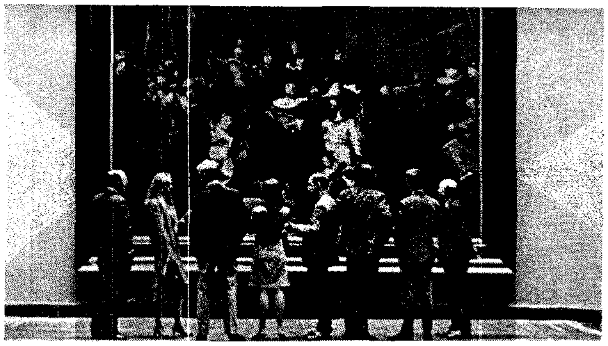


**Skutsje racing.** A great idea for your first day in Europe. During June, catch a madcap race of 40-ton sloops in nearby Friesland.



**Windmills galore.** There's even a spot where you can catch 17 in one snapshot.



**The world's most valuable canvas.** Rembrandt's famou "Night Watch." You'll find it at the Rijksmuseum alon with 3000 more paintings. Admission: only 15 cents.

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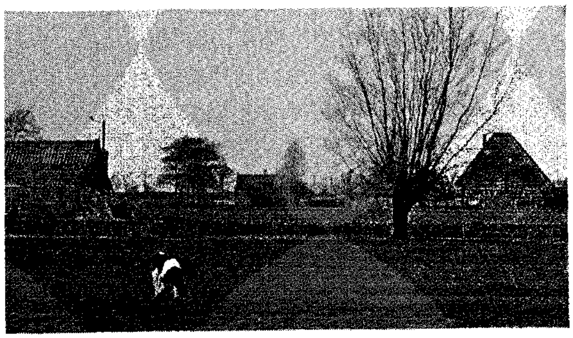
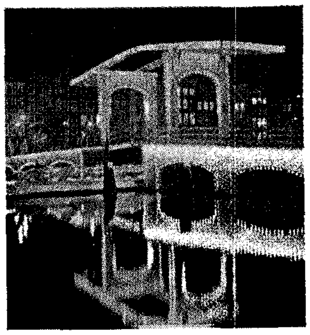


**Glorious Dutch countryside.** Green fields streaked with blossoms. The kind of sight you might see coming in from the airport.



**636 bridges.** Take a romantic candlelight cruise under them your first night.

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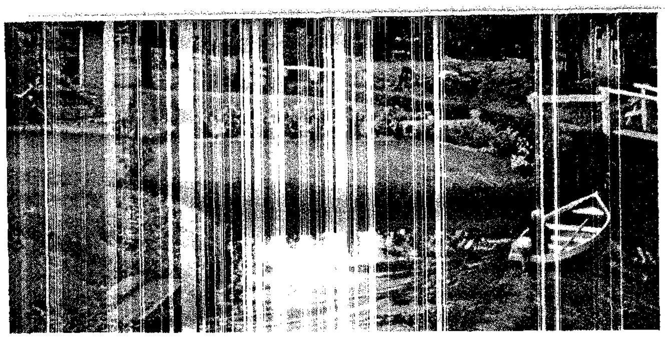
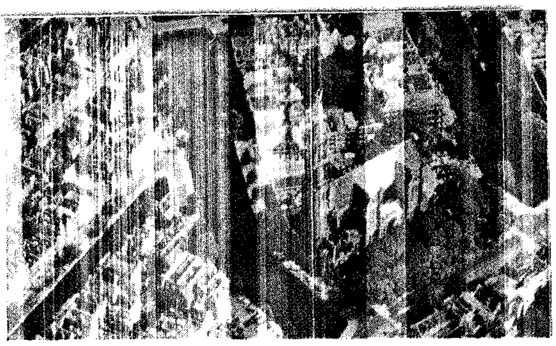


**A village without streets.** [illegible] and take a putt-putt tour through Giethoorn [illegible] the spell of its unspoiled Old World charm.

**Picnic on a polder.** Stretch out on countryside reclaimed from the sea.



city of [illegible] pri[illegible] Amsterdam has twice a[illegible] ca[illegible]ls as Venice. Cost [illegible] a 75 min[illegible] ju[illegible] 60 cents.

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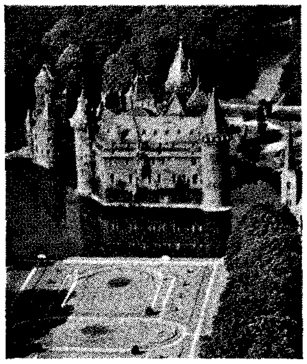

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**ulip fields on the edge of town.** The best of Holland is *near* msterdam. On your first day, you can visit Delft, the lague, Gouda, Madurodam, and Aalsmeer (above).

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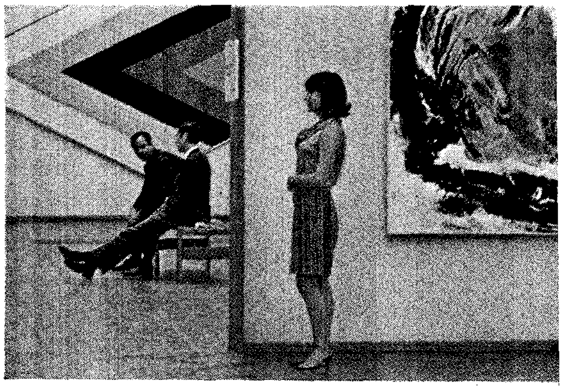

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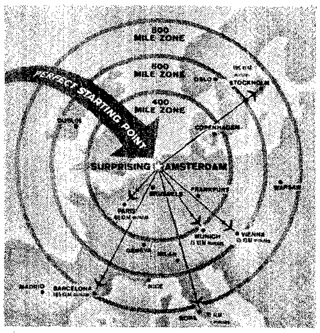
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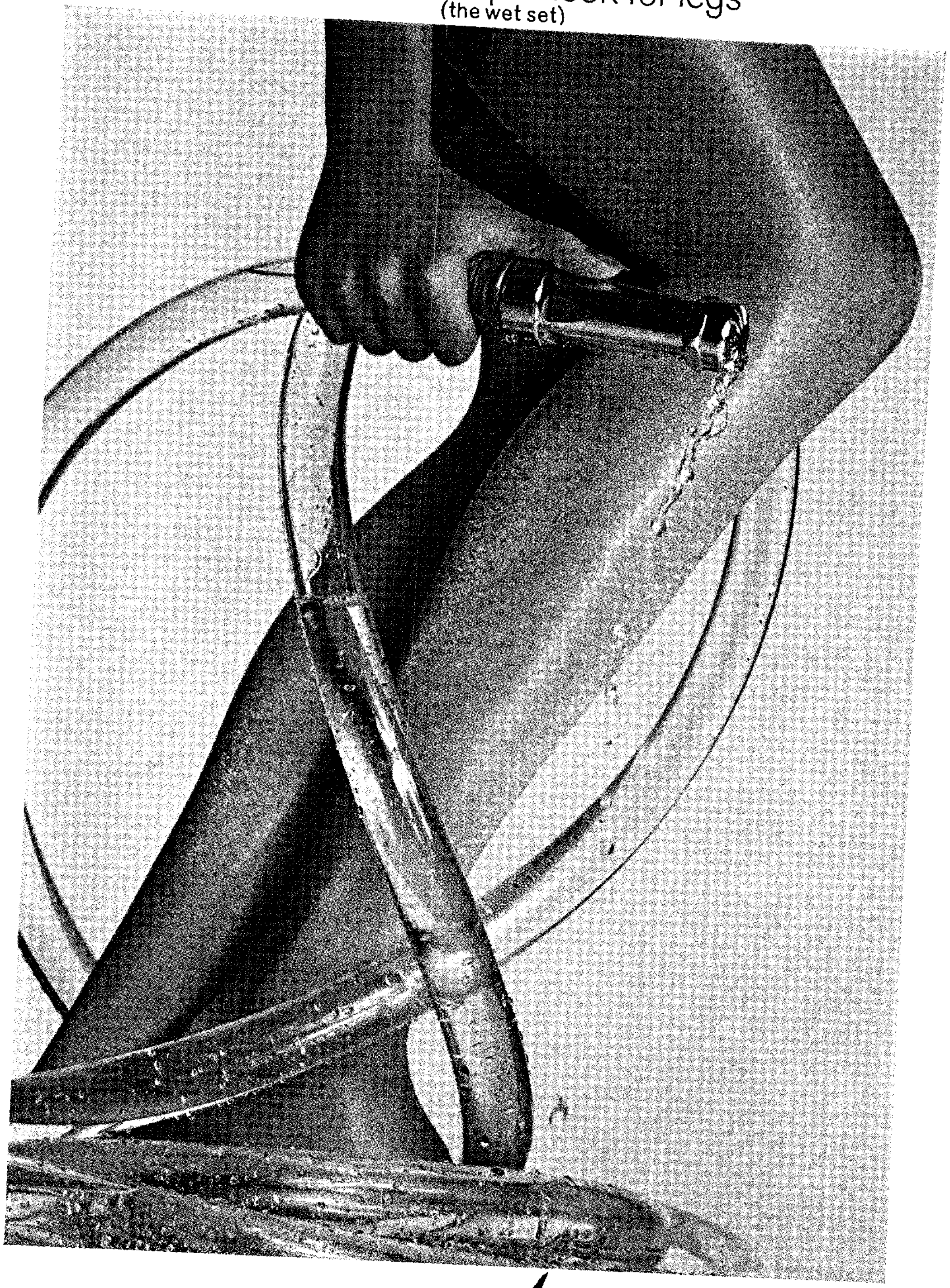
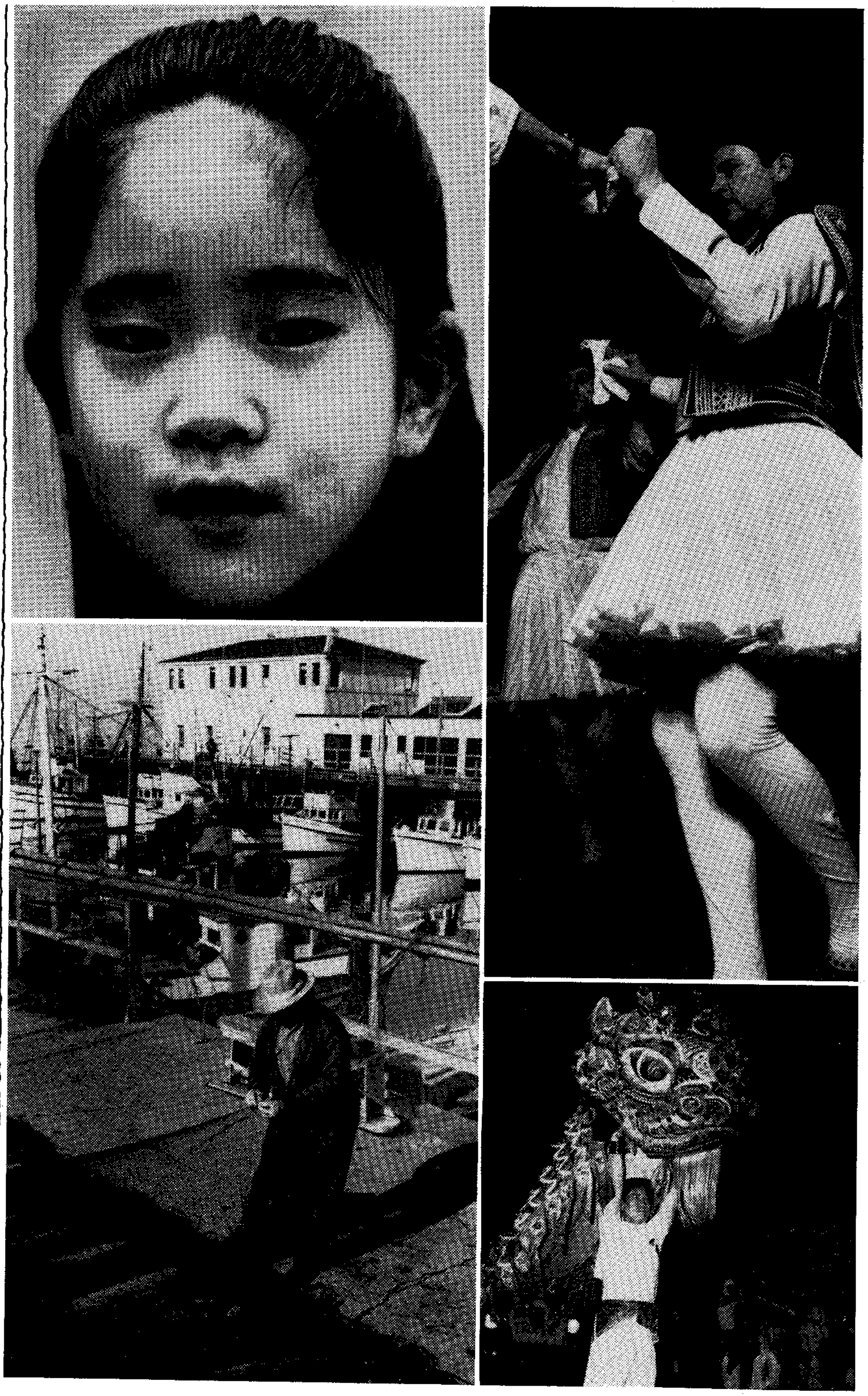


Hanes

in all this machinery, but in its capacity as a club it had over the years come to play a far from unimportant role. Its monthly board meetings served (and still serve) as a chance for the central bankers to talk in an informal atmosphere—to exchange gossip, views, and hunches such as could not comfortably be indulged in either by mail or over the international telephone circuits. Basel, a medieval Rhenish city that is dominated by the spires of its twelfth-century Gothic cathedral and has long been a thriving center of the chemical industry, was originally chosen as the site of the Bank for International Settlements because it was a nodal point for European railways. Now that most international bankers habitually travel by plane, that asset has become a liability, for there is no long-distance air service to Basel; delegates must deplane at Zurich and continue by train or car. On the other hand, Basel has several first-rate restaurants, and it may be that in the view of the central-bank delegates this advantage outweighs the travel inconvenience, for central banking—or at least European central banking—has a firmly established association with good living. A governor of the National Bank of Belgium once remarked to a visitor, without a smile, that he considered one of his duties to be that of leaving the institution's wine cellar better than he had found it. A luncheon guest at the Bank of France is generally told apologetically, "In the tradition of the bank, we serve only simple fare," but what follows is a repast during which the constant discussion of vintages makes any discussion of banking awkward, if not impossible, and at which the tradition of simplicity is honored, apparently, by the serving of only one wine before the cognac. The table of the Bank of Italy is equally elegant (some say the best in Rome), and its surroundings are enhanced by the priceless Renaissance paintings, acquired as defaulted security on bad loans over the years, that hang on the walls. As for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, alcohol in any form is hardly ever served there, banking is habitually discussed at meals, and the mistress of the kitchen appears almost pathetically grateful whenever one of the officers makes any sort of comment, even a critical one, on the fare. But then Liberty Street isn't Europe.

In these democratic times, central banking in Europe is thought of as the last stronghold of the aristocratic banking tradition, in which wit, grace, and



**English spoken here.**

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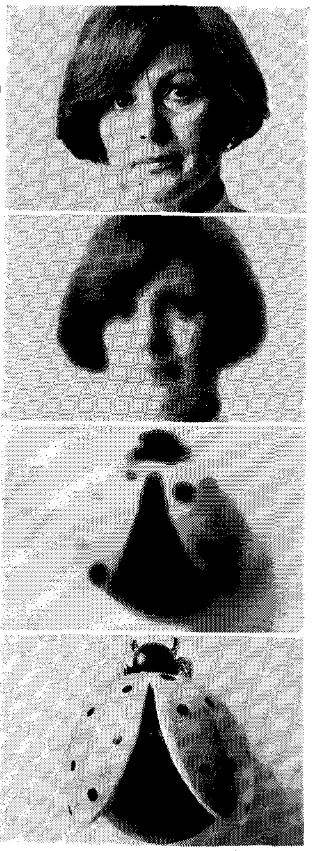

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**BOLEX**
**155 Macrozoom.**

culture coexist easily with commercial astuteness, and even ruthlessness. The European counterparts of the security guards on Liberty Street are apt to be attendants in morning coats. Until less than a generation ago, formality of address between central bankers was the rule. Some think that the first to break it were the British, during the Second World War, when, it is alleged, a secret order went out that British government and military authorities were to address their American counterparts by their first names; in any event, first names are frequently exchanged between European and American central bankers now, and one reason for this, unquestionably, is the postwar rise in influence of the dollar. (Another reason is that, in the emerging era of coöperation, the central bankers see more of each other than they used to—not just in Basel but in Washington, Paris, and Brussels, at regular meetings of perhaps half a dozen special banking committees of various international organizations. The same handful of top bankers parades so regularly through the hotel lobbies of those cities that one of them thinks they must give the impression of being hundreds strong, like the spear carriers who cross the stage again and again in the triumphal scene of "Aïda.") And language, like the manner of its use, has tended to follow economic power. European central bankers have always used French ("bad French," some say) in talking with each other, but during the long period in which the pound was the world's leading currency English came to be the first language of central banking at large, and under the rule of the dollar it continues to be. It is spoken fluently and willingly by all the top officers of every central bank except the Bank of France, and even the Bank of France officers are forced to keep translators at hand, in consideration of the seeming intractable inability or unwillingness of most Britons and Americans to become competent in any language but their own. (Lord Cromer, flouting tradition, speaks French with complete authority; Hayes and Coombs are up to social conversations in it, but not business negotiations.)

At Basel, good food and convenience come before splendor; many of the delegates favor an outwardly humble restaurant in the main railroad station, and the Bank for International Settlements itself is modestly situated between a tea shop and a hairdressing establishment. On that November weekend in 1964, Vice-President Coombs was the only representative of

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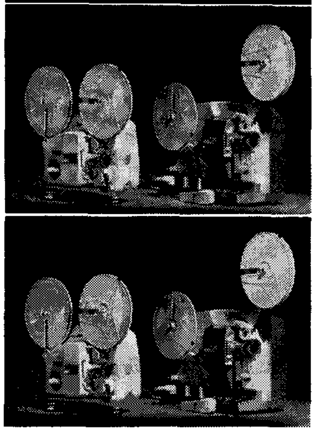

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the Federal Reserve System on hand, and, indeed, he was to be the key banking representative of the United States through the early and middle phases of the crisis that was then mounting. In an abstracted way, Coombs ate and drank heartily with the others—true to his institution's traditions, he is less than a gourmet—but his real interest was in getting the sense of the meeting and the private feelings of its participants. He was the perfect man for this task, inasmuch as he has the unquestioning trust and respect of all his foreign colleagues. The other leading central bankers habitually call him by his first name—less, it seems, in deference to changed custom than out of deep affection and admiration. They also use it in speaking of him among themselves; the name "Charliecoombs" (run together thus out of long habituation) is a word to conjure with in central-banking circles. Charliecoombs, they will tell you, is the kind of New Englander (he is from Newton, Massachusetts) who, although his clipped speech and dry manner make him seem a bit cool and detached, is really warm and intuitive. Charliecoombs, although a Harvard graduate (Class of 1940), is the kind of unpretentious gray-haired man with half-rimmed spectacles and a precise manner whom you might easily take for a standard American small-town bank president, rather than a master of one of the world's most complex skills. It is generally conceded that if any one man was the genius behind the swap network, the man was the New England swapper Charliecoombs.

At Basel, there was, as usual, a series of formal sessions, each with its agenda, but there was also, as usual, much informal palaver in rump sessions held in hotel rooms and offices and at a formal Sunday-night dinner at which there was no agenda but instead a free discussion of what Coombs has since referred to as "the hottest topic of the moment." There could be no question about what that was; it was the condition of the pound—and, indeed, Coombs had heard little discussion of anything else all weekend. "It was clear to me from what I heard that confidence in sterling was deteriorating," he has said. Two questions were on most of the bankers' minds. One was whether the Bank of England proposed to take some of the pressure off the pound by raising its lending rate. Bank of England men were present, but getting an answer was not a simple matter of asking them their intentions; even if they had been

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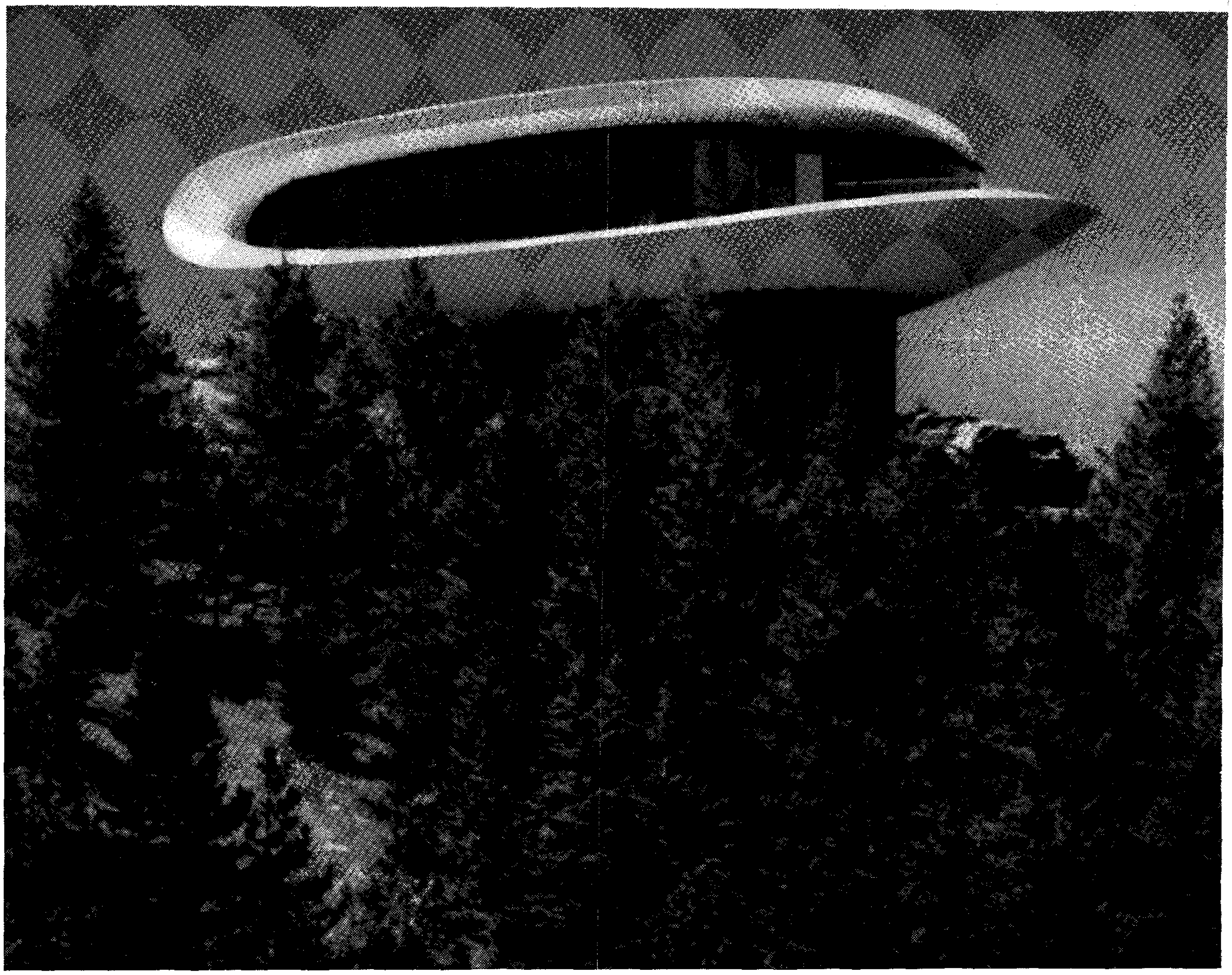
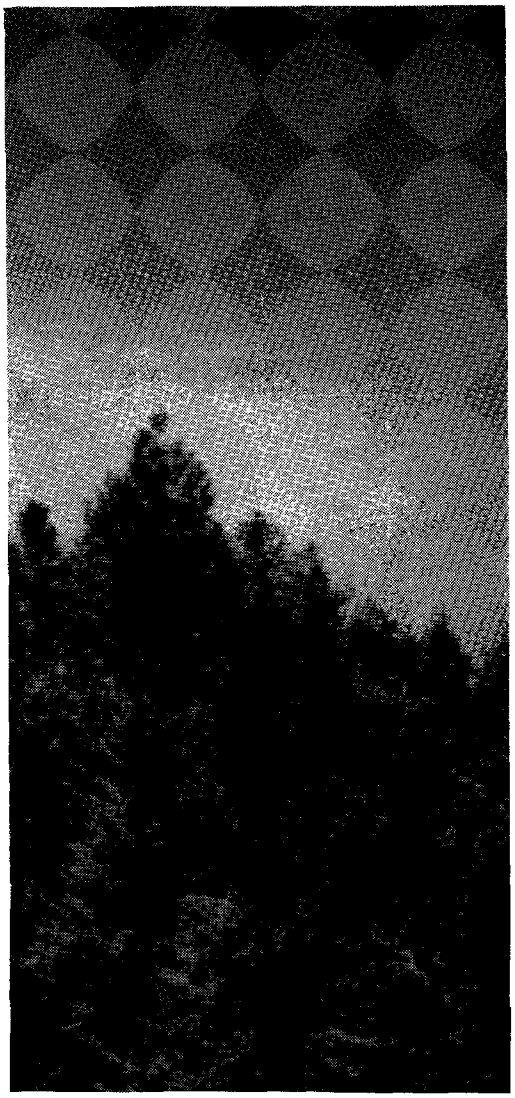
# Pour yourself a house.





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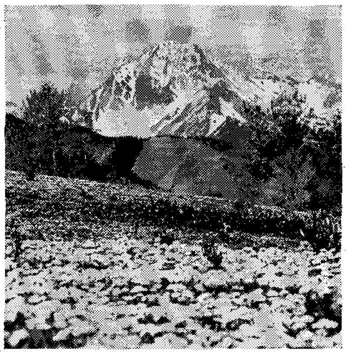

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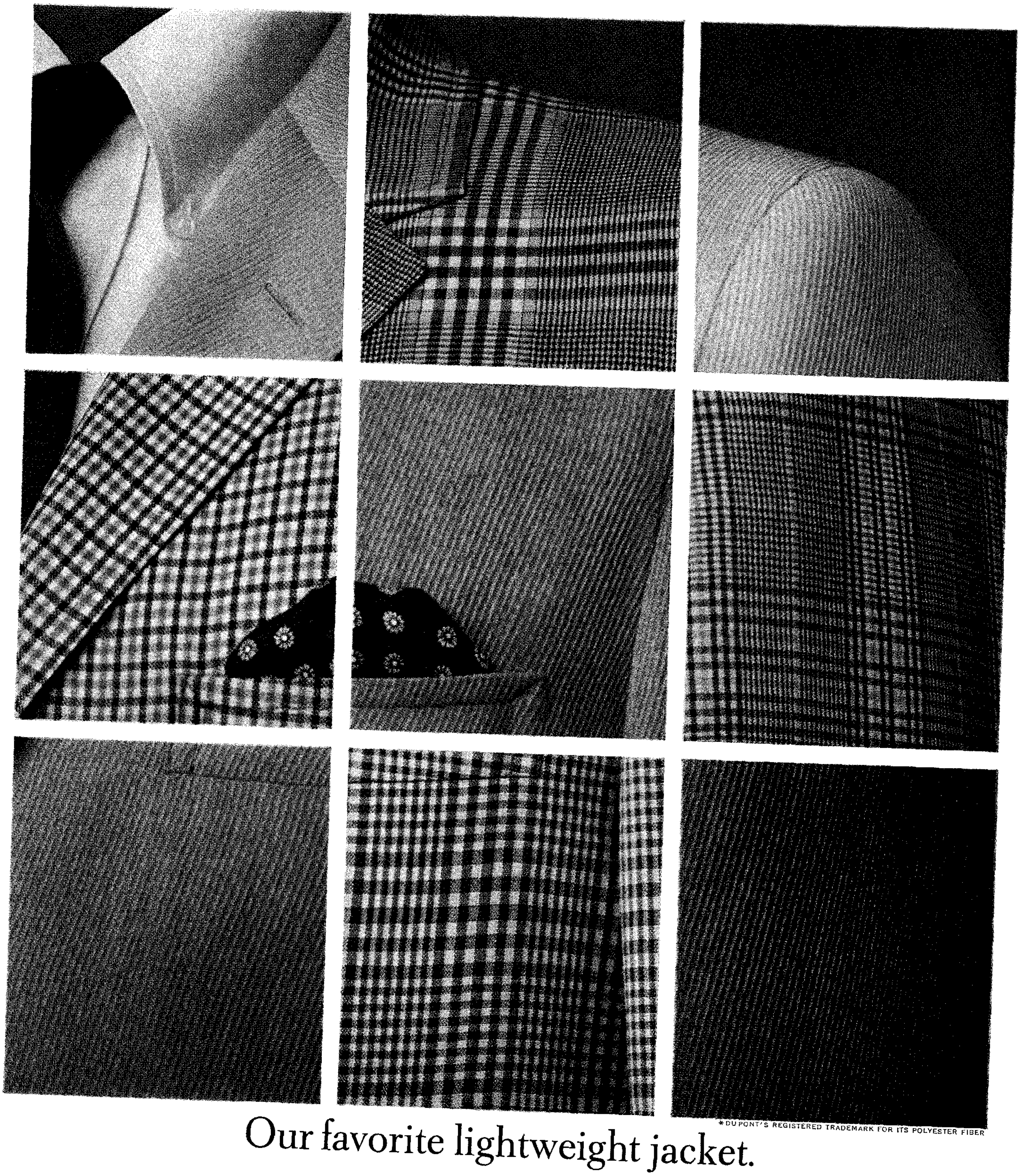
willing to say, they would not have been able to, because the Bank of England is not empowered to change its rate without the approval—which in practice often comes closer to meaning the instruction—of the British government, and elected governments have a natural dislike for measures that make money tight. The other question was whether Britain had enough gold and dollars to throw into the breach if the speculative assault should continue. Apart from what was left of the billion dollars from the expanded swap network and what remained of its drawing rights on the International Monetary Fund, Britain had only its official reserves, which had dropped in the previous week to something under two and a half billion dollars—their lowest point in several years. Worse than that was the frightful rate at which the reserves were dwindling away; on a single bad day during the previous week, according to the guesses of experts, they had dropped by eighty-seven million dollars. A month of days like that and they would be gone.

Even so, Coombs has said, nobody at Basel that weekend dreamed that the pressure on sterling could become as intense as it actually did become later in the month. He returned to New York worried but resolute. It was not to New York, however, that the main scene of the battle for sterling shifted after the Basel meeting; it was to London. The big immediate question was whether or not Britain would raise its bank rate that week, and the day the answer would be known was Thursday, November 12th. In the matter of the bank rate, as in so many other things, the British customarily follow a ritual. If there is to be a change, at noon on Thursday—then and then only—a sign appears in the ground-floor lobby of the Bank of England announcing the new rate, and, simultaneously, a functionary called the Government Broker, decked out in a pink coat and top hat, hurries down Throgmorton Street to the London Stock Exchange and ceremonially announces the new rate from a rostrum. Noon on Thursday the twelfth passed with no change; evidently the Labour Government was having as much trouble deciding on a bank-rate rise after the election as the Conservatives had had before. The speculators, wherever they were, reacted to such pusillanimity as one man. On Friday the thirteenth, the pound, which had been moderately buoyant all week precisely because speculators had been anticipating a bank-rate rise, underwent a fearful battering, which sent it down to a closing price of $2.7829—barely more than a quarter of a cent above the official minimum—and the Bank of England, intervening frequently to hold it even at that level, lost twenty-eight million dollars more from its reserves. Next day, the financial commentator of the London *Times*, under the byline Our City Editor, let himself go. “The pound,” he wrote, “is not looking as firm as might be hoped.”

THE following week saw the pattern repeated, but in exaggerated form. On Monday, Prime Minister Wilson, taking a leaf out of Winston Churchill's book, tried rhetoric as a weapon. Speaking at a pomp-and-circumstance banquet at the Guildhall in the City of London before an audience that included, among many other dignitaries, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Mayor of London, and their wives, Wilson ringingly proclaimed “not only our faith but our determination to keep sterling strong and to see it riding high,” and asserted that the Government would not hesitate to take whatever steps might become necessary to accomplish this purpose. While elaborately avoiding the dread word “devaluation,” just as all other British officials had avoided it all summer, Wilson sought to make it unmistakable that the Government now considered such a move out of the question. To emphasize this point, he included a warning to speculators: “If anyone at home or abroad doubts the firmness of [our] resolve, let them be prepared to pay the price for their lack of faith in Britain.” Perhaps the speculators were daunted by this verbal volley, or perhaps they were again moved to let up in their assault on the pound by the prospect of a bank-rate rise on Thursday; in any case, on Tuesday and Wednesday the pound, though it hardly rode high in the marketplace, managed to ride a little less low than it had on the previous Friday, and to do so without the help of the Bank of England.

By Thursday, according to subsequent reports, a sharp private dispute had erupted between the Bank of England and the British government on the bank-rate question—Lord Cromer arguing, for the bank, that a rise of at



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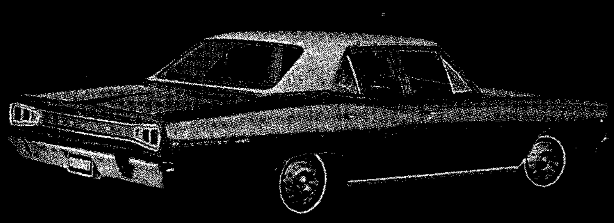

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# CORONET

least one per cent, and perhaps two per cent, was absolutely essential, and Wilson, Brown, and Callaghan still demurring. The upshot was no bank-rate rise on Thursday, and the effect of the inaction was a swift intensification of the crisis. Friday the twentieth was a black day in the City of London. The Stock Exchange, its investors moving in time with sterling, had a terrible session. The Bank of England had by now resolved to establish its last-line trench on the pound at $2.7825—a quarter of a cent above the bottom limit. The pound opened on Friday at precisely that level and remained there all day, firmly pinned down by the speculators' hail of offers to sell; meanwhile, the bank met all offers at $2.7825 and, in doing so, used up more of Britain's reserves. Now the offers were coming so fast that little attempt was made to disguise their places of origin; it was evident that they were coming from everywhere—chiefly from the financial centers of Europe, but also from New York, and even from London itself. Rumors of imminent devaluation were sweeping the bourses of the Continent. And in London itself an ominous sign of cracking morale appeared: devaluation was now being mentioned openly even there. The Swedish economist and sociologist Gunnar Myrdal, in a luncheon speech in London on Thursday, had suggested that a slight devaluation might now be the only possible solution to Britain's problems; once this exogenous comment had broken the ice, Britons also began using the dread word, and, in the next morning's *Times*, Our City Editor himself was to say, in the tone of a commander preparing the garrison for possible surrender, "Indiscriminate gossip about devaluation of the pound can do harm. But it would be even worse to regard use of that word as taboo."

When nightfall at last brought the pound and its defenders a weekend breather, the Bank of England had a chance to assess its situation. What it found was anything but reassuring. All but a fraction of the billion dollars it had arranged to borrow in September under the expanded swap agreements had gone into the battle. The right that remained to it of drawing on the International Monetary Fund was virtually worthless, since the transaction would take weeks to complete, and matters turned on days and hours. What the bank still had—and all that it had—was the British reserves, which had gone down by fifty-six million dollars that day and now stood at around

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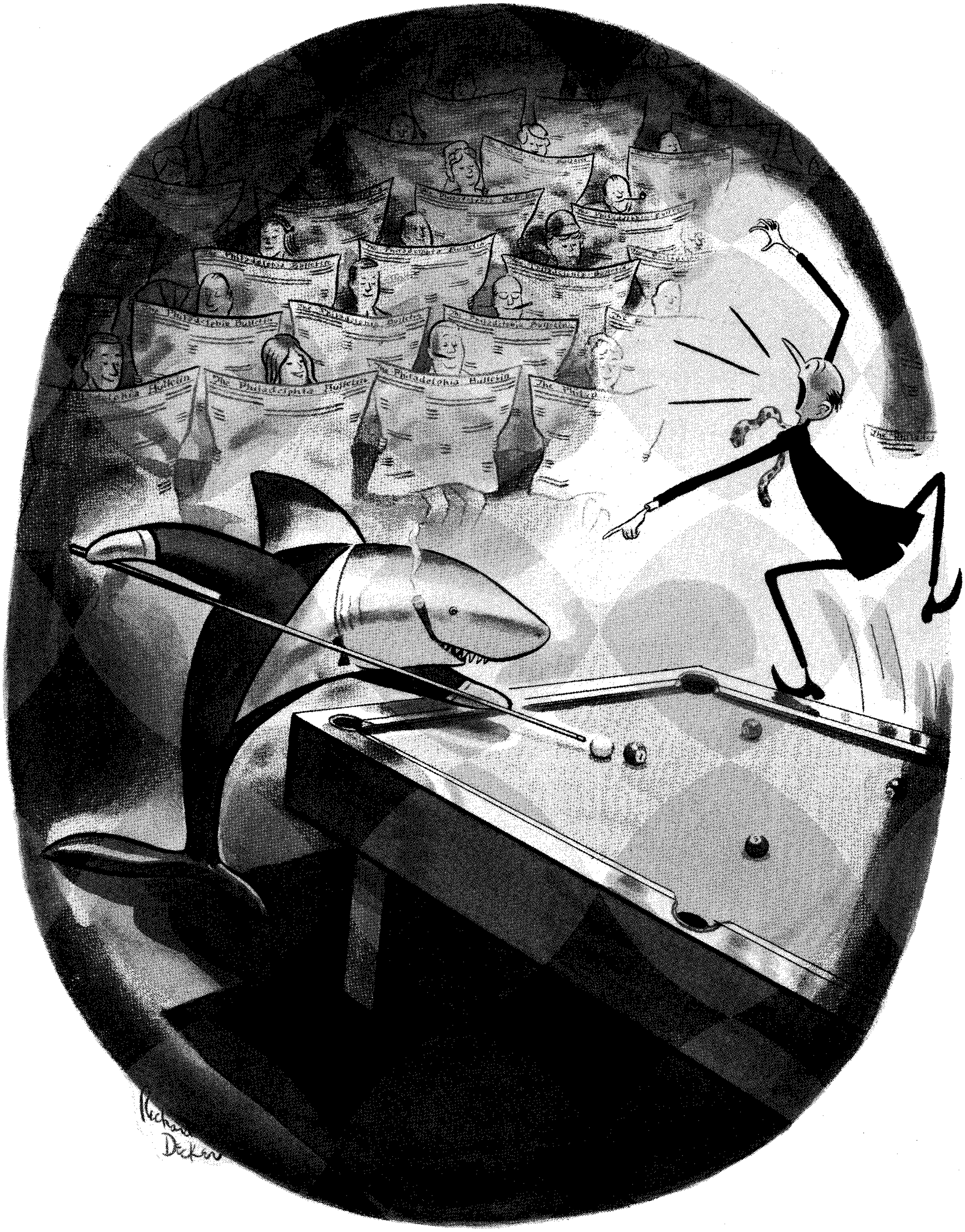
two billion. More than one commentator has since suggested that this sum could in a way be likened to the few squadrons of fighter planes to which the same dogged nation had been reduced *twenty-four years earlier* at the worst point in the Battle of Britain.

THE analogy is extravagant, and yet, in the light of what the pound means, and has meant, to the British, it is not irrelevant. In a materialistic age, the pound has almost the symbolic importance that was once accorded to the Crown; the state of sterling almost *is* the state of Britain. The pound is the oldest of modern currencies. The term "pound sterling" is believed to have originated well before the Norman Conquest, when the Saxon kings issued silver pennies—called "sterlings" or "starlings" because they sometimes had stars inscribed on them—of which two hundred and forty equalled one pound of pure silver. (The shilling, representing twelve sterlings, or one-twentieth of a pound, did not appear on the scene until after the Conquest.) Thus, sizable payments in Britain have been reckoned in pounds from its beginnings. The pound, however, was by no means an unassailably sound currency during its first few centuries, chiefly because of the early kings' unfortunate habit of relieving their chronic financial embarrassment by debasing the coinage. By melting down a quantity of sterlings, adding to the brew some base metal and no more silver, and then minting new coins, an irresponsible king could magically convert a hundred pounds into, say, a hundred and ten, just like that. Queen Elizabeth I put a stop to the practice when, in a carefully planned surprise move in 1561, she recalled from circulation all the debased coins issued by her predecessors. The result, combined with the growth of British trade, was a rapid and spectacular rise in the prestige of the pound, and less than a century after Elizabeth's coup the word "sterling" had assumed the adjectival meaning that it still has—"thoroughly excellent, capable of standing every test." By the end of the seventeenth century, when the Bank of England was founded to handle the government's finances, paper money was beginning to be trusted for general use, and it had come to be backed by gold as well as silver. As time went on, the monetary prestige of gold rose steadily in relation to that of silver (in the modern world silver has no standing as a monetary reserve metal, and only in some half-dozen countries does it now serve as the principal metal in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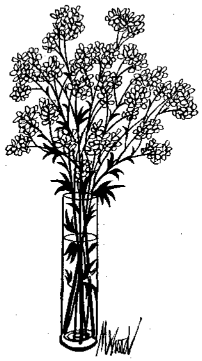
subsidiary coinage), but it was not until 1816 that Britain adopted a gold standard—that is, pledged itself to redeem paper currency with gold coins or bars at any time. The gold sovereign, worth one pound, which came to symbolize stability, affluence, and even joy to more Victorians than Bagehot, made its first appearance in 1817.

Prosperity begat emulation. Seeing how Britain flourished, and believing the gold standard to be at least partly responsible, other nations adopted it one after another: Germany in 1871; Sweden, Norway, and Denmark in 1873; France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece in 1874; the Netherlands in 1875; and the United States in 1879. The results were disappointing; hardly any of the newcomers found themselves immediately getting rich, and Britain, which in retrospect appears to have flourished as much in spite of the gold standard as because of it, continued to be the undisputed monarch of world trade. In the half century preceding the First World War, London was the middleman in international finance, and the pound was its quasi-official medium. As David Lloyd George was later to write nostalgically, prior to 1914 "the crackle of a bill on London"—that is, of a bill of credit in pounds sterling bearing the signature of a London bank—"was as good as the ring of gold in any port throughout the civilized world." The war ended this idyll by disrupting the delicate balance of forces that had made it possible and by bringing to the fore a challenger to the pound's supremacy—the United States dollar. In 1914, Britain, hard pressed to finance its fighting forces, adopted measures to discourage demands for gold, thereby abandoning the gold standard in everything but name; meanwhile, the value of a pound in dollars sank from $4.86 to a 1920 low of $3.20. In an effort to recoup its lost glory, Britain resumed a full gold standard in 1925, tying the pound to gold at a rate that restored its old $4.86 relation to the dollar. The cost of this gallant overvaluation, however, was chronic depression at home, not to mention the political eclipse for some fifteen years of the Chancellor of the Exchequer who ordered it, Winston Churchill.



The general collapse of currencies during the nineteen-thirties actually began not in London but on the Continent, when, in the summer of 1931, a sudden run on the leading bank of Austria, the Creditanstalt, resulted in its failure. The domino principle of bank failures—if such a thing can be said to exist—then came into play. German losses arising from this relatively minor disaster resulted in a banking crisis in Germany, and then, because huge quantities of British funds were now frozen in bankrupt institutions on the Continent, the panic crossed the English Channel and invaded the home of the imperial pound itself. Demands for gold in exchange for pounds quickly became too heavy for the Bank of England to meet, even with the help of loans from France and the United States. Britain was faced with the bleak alternatives of setting an almost usurious bank rate—between eight and ten per cent—in order to hold funds in London and check the gold outflow, or abandoning the gold standard; the first choice, which would have further depressed the domestic economy, in which there were now more than two and a half million unemployed, was considered unconscionable, and accordingly, on September 21, 1931, the Bank of England announced suspension of its responsibility to sell gold.

The move hit the financial world like a thunderbolt. So great was the prestige of the pound in 1931 that John Maynard Keynes, the already famous British economist, could say, not wholly in irony, that sterling hadn't left gold, gold had left sterling. In either case, the mooring of the old system was gone, and chaos was the result. Within a few weeks, all the countries on the vast portion of the globe then under British political or economic domination had left the gold standard, most of the other leading currencies had either left gold or been drastically devalued in relation to it, and in the free market the value of the pound in terms of dollars had dropped from $4.86 to around $3.50. Then the dollar itself—the potential new mooring—came loose. In 1933, the United States, compelled by the worst depression in its history, abandoned the gold standard. A year later, it resumed it in a modified form called the gold-exchange standard, under which gold coinage was ended and the Federal Reserve was pledged to sell gold in bar form to other central banks but to no one else—and to sell it at a drastic devaluation of forty-one per cent from

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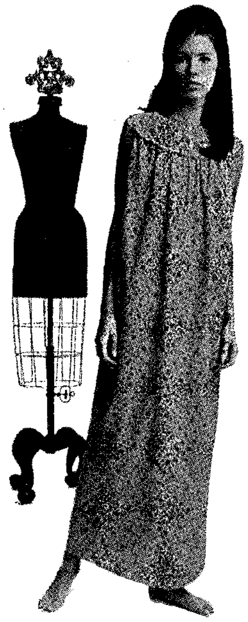

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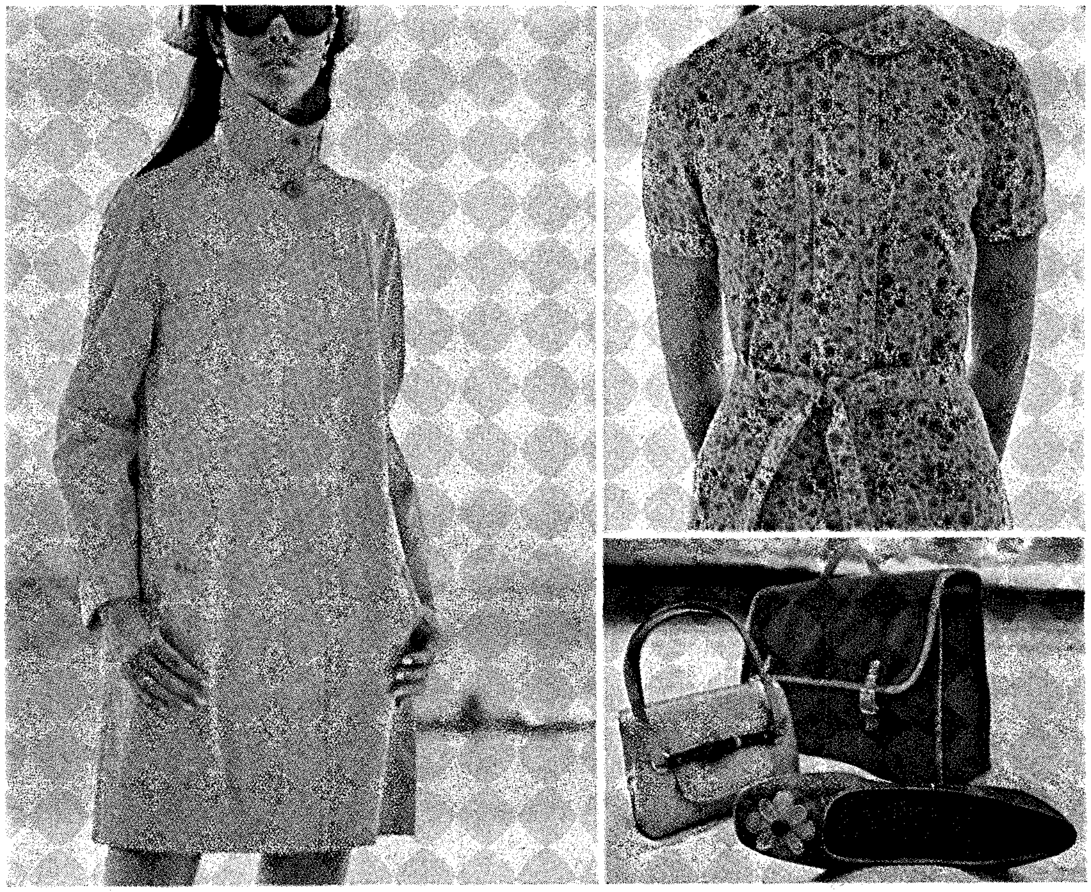

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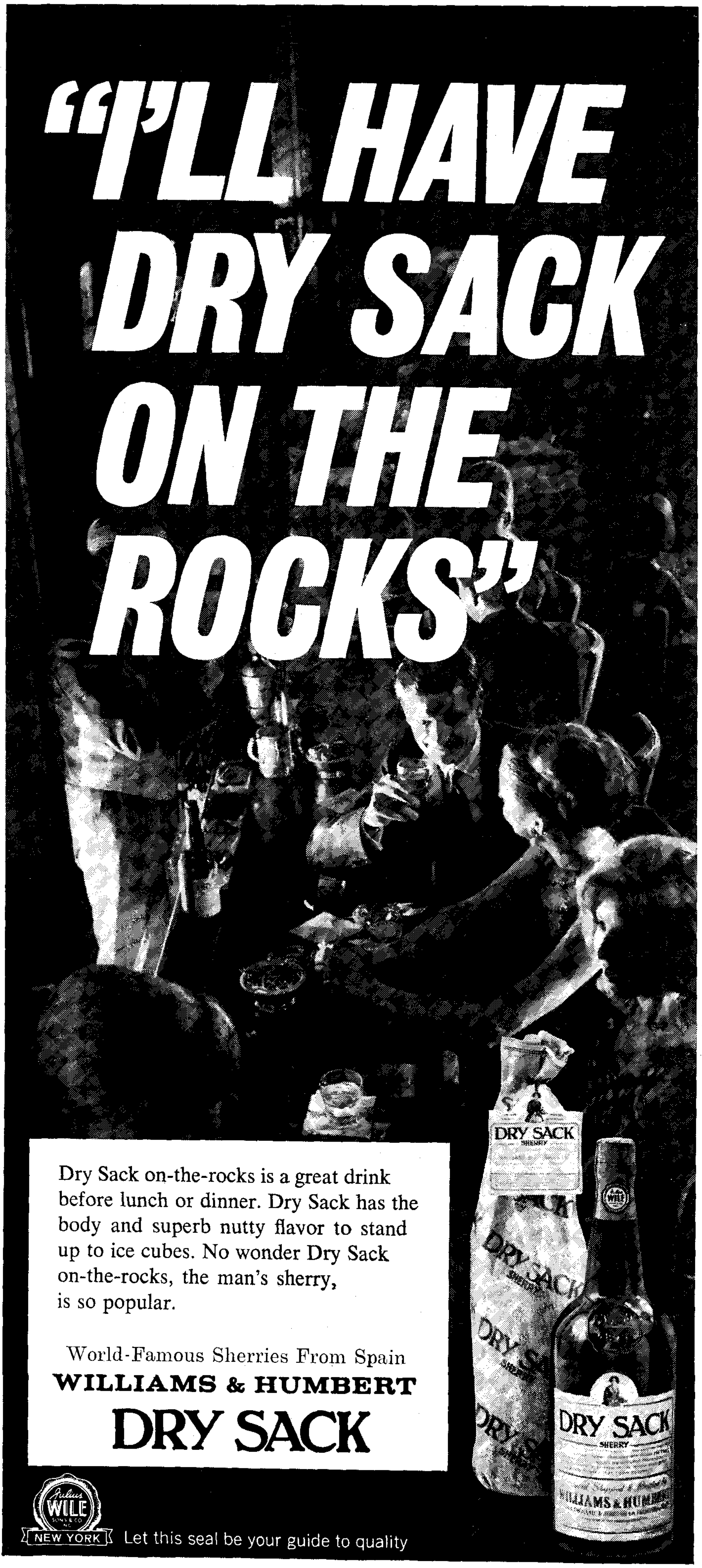
the old price. The United States devaluation restored the pound to its old dollar parity, but Britain found it small comfort to be tied securely to a mooring that was now shaky itself. Even so, over the next five years, while beggar-my-neighbor came to be the rule in international finance, the pound did not lose much more ground in relation to other currencies, and when the Second World War broke out, the British government boldly pegged it at $4.03 and imposed controls to keep it there in defiance of the free market. There, for a decade, it remained—but only officially. In the free market of neutral Switzerland, it fluctuated all through the war in reflection of Britain's military fortunes, sinking at the darkest moments to as low as $2.

In the postwar era, the pound has been almost continuously in trouble. The new rules of the game of international finance that were agreed upon at Bretton Woods recognized that the old gold standard had been far too rigid and the virtual paper standard of the nineteen-thirties far too unstable; a compromise accordingly emerged, under which the dollar—the new king of currencies—remained tied to gold under the gold-exchange standard, and the pound, along with the other leading currencies, became tied not to gold but to the dollar, at rates fixed within stated limits. Indeed, the postwar era was virtually ushered in by a devaluation of the pound that was about as drastic in amount as that of 1931, though far less so in its consequences. The pound, like most European currencies, had emerged from Bretton Woods flagrantly overvalued in relation to the shattered economy it represented, and had been kept that way only by government-imposed controls. In the autumn of 1949, therefore, after a year and a half of devaluation rumors, burgeoning black markets in sterling, and gold losses that had reduced the British reserves to a dangerously low level, the pound was devalued from $4.03 to $2.80. With the isolated exceptions of the United States dollar and the Swiss franc, every important non-Communist currency almost instantly followed the pound's example, but this time no drying up of trade, or other chaos, ensued, because the 1949 devaluations, unlike those of 1931 and the years following, were not the uncontrolled attempts of countries riddled by depression to gain a competitive advantage at any cost but merely represented recognition by the war-devastated countries that they had recovered to the point



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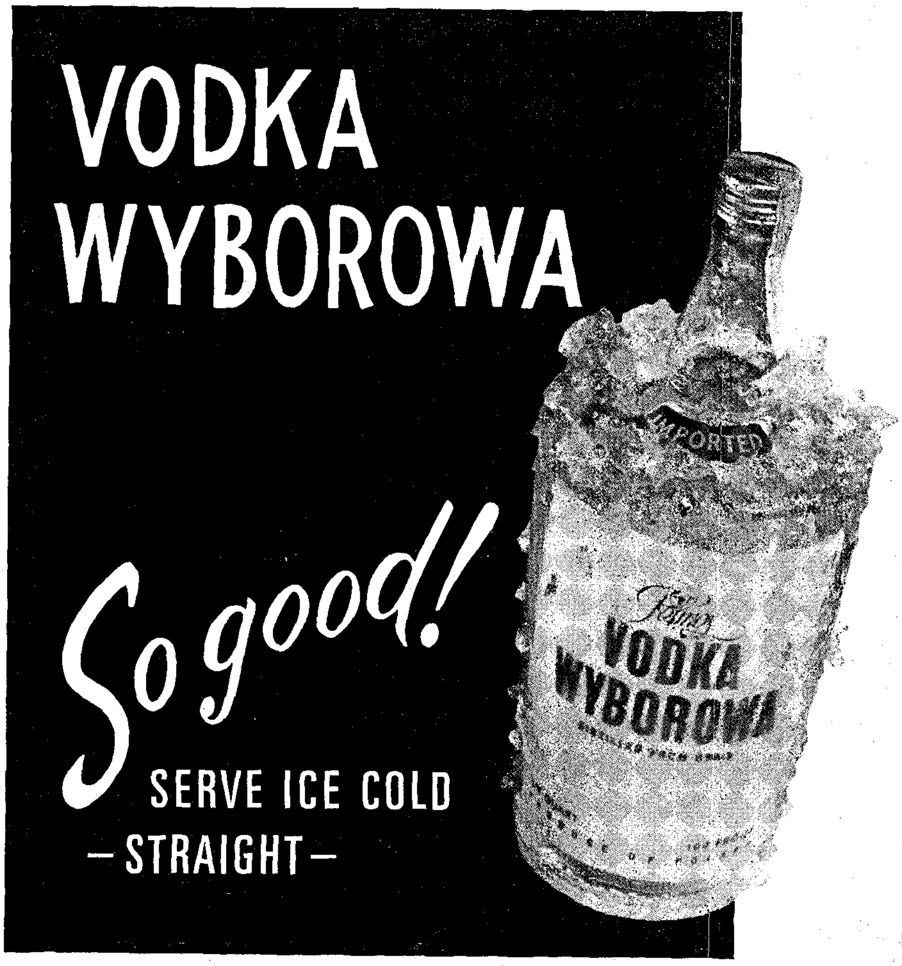

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where they could survive relatively free international competition without artificial props. In fact, world trade, instead of drying up, picked up sharply. But even at the new, more rational evaluation the pound continued its career of hairbreadth escapes. Sterling crises of varying magnitudes were weathered in 1952, 1955, 1957, and 1961. In its unsentimental and tactless way, the pound—just as by its gyrations in the past it had accurately charted Britain's rise and fall as the greatest of world powers—now, with its nagging recurrent weakness, seemed to be hinting that even such retrenchment as the British had undertaken in 1949 was not enough to suit their reduced circumstances.

And in November, 1964, these hints, with their humiliating implications, were not lost on the British people. The emotional terms in which many of them were thinking about the pound were well illustrated by an exchange that took place in that celebrated forum the letters column of the *Times* when the crisis was at its height. A reader named I. M. D. Little wrote deploring all the breast-beating about the pound and particularly the uneasy whispering about devaluation—a matter that he declared to be an economic rather than a moral issue. Quick as a flash came a reply from a C. S. Hadfield, among others. Was there ever a clearer sign of soulless times, Hadfield demanded, than Little's letter? Devaluation not a moral issue? "Repudiation—for that is what devaluation is, neither more nor less—has become respectable!" Hadfield groaned, in the unmistakable tone, as old in Britain as the pound itself, of the outraged patriot.

IN the ten days following the Basel meeting, the first concern of the men at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was not the pound but the dollar. The American balance-of-payments deficit had now crept up to the alarming rate of almost six billion dollars a year, and it was becoming clear that a rise in the British bank rate, if it should be unmatched by American action, might merely shift some of the speculative attack from the pound to the dollar. Hayes and Coombs and the Washington monetary authorities—William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, and Under-Secretary of the Treasury Robert Roosa—came to agree that if the British should raise their rate the Federal Reserve would be compelled, in self-defense, to com-

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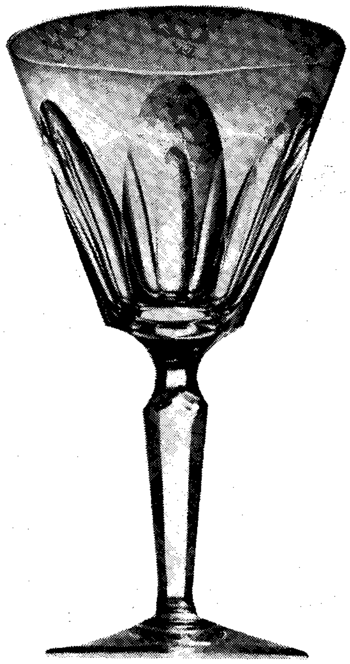

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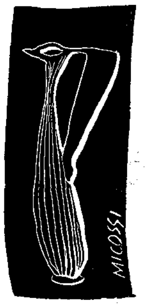
petitively raise *its* rate above the current level of three and a half per cent. Hayes had numerous telephone conversations on this delicate point with his London counterpart, Lord Cromer. A deep-dyed aristocrat—a godson of King George V and a grandson of Sir Evelyn Baring, later the first Earl of Cromer (who, as the British agent in Egypt, was Chinese Gordon's nemesis in 1884-85)—Lord Cromer was also a banker of universally acknowledged brilliance and, at forty-three, the youngest man, as far as anyone could remember, ever to direct the fortunes of the Bank of England; he and Hayes, in the course of their frequent meetings at Basel and elsewhere, had become warm friends.

During the afternoon of Friday the twentieth, at any rate, the Federal Reserve Bank had a chance to show its good intentions by doing some front-line fighting for the pound. The breather provided by the London closing proved to be illusory; five o'clock in London was only noon in New York, and insatiable speculators were able to go on selling pounds for several more hours in the New York market, with the result that the trading room of the Federal Reserve Bank temporarily replaced that of the Bank of England as the command post for the defense. Using as their ammunition British dollars—or, more precisely, United States dollars lent to Britain under the swap agreements—the Federal Reserve's traders staunchly held the pound at or above $2.7825, at ever-increasing cost, of course, to the British reserves. Mercifully, after the New York closing the battle did not follow the sun to San Francisco and on around the world to Tokyo. Evidently, the attackers had had their fill, at least for the time being.



What followed was one of those strange modern weekends in which weighty matters are discussed and weighty decisions taken among men who are ostensibly sitting around relaxing in various parts of the world. Wilson, Brown, and Callaghan were at Chequers, the Prime Minister's country estate, taking part in a conference that had originally been scheduled to cover the subject of national-defense policy. Lord Cromer was at his country place in Westerham, Kent. Martin, Dillon, and Roosa were at their offices or their homes, in and around Washington. Coombs was at his home, in Green Village, New Jersey, and Hayes was visiting friends of his elsewhere in New Jersey. At Chequers, Wilson and his two financial ministers, leaving the military brass to confer about defense policy with each other, adjourned to an upstairs gallery to tackle the sterling crisis; in order to bring Lord Cromer into their deliberations, they kept a telephone circuit open to him in Kent, using a scrambler system when they talked on it, so as to avoid interception of their words by their unseen enemies the speculators. Sometime on Saturday, the British reached their decision. Not only would they raise the bank rate, and raise it two per cent above its current level—to seven per cent—but, in defiance of custom, they would do so the first thing Monday morning, rather than wait for another Thursday to roll around. For one thing, they reasoned, to postpone action until Thursday would mean three and a half more business days during which the deadly drain of British reserves would almost certainly continue and might well accelerate; for another, the sheer shock of the deliberate violation of custom would serve to dramatize the government's determination. The decision, once taken, was communicated by British intermediaries in Washington to the American monetary officials there, and relayed to Hayes and Coombs in New Jersey. Those two, knowing that the agreed-upon plan for a concomitant rise in the New York bank rate would now have to be put into effect as quickly as possible, got to work on the telephone lining up a Monday-afternoon meeting of the Federal Reserve Bank's board of directors, without whose initiative the rate could not be changed. Hayes, a man who sets great store by politeness, has since said, with considerable chagrin, that he fears he was the despair of his hostess that weekend; not only was he on the telephone most of the time but he was prevented by the circumstances from giving the slightest explanation of his unseemly behavior.

What had been done—or, rather, was about to be done—in Britain was plenty to flutter the dovecotes of international finance. Since the beginning of the First World War, the bank rate there had never gone higher than seven per cent and had only occasionally gone that high; as for a bank-rate change on a day other than Thursday, the last time that had occurred, ominously enough, was in 1931. Anticipating lively action at the London opening, which would take place at about 5 A.M. New York time, Coombs went to Liberty Street on Sunday afternoon in

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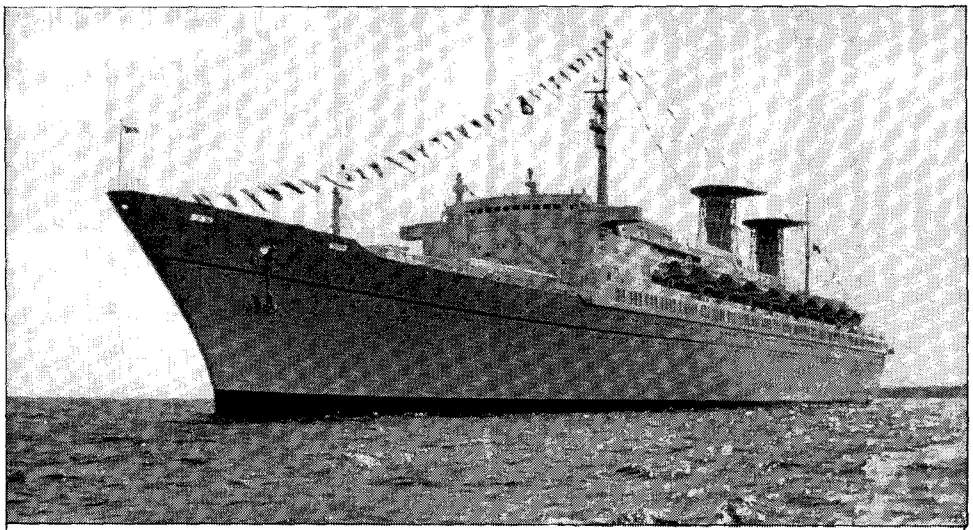

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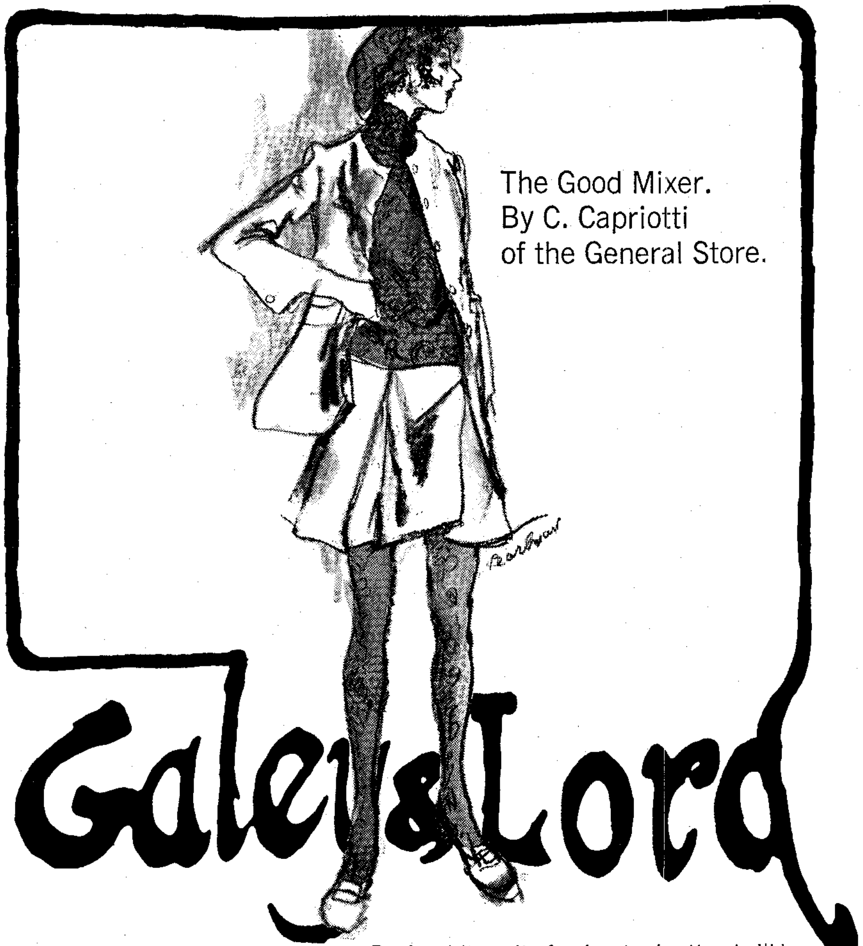

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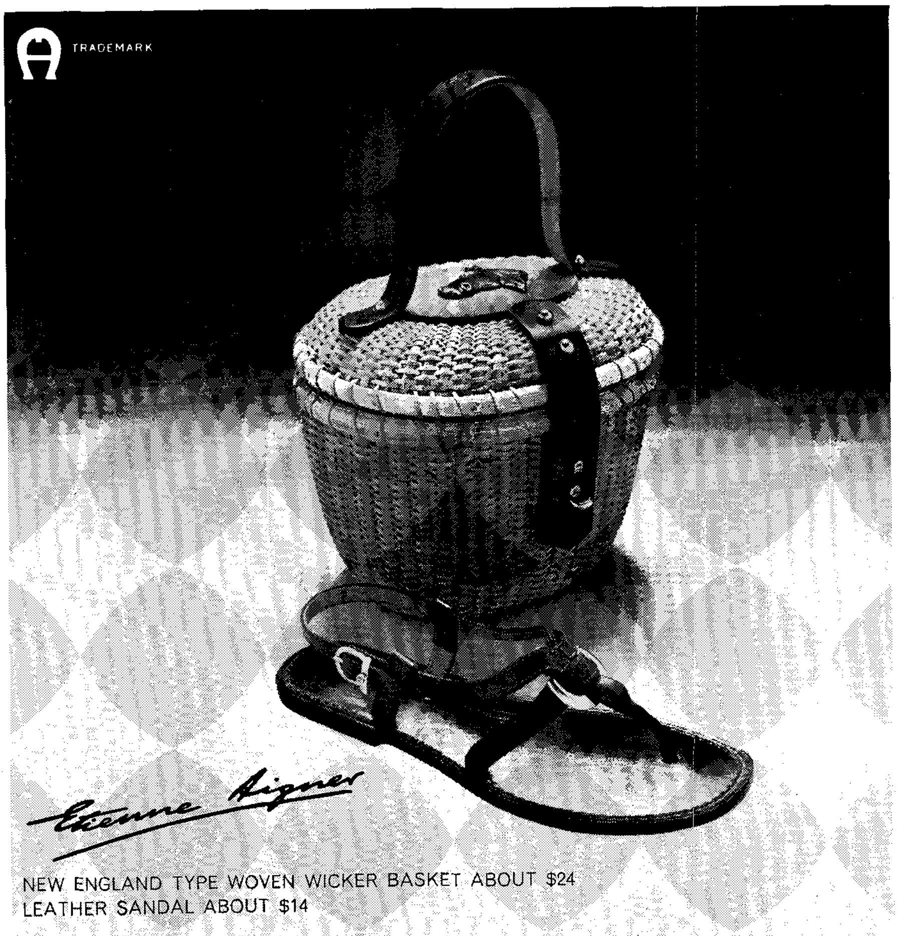

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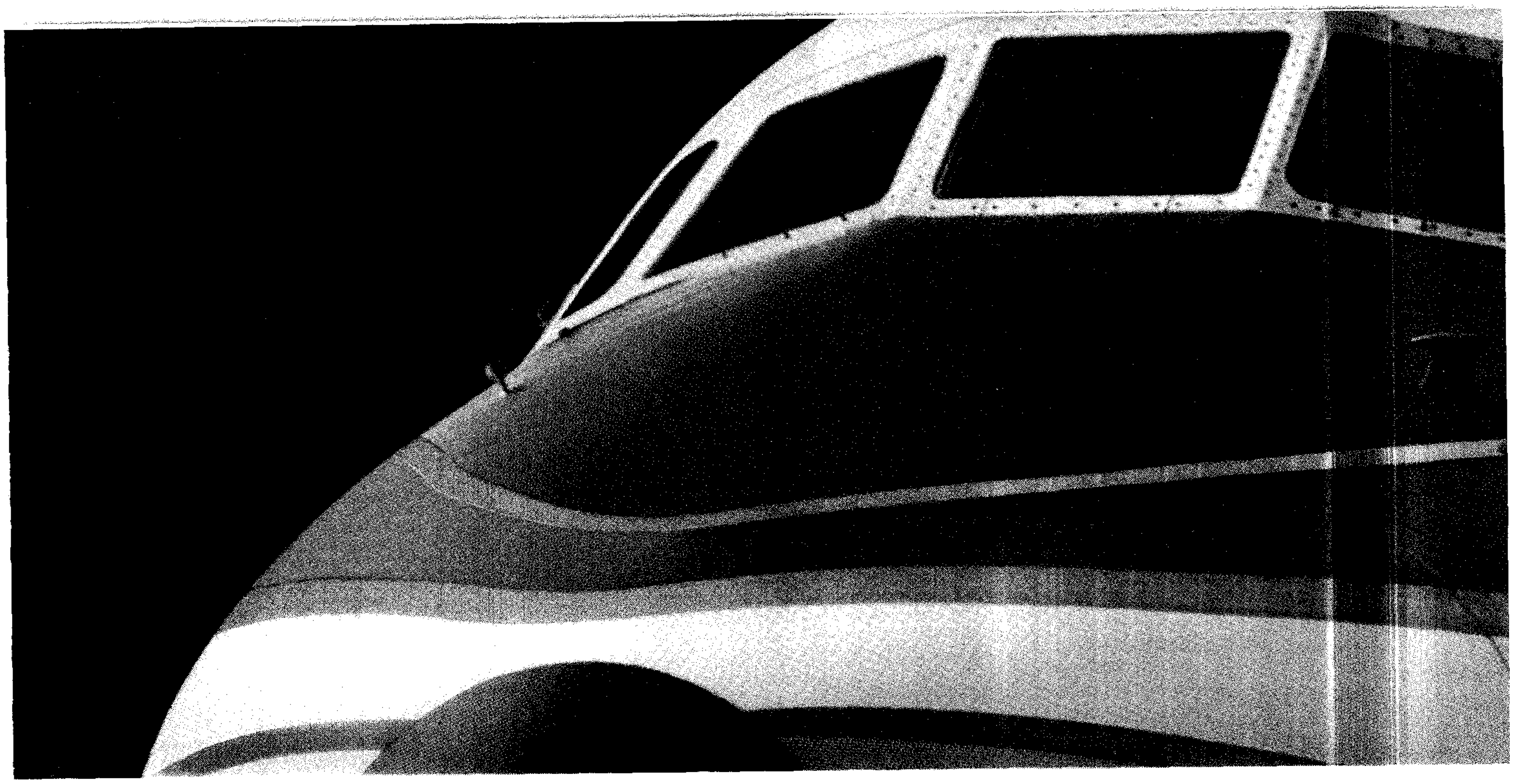
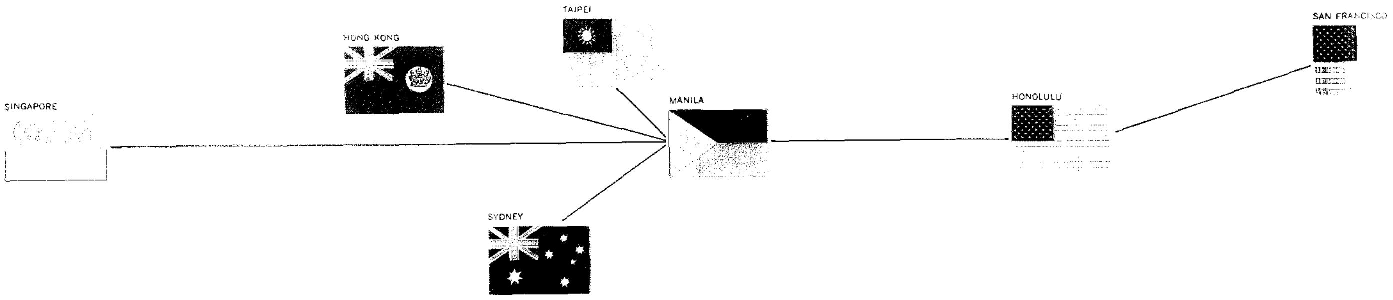
order to spend the night at the bank and be on hand when the transatlantic doings began. As an overnight companion he had a man who found it advisable to sleep at the bank so often that he habitually kept a packed suitcase in his office—Thomas J. Roche, at that time the senior foreign-exchange officer. Roche welcomed his boss to the sleeping quarters—a row of small, motel-like rooms on the eleventh floor, each equipped with maple furniture, Old New York prints, a telephone, a clock radio, a bathrobe, and a shaving kit—and the two men discussed the weekend's developments for a while before turning in. Shortly before five in the morning, their radios woke them, and, after a breakfast provided by the night staff, they repaired to the foreign-exchange trading room, on the seventh floor, to man their fluoroscope.

At five-ten, they were on the phone to the Bank of England, getting the news. The bank-rate rise had been announced promptly at the opening of the London markets, to the accompaniment of great excitement; later Coombs was to learn that the Government Broker's entrance into the Stock Exchange, which is usually the occasion for a certain hush, had this time been greeted with such an uproar that he had had difficulty making his news known. As for the first market reaction of the pound, it was (one commentator said later) like that of a race horse to dope; in the ten minutes following the bank-rate announcement it shot up to $2.7869, far above its Friday closing. A few minutes later, the early-rising New Yorkers were on the phone to the Deutsche Bundesbank, the central bank of West Germany, in Frankfurt, and the Swiss National Bank, in Zurich, sounding out Continental reaction. It was equally good. Then they were back in touch with the Bank of England, where things were looking better and better. The speculators against the pound were on the run, rushing now to cover their short sales, and by the time the first gray light began to show in the windows on Liberty Street, Coombs had heard that the pound was being quoted in London at $2.79—its best price since July, when the crisis started.

It went on that way all day. "Seven per cent will drag money from the moon," a Swiss banker commented, paraphrasing the great Bagehot, who had said, in his earthbound, Victorian way, "Seven per cent will pull gold out of the ground." In London, the sense of security was so strong that it





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allowed a return to political bickering as usual; in Parliament, Reginald Maudling, the chief economic authority of the out-of-office Conservatives, took the occasion to remark that there wouldn't have been a crisis in the first place but for the actions of the Labour Government, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Callaghan replied, with deadly politeness, "I must remind the honorable gentleman that he told us [recently] we had inherited his problems." Everybody was clearly breathing easier. As for the Bank of England, so great was the sudden clamor for pounds that it saw a chance to replenish its depleted supply of dollars, and for a time that afternoon it actually felt confident enough to switch sides in the market, buying dollars with pounds at just below $2.79. In New York, the mood persisted after the London closing. It was with a clear conscience about the pound that the directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York could—and, that afternoon, did—carry out their plan to raise their lending rate from three and a half per cent to four per cent. Coombs has since said, "The feeling here on Monday afternoon was: They've done it—they've pulled through again. There was a general sigh of relief. The sterling crisis seemed to be over."

It wasn't, though. "I remember that the situation changed very fast on Tuesday the twenty-fourth," Hayes has said. That day's opening found the pound looking firm at $2.7875. Substantial buying orders for pounds were coming in now from Germany, and the day ahead looked satisfactory. So things continued until 6 A.M. in New York—noon on the Continent. It is around then that the various bourses of Europe—including the most important ones, in Paris and Frankfurt—hold the meetings at which they set the day's rate for each currency, for the purpose of settling transactions in stocks and bonds that involve foreign currency, and these price-fixing sessions are bound to influence the money markets, since they give a clear indication of the most influential Continental sentiment in regard to each currency. The bourse rates set for the pound that day were such as to show a renewed, and pronounced, lack of confidence. At the same time, it appeared subsequently, money dealers everywhere, and particularly in Europe, were having second thoughts about the manner of the bank-rate rise the previous day. At first, taken by surprise, they had reacted enthusiastically, but now, it seemed, they had belatedly decided that the making

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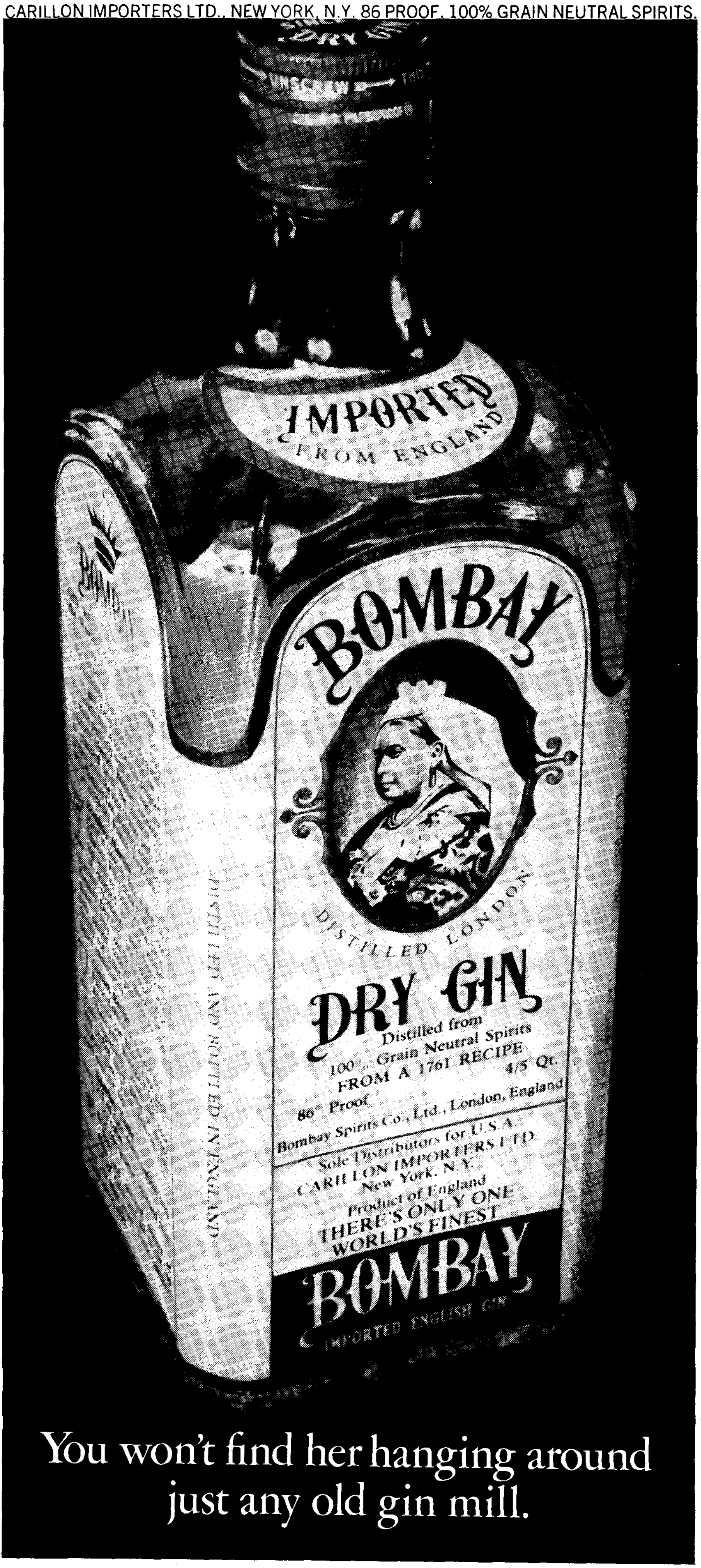
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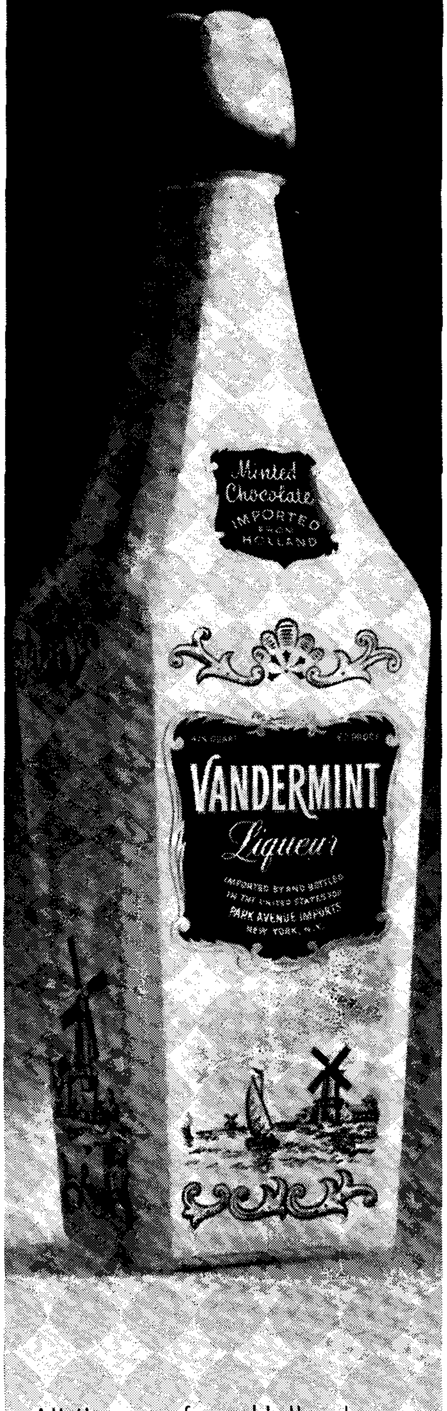
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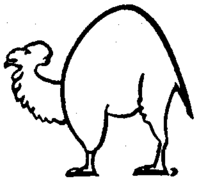
of the announcement on Monday indicated that Britain was losing its grip. "What would it connote if the British were to play a Cup final on Sunday?" a European banker is said to have asked a colleague. The only possible answer was that it would connote panic in Albion.

The effect of these second thoughts was an astonishingly drastic turnabout in market action. In New York between eight and nine, Coombs, in the trading room, watched with a sinking heart as a tranquil pound market collapsed into a rout. Selling orders in unprecedented quantities were coming from everywhere. The Bank of England, with the courage of desperation, advanced its last-line trench from $2.7825 to $2.7860, and, by constant intervention, held the pound there. But it was clear that the cost would soon become too high; a few minutes after 9 A.M. New York time, Coombs calculated that Britain was losing reserves at the unprecedented, and unsupportable, rate of a million dollars a minute.



Hayes, arriving at the bank shortly after nine, had hardly sat down at his desk before this unsettling news reached him from the seventh floor. "We're in for a hurricane," Coombs told him, and went on to say that the pressure on sterling was now mounting so fast that there was a real likelihood that Britain might be forced either to devalue or to impose a sweeping—and, for many reasons, unacceptable—system of exchange controls before the week was out. Hayes immediately telephoned the governors of the leading European central banks—some of whom, because not all the national markets had yet felt the full weight of the crisis, were startled to hear exactly how grave the situation was—and pleaded with them not to exacerbate the pressure on both the pound and the dollar by raising their own bank rates. (His job was scarcely made easier by the fact that he had to admit that his own bank had just raised *its* rate.) Then he asked Coombs to come up to his office. The pound, the two men agreed, now had its back to the wall; the British bank-rate rise had obviously failed of its purpose, and at the million-a-minute rate of loss Britain's well of reserves would be dry in less than five business days. The one hope now lay in amassing, within a matter of hours, or within a day or so at the most, a huge bundle of credit from outside Britain to enable the Bank of England to survive the attack and beat it back. Such rescue bundles had been assembled just a handful of times before—for Canada in 1962, for Italy earlier in 1964, and for Britain in 1961—but this time, it was clear, a much bigger bundle than any of those would be needed. The central-banking world was faced not so much with an opportunity for building a milestone in the short history of international monetary coöperation as with the necessity for doing so.

Two other things were clear—that, in view of the dollar's troubles, the United States could not hope to rescue the pound unassisted, and that, the dollar's troubles notwithstanding, the United States, with all its economic might, would have to join the Bank of England in initiating any rescue operation. As a first step, Coombs suggested that the Federal Reserve standby credit to the Bank of England ought to be increased forthwith from five hundred million dollars to seven hundred and fifty million. Unfortunately, fast action on this proposal was hampered by the fact that, under the Federal Reserve Act, any such move could be made only by decision of a Federal Reserve System committee, whose members were scattered all over the country. Hayes conferred by long-distance telephone (all around the world, wires were now humming with news of the pound's extremity) with the Washington monetary contingent, Martin, Dillon, and Roosa, none of whom disagreed with Coombs' view of what had to be done, and as a result of these discussions a call went out from Martin's office to members of the key committee, called the Open Market Committee, for a meeting by telephone at three o'clock that afternoon. Roosa, at the Treasury, suggested that the United States' contribution to the kitty could be further increased by arranging for a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar loan from the Export-Import Bank, a Treasury-owned and Treasury-financed institution in Washington. Hayes and Coombs were naturally in favor of this, and Roosa set in motion the bureaucratic machinery to unlock that particular vault—a process that, he warned, would certainly take until evening.

As the early afternoon passed in New York, with the millions of dollars continuing to drain, minute by minute, from Britain's reserves, Hayes and Coombs, along with their Washington colleagues, were busy planning the next step. If the swap increase and the Export-Import Bank loan should come

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through, the United States credits would amount to a billion dollars all told; now, in consultation with the beleaguered garrison at the Bank of England, the Federal Reserve Bank men began to believe that, in order to make the operation effective, the other leading central banks—spoken of in central-banking shorthand as "the Continent," even though they include the Banks of Canada and Japan—would have to be asked to put up additional credits on the order of one and a half billion dollars, or possibly even more. Such a sum would make the Continent, collectively, a bigger contributor to the cause than the United States—a fact that Hayes and Coombs realized might not sit too well with the Continental bankers and their governments.

At three o'clock, the Open Market Committee held its telephone meeting—twelve men sitting at their desks in six cities, from New York to San Francisco. The members heard Coombs' dry, unemotional voice describing the situation and making his recommendation. They were quickly convinced. In no more than fifteen minutes, they had voted unanimously to increase the swap credit to seven hundred and fifty million dollars, on condition that proportional credit assistance could be obtained from other central banks.

By late afternoon, tentative word had come from Washington that prospects for the Export-Import Bank loan looked good, and that more definite word could be expected before midnight. So the one billion dollars in United States credits appeared to be virtually in the bag. It remained to tackle the Continent. It was night now in Europe, so nobody there could be tackled; the zero hour, then, was Continental opening time the next day, and the crucial period for the fate of the pound would be the few hours after that. Hayes, after leaving instructions for a bank car to pick him up at his home, in New Canaan, Connecticut, at four o'clock in the morning, took his usual commuting train from Grand Central shortly after five. He has since expressed a certain regret that he proceeded in such a routine way at such a dramatic moment. "I left the bank rather reluctantly," he says. "In retrospect, I guess I wish I hadn't. I don't mean as a practical matter—I was just as useful at home, and, as a matter of fact, I ended up spending most of the evening on the phone with Charlie Coombs, who stayed at the bank—but just because something like that doesn't happen every day in a banker's life. I'm a creature of habit,

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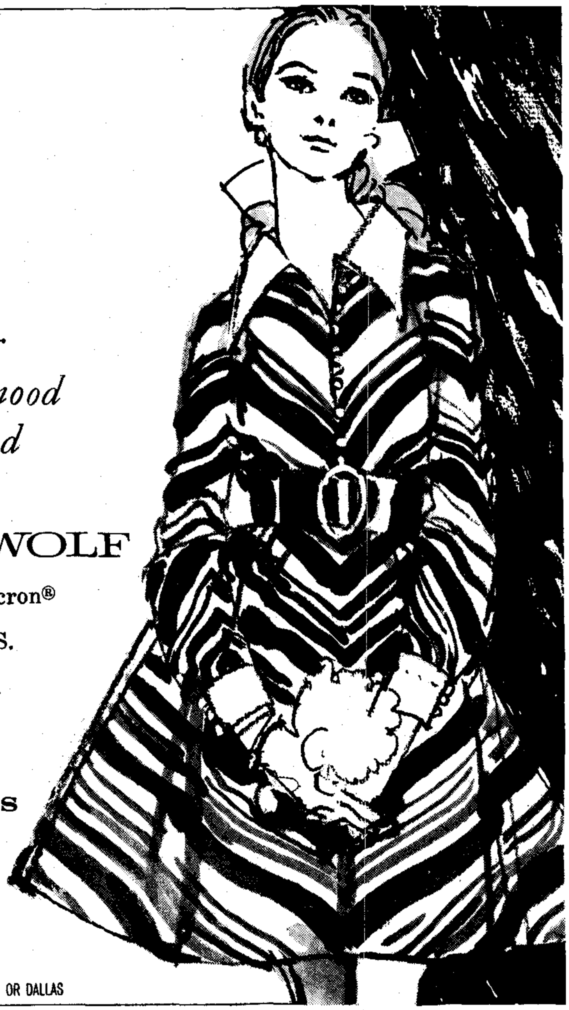

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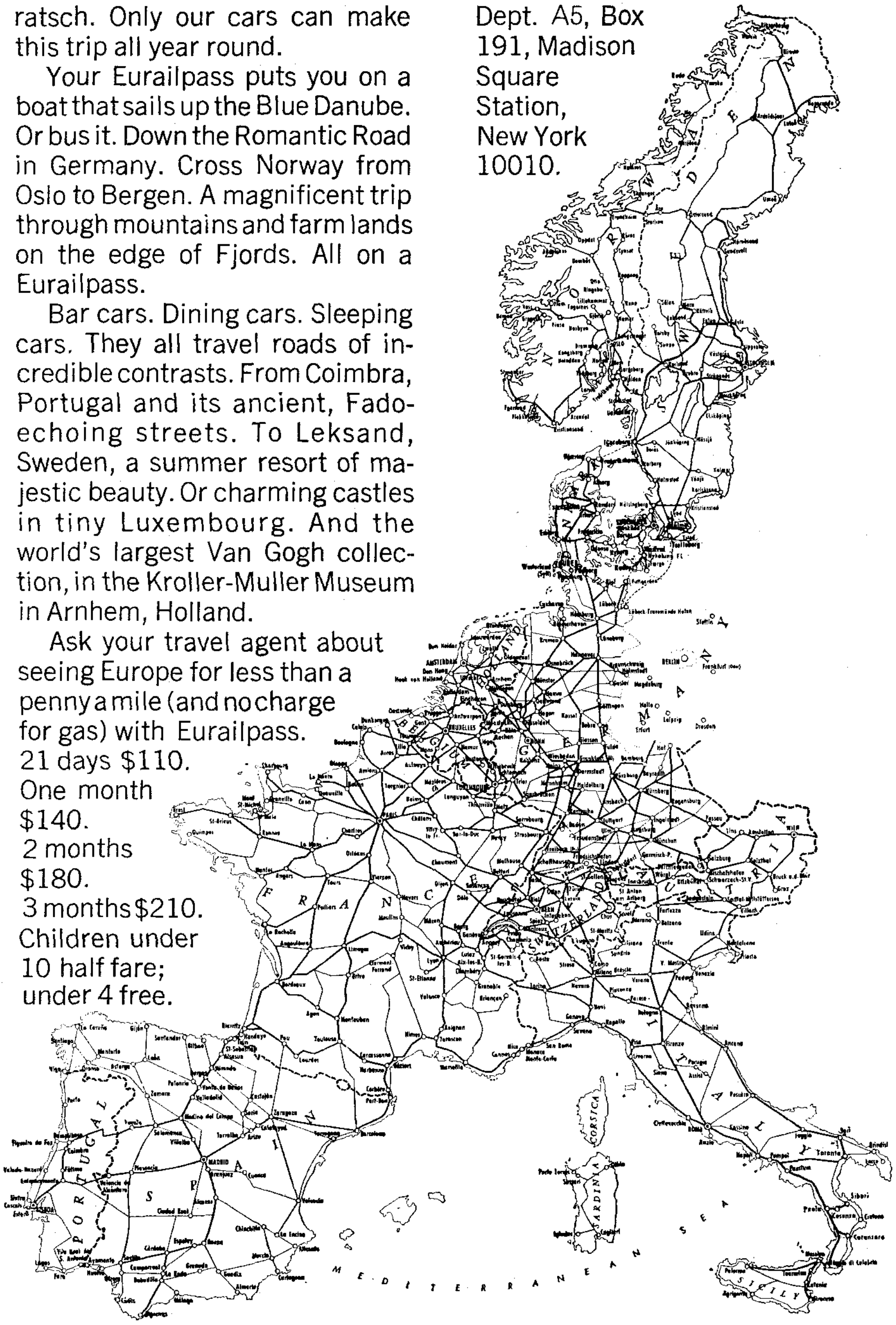

I guess. Besides, it's something of a tenet of mine to insist on keeping a proper balance between private and professional life." Although Hayes does not say so, he may have been thinking of something else, too. It can safely be said to be something of a tenet of central-bank presidents or governors not to sleep at their places of business. If word were ever to get out that the methodical Hayes was doing so at a time like this, he may have reasoned, it might well be considered just as much a sign of panic as a British bank-rate rise on a Monday.

Meanwhile, Coombs was making another night of it on Liberty Street; he had gone home the previous night because the worst had momentarily appeared to be over, but now he stayed on after regular work hours with Roche, who hadn't been home since the previous weekend. Toward midnight, Coombs received confirmation of the Export-Import Bank's two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar credit, which had arrived from Washington during the evening, as promised. So now everything was braced for the morning's effort. Coombs again installed himself in one of the uninspiring eleventh-floor cubicles, and, after a final marshalling of the facts that would be needed for the job of persuading the Continental bankers, set his clock radio for three-thirty and went to bed. A Federal Reserve man with a literary bent and a romantic temperament was later moved to draw a parallel between the Federal Reserve Bank that night and the British camp on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt in Shakespeare's version, in which King Henry mused so eloquently on how participation in the coming action would serve to ennoble even the vilest of the troops, and how gentlemen safe in bed at home would later think themselves accursed that they had not been at the battle scene. Coombs, a practical man, had no such high-flown opinion of his situation; even so, as he dozed fitfully, waiting for morning to reach Europe, he was well aware that the events he was taking part in were like nothing that had ever happened in banking before.

—JOHN BROOKS

*(This is the first part of a two-part article.)*

•

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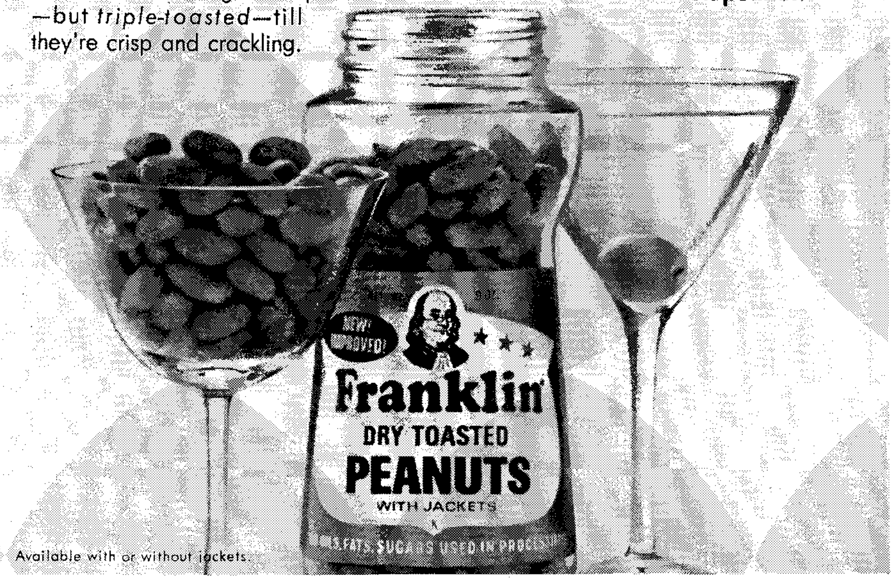

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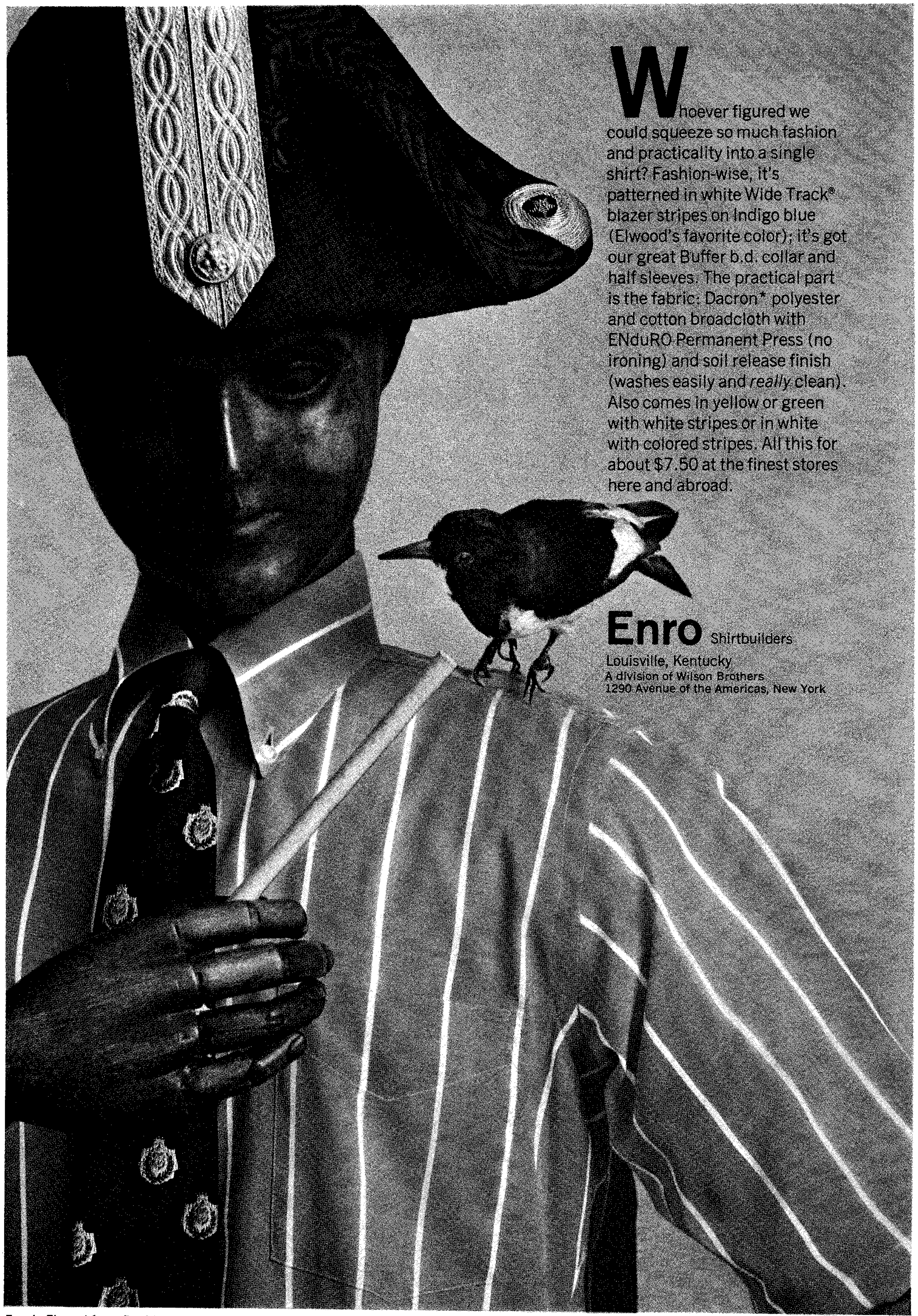

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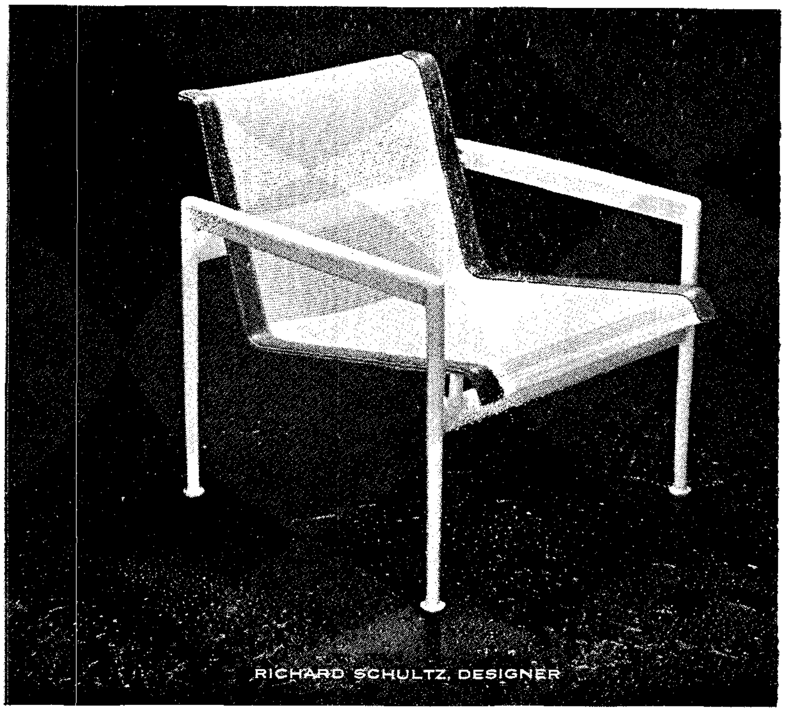
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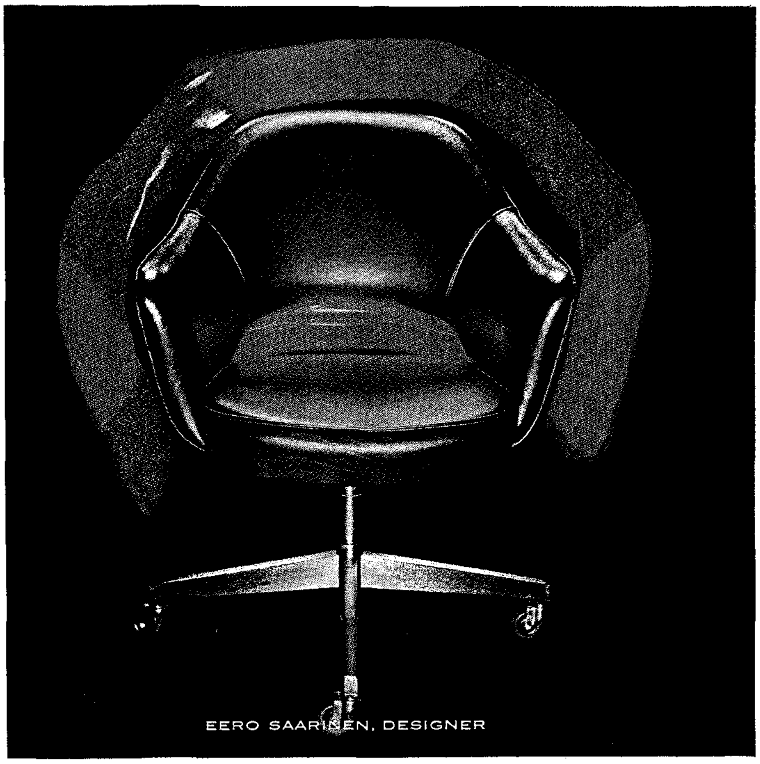
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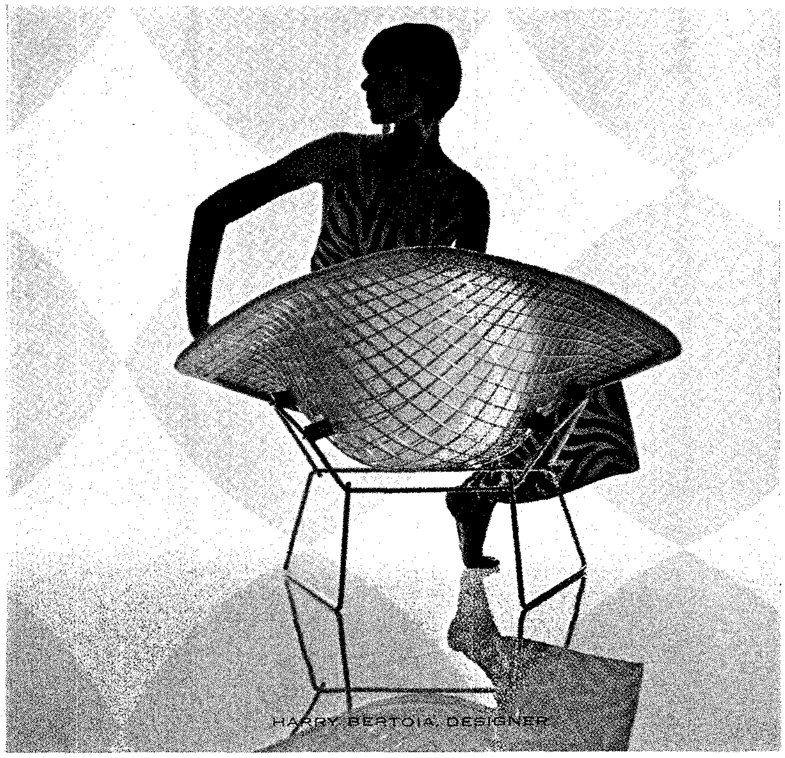
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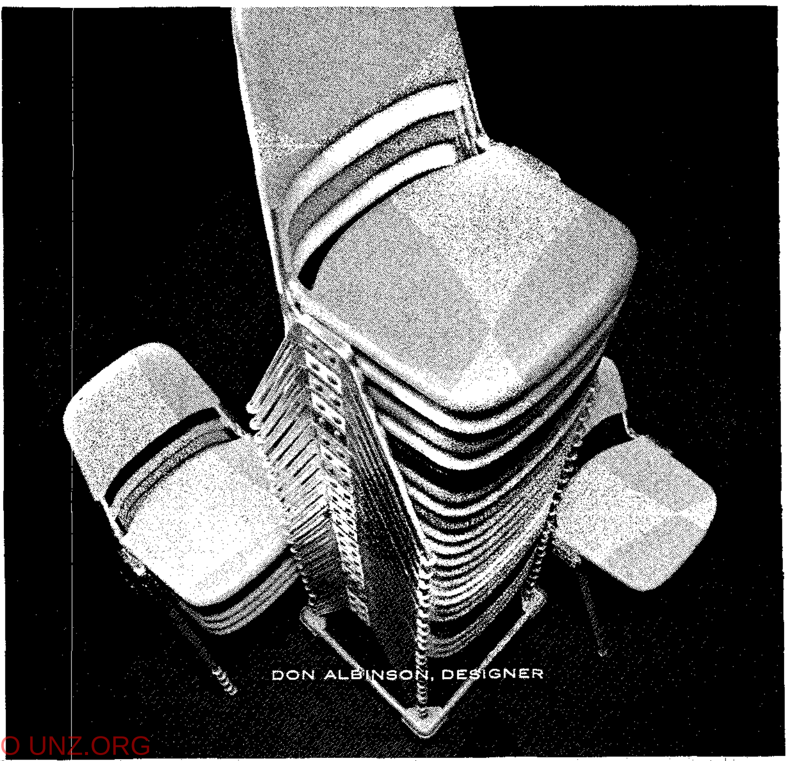
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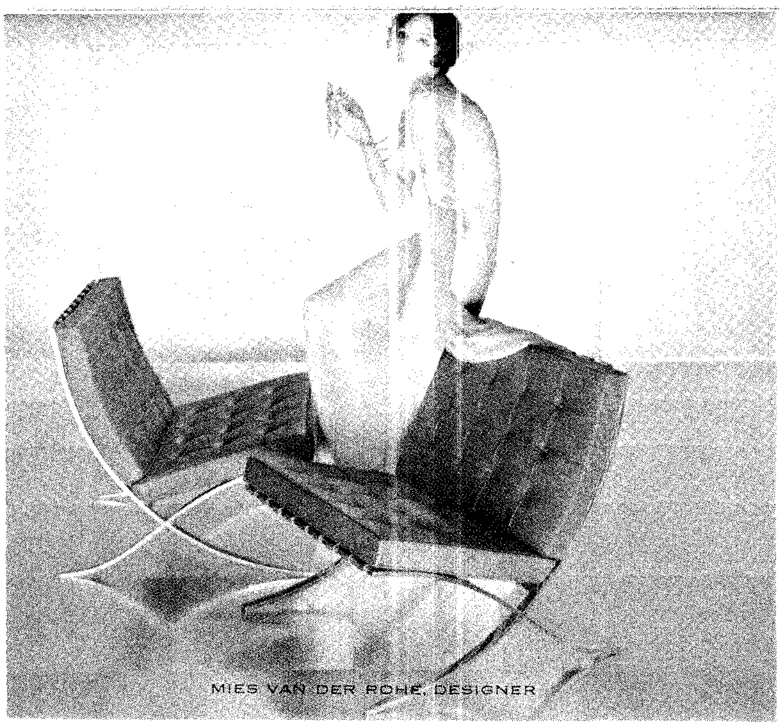
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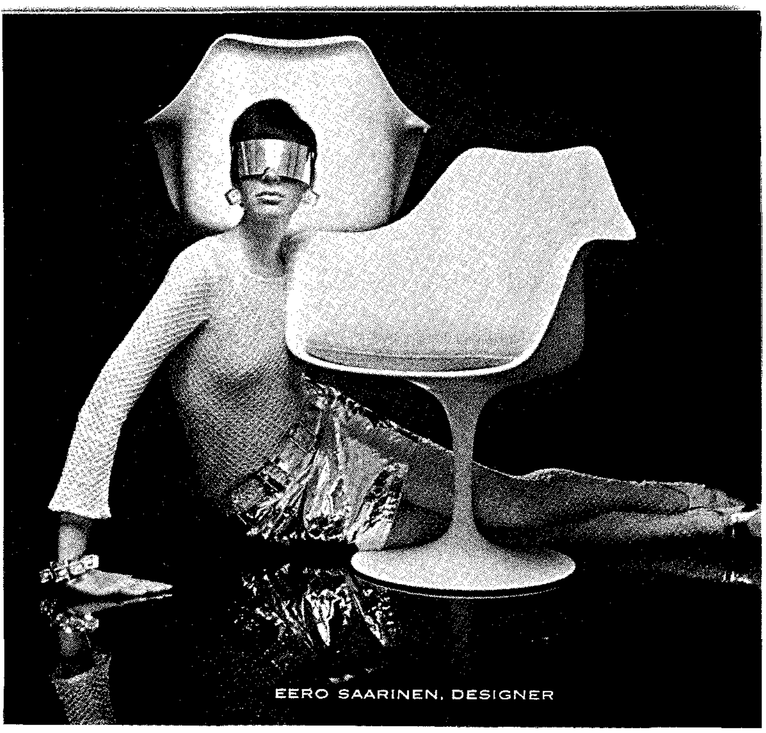
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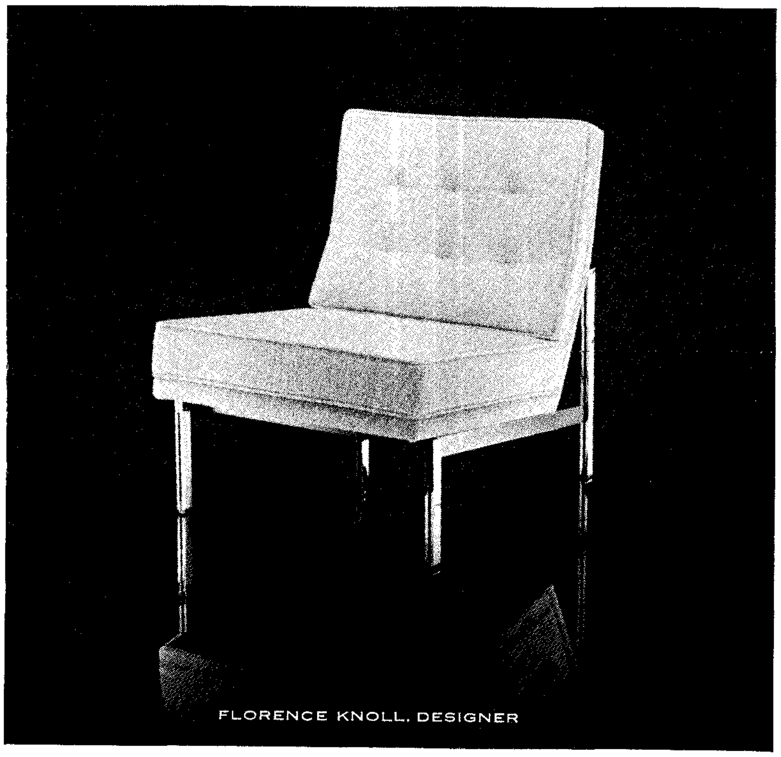
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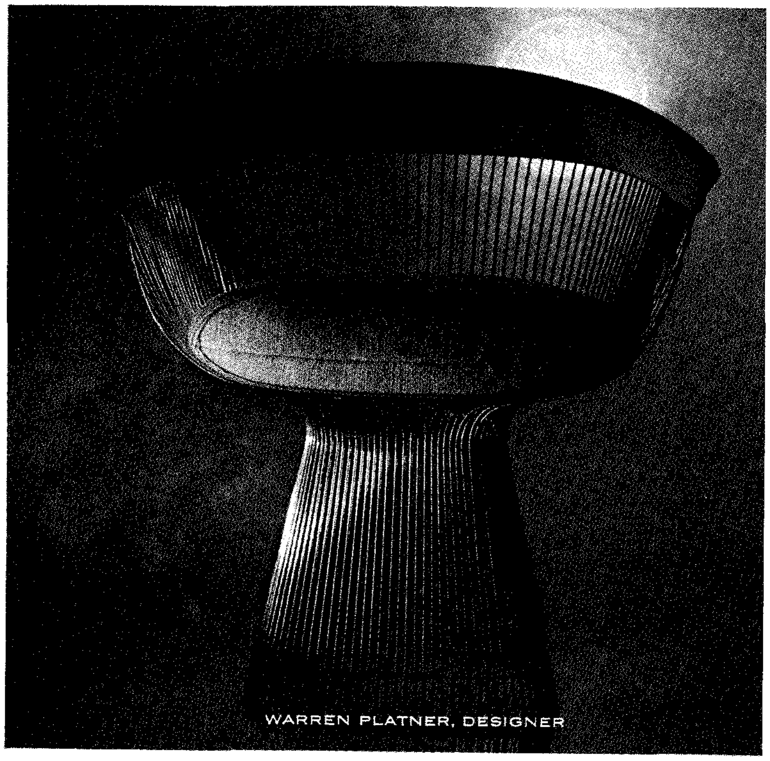
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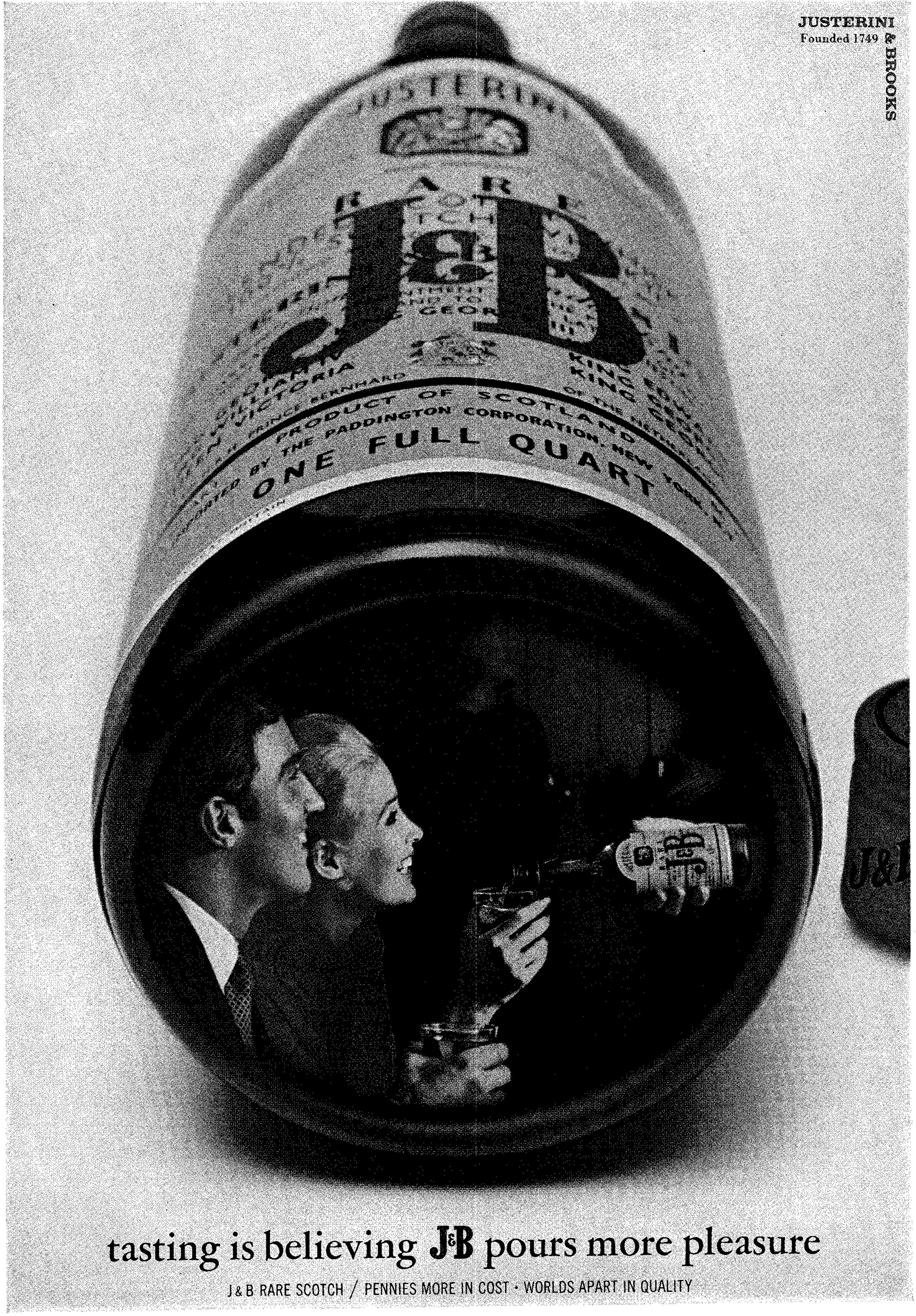
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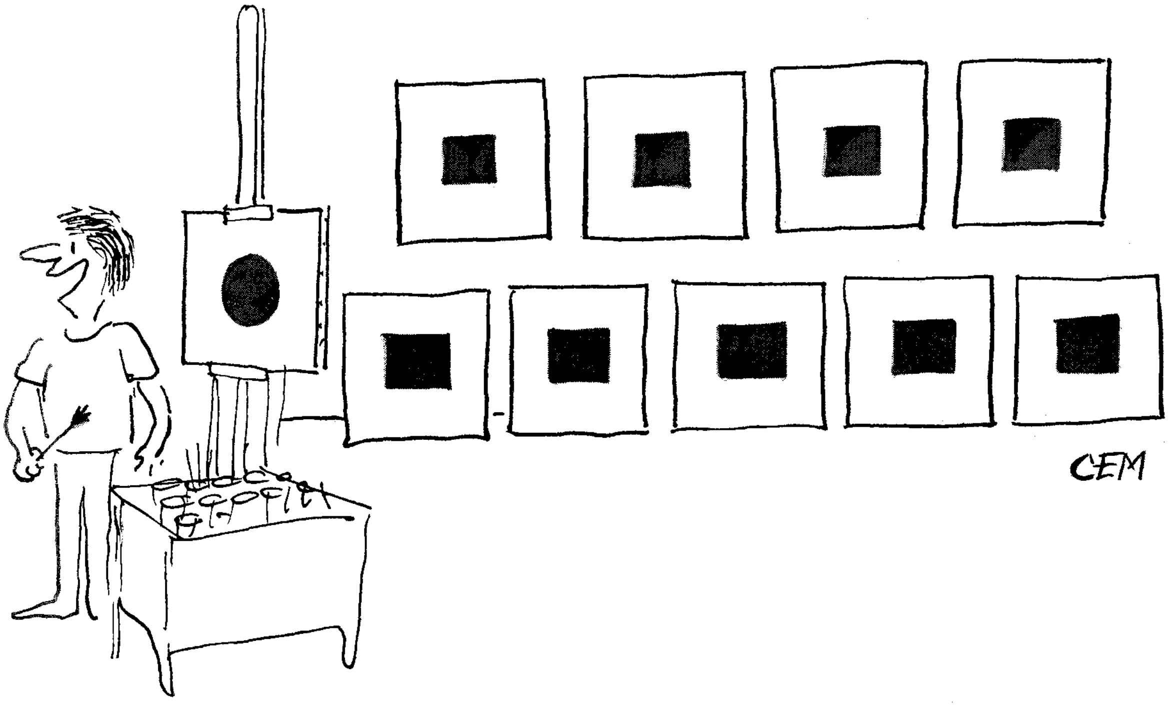
THE THEATRE

## VILE BODIES

GORE VIDAL's new play, "Weekend," at the Broadhurst, is a trumpery collection of unpleasant domestic and political wisecracks, suspended from a plot that is a skeleton in more ways than one. (Ghosts of half a dozen earlier works grin dimly in the middle distance, while the mocking ghost of the movie "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" stands front and center, anticipating "Weekend" at nearly every turn.) Still, I must take care to keep my irritation with "Weekend" in scale with its value; the play is only a trifle, and to become indignant over its shortcomings would be to imply a disappointment on my part that little in Mr. Vidal's earlier work provides a reasonable basis for. A journeyman of letters who has tried his hand successfully at plays, screenplays, television, novels, short stories, and journalism, Mr. Vidal is the master of a slick and puckish style; he is very easy to read or listen to, if not very easy to admire.



*"Nancy!"*

To help mere literary jiggery-pokery pass for the real thing, Mr. Vidal often contrives to have his subject matter give off an air of suavely breathless topicality. In the case of "Weekend," its dramatic effectiveness depends about equally upon its being up to the minute and upon its convincing us that this is how the dirty game of politics is actually played. The time is now, or a few hours from now, when the protagonist of the play, Senator MacGruder, plans to broadcast coast to coast his willingness to serve as the 1968 candidate for President on the Republican ticket. The Senator, who lives in a great house in Washington, is rich, handsome, overbearing, and unscrupulous, and what he himself sees as his only failing—the fact that he is, as he confesses, "drawn to women"—has its useful aspect, for every woman who responds to him, including his wife and his secretary-mistress, is obliged to work as hard as he does to further his career. Since in real life the Republican convention is being held in August, Mr. Vidal has shown courage in rendering his play automatically obsolete at that not very distant date; this built-in obsolescence is the most attractive thing about "Weekend," which has the odd distinction of containing not a single character that one feels a sympathetic interest in. Ten or twelve people pacing about the stage, all doting upon themselves and ruthlessly devoted to self-advancement—surely this is something new in the world, like an "Othello" in which it turns out that all the roles are being played by Iago.

The jerry-built plot of the play turns on the question of whether Senator MacGruder's Presidential aspirations will be destroyed by his son Beany, a student of Lévi-Strauss in Paris, who unexpectedly returns home with a pretty young Negro girl on his arm and announces that he intends to marry her. Consternation. What will the voters say? (The Senator takes polls as other men breathe; what the polls tell him to think and do, he thinks and does.) It soon develops that the boy is a chip off the crooked old block; the marriage is being threatened as a means of shaking down the Senator and thus enabling Beany to continue his studies without the tiresome need of earning a living. The Negro girl not only is a hard-as-nails accessory to this blackmail but may also be double-crossing father and son simultaneously. She proclaims that she is pregnant—a point that remains moot at the end of the play, since she may be simply insuring herself against being cast aside. At the height of the struggle between Beany and the Senator, the girl's parents arrive from White Plains, and they, too, are self-serving egomaniacs—the father a wealthy surgeon who detests Medicare, the mother a snob. Even the MacGruders' old family retainer, Uncle Tom to the eye, proves an arrogant busybody, whose meddling precipitates the implausible climax of the play.

The uniform disagreeableness of the characters is redeemed only by the charm of the actors who have consented to impersonate them. John Forsythe is Senator MacGruder, Rosemary Murphy his wife, Kim Hunter his secretary-mistress, Marco St. John his son, and Carol Cole his putative daughter-in-law. Staats Cotsworth and Eleanor Wilson enjoy themselves in the roles of a reactionary Southern senator and his witless wife, and Graham Brown and Zaida Coles suffice as the aristocratic visitors from White Plains. "Weekend" was directed by Joseph Anthony, who keeps his hateful

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charges prowling round each other with unabated nervous malice throughout the evening, and Oliver Smith's one set—a beautiful, high-ceilinged Georgian library, overlooking a sunny garden—suitably dwarfs and rebukes its occupants. —BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Wishy Washout*

NOTHING more discouraging can be imagined than the recent production at Theatre Four of Arnold Wesker's "The Four Seasons," which Paul Roebling and Barbara Hayes—the entire cast—appeared to be using as a drama-school exercise. The performance, under Arthur A. Seidelman's direction, was so awful, and Mr. Roebling's so especially wispy and elaborate, that it is almost impossible to make any appraisal of the play, except to say that since Wesker wrote it, it simply must be better than it seemed. In-and-out symbolic, it is about a man and a woman, each of them having separately failed at a marriage, and she at a love affair as well, who spend a year together in a deserted house in an attempt to heal each other of anger and guilt and general misery. For a while, during an affair of their own, they partly succeed, but soon they are hurting each other and tearing each other to bits—just as they did their former mates, one assumes—and they end up pretty much where they started. Most of the lines are drifty-poetic and/or whimsical, but there are a few welcome concrete moments. The play does have an idea, and it might be interesting to see it done sometime with the *dramatist's* intentions in mind. Mr. Wesker didn't stand a chance at Theatre Four, but perhaps he didn't deserve one. Some of the lines sounded awfully foolish, and it was he, after all, and not Miss Hayes, who thought of having the woman awaken the man by dropping bluebells on him. "The Four Seasons" was written in 1965, after "Roots" and "The Kitchen" and "Chips with Everything." Its tone is quite personal, and although the characters and their situation seem fanciful, there are small allusions throughout to what may have been Mr. Wesker's own experiences. The man talks of having started a fire on the stove of a restaurant kitchen (Mr. Wesker was once a professional pastry cook), and in the second act he makes an apple strudel—pulling the dough paper-thin over a large round table covered with a white cloth, and spreading on apples and cinnamon and sugar, and then rolling it all up—in full view of the audience. The scene was so strong that it practically played itself, and it could have been delightful if Mr. Roebling had managed to cut down a bit on self-expression. There was a wonderful passage, also with the ring of truth, in which the man described his father's death. Nothing else can be said for this distressing enterprise, except that C. Murawski's setting looked appropriate.

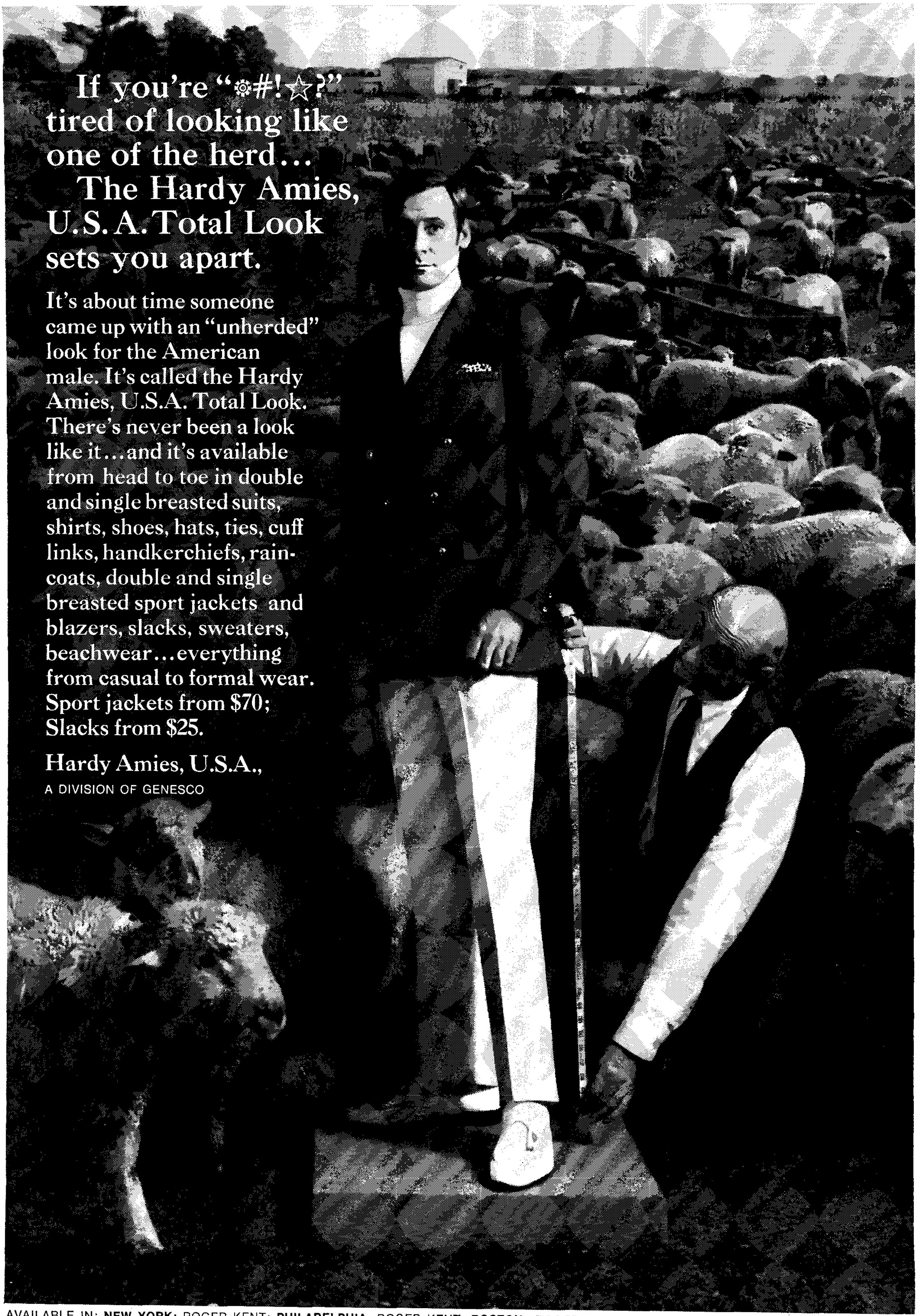
THE information that Elliott Taubenslag, author of the late "Scarlet Lullaby," at the Masque, was a writer of children's plays should have come as no surprise to the audience. The show was the kind of innocent, brainless little farce that, win or lose in New York, can usually run in summer theatres and among amateur groups for years, except that in this case, unfortunately, the setting was a bordello, and all those friendly, dumb-Dora girls who composed the dramatis personae were tarts. The words they spoke were hair-raising, but the spirit behind the words was as winsome and companionable as that of any old-fashioned boarding-school story. The ladies of the company who played the girls were O.K., and Joseph Vasta, as an Italian deliveryman, was quite good. I laughed aloud every once in a while, and I shall remember "Scarlet Lullaby" as the cleanest dirty show I ever saw. . . . Surely one of the dirtiest dirty shows I ever saw is "Fun City," at the Jan Hus, a swollen nightclub revue starring a female impersonator who is billed as Mr. Lynne Carter. Mr. Carter's specialty is imitations of Mae West, Hildegarde, Hermione Gingold, Phyllis Diller, and other current ingénues. His material is slanderous, mean-spirited, and extremely disagreeable—none of which would matter if his mimicry were any good. It is not. For all his flamboyance and all his appurtenances in the way of jewelry and costumes and props, he is an indifferent mimic without wit, or so he was for the act that I sat through. . . . A revival of Clifford Odets' "The Country Girl," under the new title "Winter Journey," at the Greenwich Mews, was unspeakable, so I shall not speak about it.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

> ATHERTON—Muriel Schiffman will lecture on "A Back night at 7:30 in room Q-2 at Door to the Unconscious" to-Menlo-Atherton High School.
> —*Redwood City (Calif.) Tribune.*

A night to remember, eh, Muriel?



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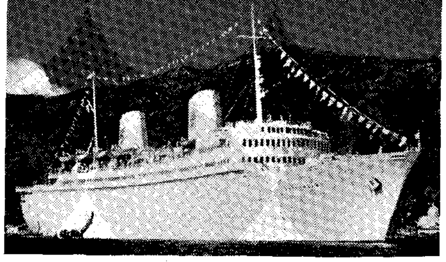

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St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands; Kingstown, St. Vincent; Bridgetown, Barbados; Port-of-Spain, Trinidad; La Guaira, Venezuela; Curacao, Netherlands Antilles; Montego Bay, Jamaica. RATES FROM $515.

JANUARY 6, 1969 — 17 DAYS – 9 PORTS
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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Home Again*

JUST about the most successful opening day anyone hereabouts can remember started the New York season off at Aqueduct last week. A crowd of forty-eight thousand bet four and a half million dollars on the nine races, all of which had lively finishes. The weather helped, mellowing into springlike warmth. Of course, it couldn't last, but despite the spate of rain, sleet, snow, and below-freezing temperatures that followed, attendance held up well, and on Saturday it jumped to forty-nine thousand—fair enough for a gray, cold afternoon.

It's still too early to ask my Chinese geomancer who is the best three-year-old, but I'm not taking much of a risk when I say that Clever Foot, who won the Swift Stakes, is as handsome a colt of that age as I have seen in some time. A magnificent dark bay, he has size, power, scope, good length for his height, and a fine head. He also has a first-rate pedigree, being by Watch Your Step, a son of Citation, out of Veni Vici, by Fighting Fox, who was a brother of Gallant Fox. Owned by Mrs. Bernard P. Bond and trained by her husband, one of Maryland's well-known horsemen, Clever Foot won three of his five starts last year and finished second in the others. So far this season, he has made a clean sweep: the Pimlico Stakes at Pimlico, the Francis Scott Key at Bowie, and the Swift, all at six furlongs. I liked the way he ran in the Swift—beginning slowly and going round the leaders on the turn for home to win by three parts of a length from Irish Chief. Laughing Bill was third. Now the question is how well he will go in longer races. We should know more about that after the Bay Shore Handicap at seven furlongs this weekend.

THE Paumonok Handicap, an heirloom from the old Jamaica track, had its fifty-ninth running last Saturday, and this was as exciting as any I've seen in a decade, Air King II beating Mr. Washington by a neck, with R. Thomas third. In spite of Mr. Washington's record of eight firsts in his last nine starts, all at six furlongs, his conformation and action are anything but those of a sprinter, for he is leggy and long-striding. He was quickest out of the gate, and stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half in 0:45⅕, but he slowed down in the stretch, and Air King II, to whom he gave thirteen pounds, passed him in the very last stride. A furlong beyond the finishing line, the Wheatley Stable's Great Power, who had been last all the way, dropped dead. The veterinarians said it was heart failure.

WITH so many of the better horses still in Florida, racing at Gulfstream Park is doing nicely, thank you. Last weekend, there was a dead heat in the Canadian Turf Handicap between Flit-to, winner of the Bougainvillea and third in the Turf Cup at Hialeah, and War Censor, a top grass-course horse, to whom Flit-to gave four pounds. Out the Window was third. Fort Marcy didn't do so well in his first outing of the season, two days before; he ran second to New Song II. That's two for South America—Air King II also comes from there.

FARTHER afield, the three-year-olds were in action on two fronts. Kentucky Sherry was an easy winner of the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, leading home Problem Solver, Port Digger, and eight others. It was the fifth time Mrs. Joe W. Brown, who owns him, has won the fixture. At Santa Anita, there were so many contestants for the San Felipe Stakes, a tune-up for the Santa Anita Derby, that it was run off in two sections. The first went to Prince Pablo, with Alley Fighter second and Poleax third. In the second, Dewan extended his unbeaten record to five straight after a head-and-head drive down the stretch with Don B. Third money went to Proper Proof. Dewan, by Bold Ruler, is owned by William Haggin Perry, whose Dignitas beat Don B. in the San Vicente last month. Not a bad pair to draw to.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Ben Jonson, Shakespeare—in fact all the writers of Elizabethan and Jacobean comedy except Thomas Dekker—portray *life in the English countryside as robust* and comic enough but also as harsh, brutal, and unclean, for so they saw it. Not Walton. His landscapes are enamelled like the meadows about the feet of medieval saints. His innkeepers are both gentle and jovial. His barmaids are as wholesale as the ale they serve.—*Kenneth Rexroth in the Saturday Review.*

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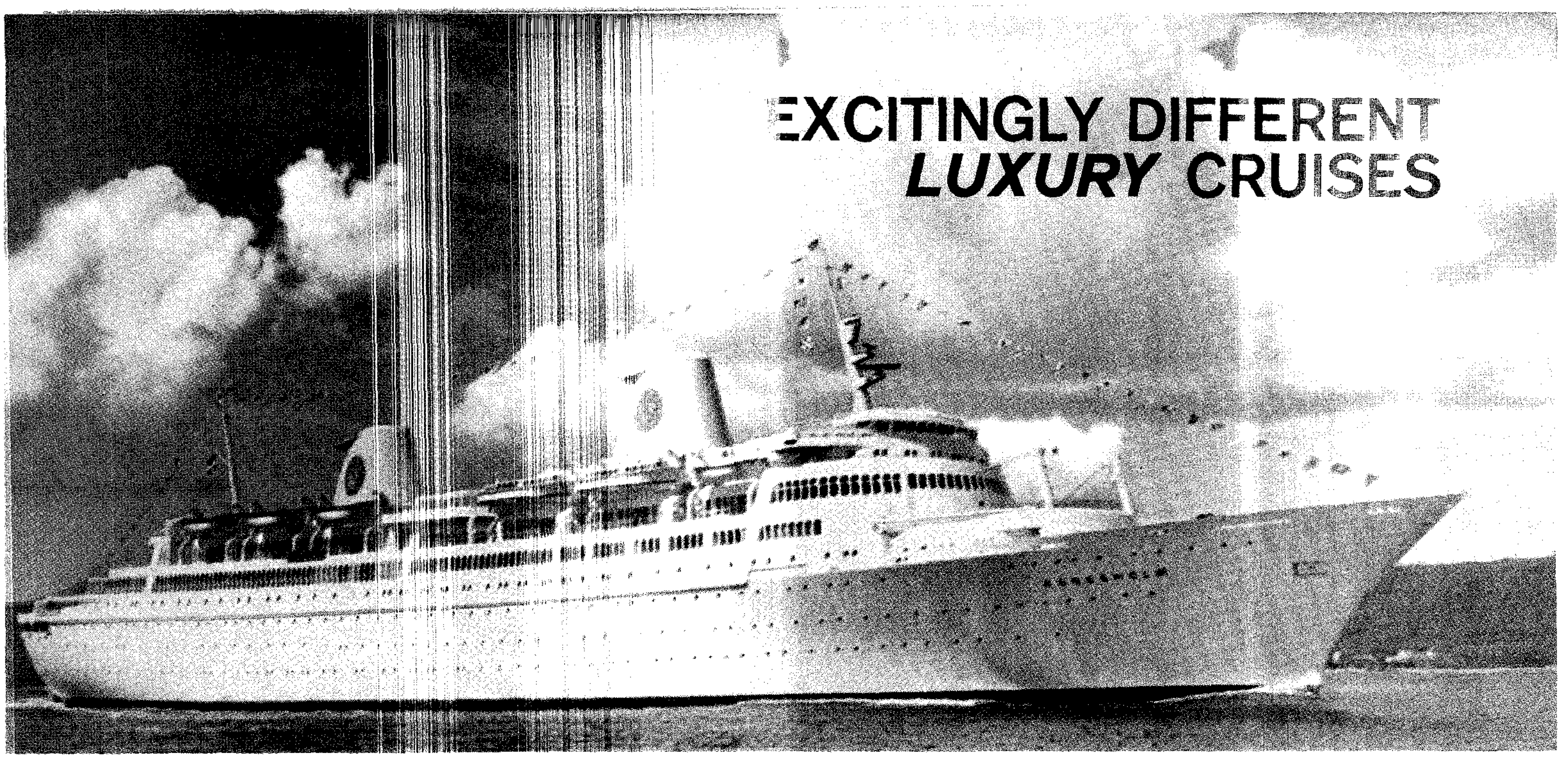

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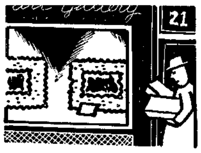
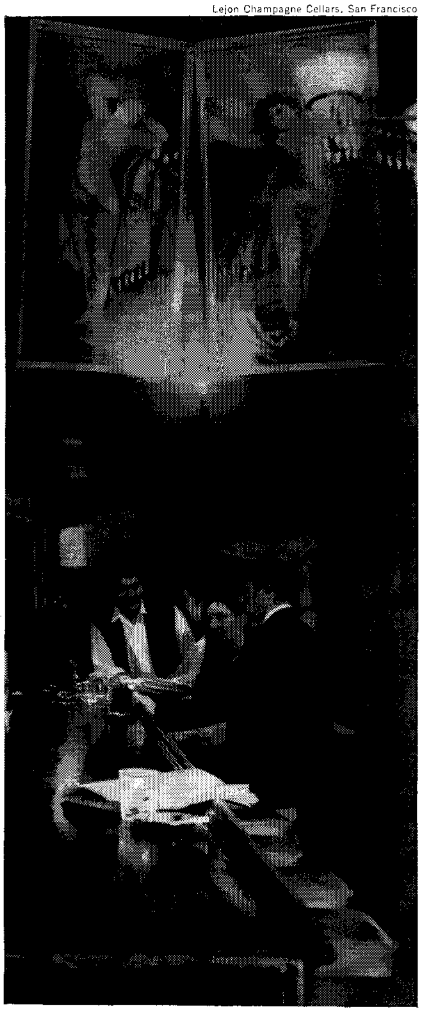


OF major interest in the current Adolph Gottlieb retrospective (fifty-nine works, from 1941 to 1956, at the Guggenheim; sixty-eight, from 1951 to 1966, at the Whitney) is the degree to which this artist's paintings, no matter how abstract and "reduced" they become, retain an unmistakable content of symbolism and poetic suggestion. One of the most alert of the war generation of American artists to the issues of abstract art, Gottlieb has consistently refused to confine his work to the aesthetics of abstraction. In his earlier canvases at the Guggenheim, subject matter, although never literal, is explicit. The primitive "pictographs"—with their crudely outlined hieroglyphs and signs (the fish, the eye, the circle, the spiral); their division into boxes, like the boxes children chalk on sidewalks; their scrawls of war paint and their thick borders of black; their unmodulated contrasts; their yellow, blue, and purple hues—simulate markings on bark or on fabrics woven of grass. They call up an imaginary jungle, as the Gottliebs of the middle fifties, distributed between the Guggenheim and the Whitney, evoke unlocated countrysides.

The later paintings at the Whitney, however, go so far toward simplification and abstraction as to raise the question of whether they refer to anything outside themselves. In recent years, Gottlieb has arrived at compositions consisting of two or three abstract shapes on a one-colored field. These emblems could readily function, like the square, the circle, and the chevron of current Constructivist paintings, as formal quantities with which to demonstrate advanced concepts in space and color theory. Gottlieb today works on the edge of pure abstraction; to slip entirely into this current he has only to purge his paintings of symbolic mystery by asserting the physical mystery of color or shape. A few of the paintings at the Whitney actually do this. "Units II," "Units III," "Focal," and "Sign" arrest the mind in the blankness of sheer looking. (One who wants to test this sensation to the full can descend from the Gottlieb show, on the Whitney's fourth floor, to the exhibition of "module" sculptures by Don Judd, on the third floor.) In general, however, Gottlieb has refused to restrain his painting from visionary probings. Signmaking is too deeply grounded in the psychological and cultural imperatives of his art to be renounced in favor of formal exercises. His aesthetics originates in the conviction, shared by the American vanguard of the war years, that Western art forms are played out—the conviction that was reached by the Dadaists and the Surrealists, and by Klee and Kandinsky, out of the experiences of the First World War. If art was to continue, it had to begin again at some point outside the European tradition. In the forties, Gottlieb was one of the most vociferous of the New York artists in favoring an end to American artistic dependence upon Paris; the American Indian element in his symbolism, from the early pictographs to his present-day sun discs, was undoubtedly precipitated by his fervor for an art tradition alien to Western painting. Earlier New York artists had sought an identity for their art through the unique local color of the metropolis. Realism, however, remained trapped in the old styles. To achieve the new, Gottlieb saw, it was necessary to overleap the present into myth. A leader in shaping the strategies of the renewal of art in America, he turned, as did Gorky, Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Baziotes, David Smith, toward the inscriptions of the aborigines and the jottings of the unconscious. Gottlieb's joint communiqué with Rothko in 1943 presented the Baudelairean concept, less familiar then than it is today, that modern art must be "an adventure into an unknown world." From his earliest painting at the Guggenheim (the 1941 "Eyes of Oedipus," with its childlike profiles of the King) to the latest oil at the Whitney (the 1966 "Red, Blue, Yellow," with its cryptic mathematical formula), Gottlieb has held to his perspective of a beyond-art structure in his paintings, whether in images of the primitive-archaic or of the outer space of modern physics.

The "unknown world" of the Gottlieb-Rothko manifesto was, as might have been anticipated, a *distant* world. Gottlieb's signs are insignia of remoteness, an Africa or cosmos of the mind, as far away as possible from the sign systems of New York. Such detached symbols, comparable to those of mathematics, liberate the intellect, but they also run the risk of emptying it. The trend among the American emblem painters has been toward compressing experience into a closed set of visual



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terms, as few as possible in number, and then reiterating those terms as totems in a tight order of variations. Emblematic art tends toward the official seal. There is in these design-signatures a semi-comic assumption of authority. You are not permitted to question X's rectangle, Y's stripe, Z's splash. Gottlieb has gone part of the way toward this ultimate. It is to his credit, as it is to the credit of such early colleagues as Newman and Rothko, that he has stopped short of the image-in-itself, or, as current art talk has it, of the art work as a pure—that is, non-signifying—object. This stopping short has to do with his way of handling his materials—in a word, with his style. Style is the irreducible plus that separates a work of art from the universe of things.

The situation of the postwar Americans was complicated by their awareness that African masks and the hybrids of dream had already been incorporated into avant-garde European art. As visual matter, primitive motifs merely augmented the burden of the past. To rid itself of dead forms, the mind needed the aid of some other organ. Hence, in the new American primitivism the hand of the artist reached past the intellect and its own acquired skill toward contact with the hidden structure of reality. Gottlieb's link with the Action painters lies in the augmented role of the hand in visual discovery. His approach is more studied and deliberate than that of de Kooning or Pollock. His temperament is not of the kind that seeks truth through provoking a state of disorder. Instead of enacting the unknown on the canvas, he has sought contact with it through the magical idiom of medicine men and astronomers. With him, symbols, whether animal shapes or plus and minus marks, not only serve as points of departure but remain intact in the finished work. Yet the signs he selects are not in themselves the substance of his statement, nor are selection and adaptation the sum of his creative process. The meaning of Gottlieb's symbols is in his experimental activation of them in the formal vocabulary of twentieth-century painting. Emblematic Expressionism is painting carried on at the intersection of metaphysical sensibility and aesthetic sophistication. Its objective is an intuition built out of color, texture, shape, and scale. Or it is color, texture, shape, and scale that take on the lure of an intuition.

What is constantly surprising in a large exhibition of Gottlieb's paintings is their variety—a variety that subsists

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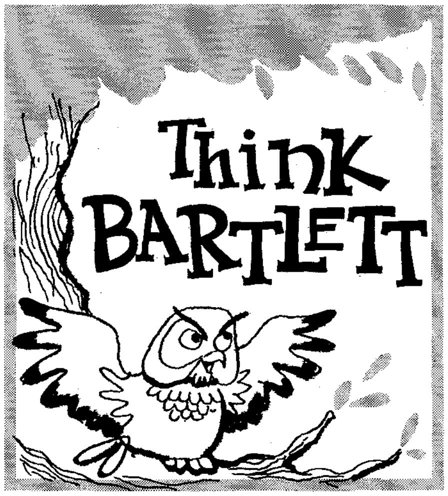

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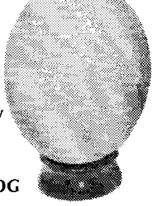
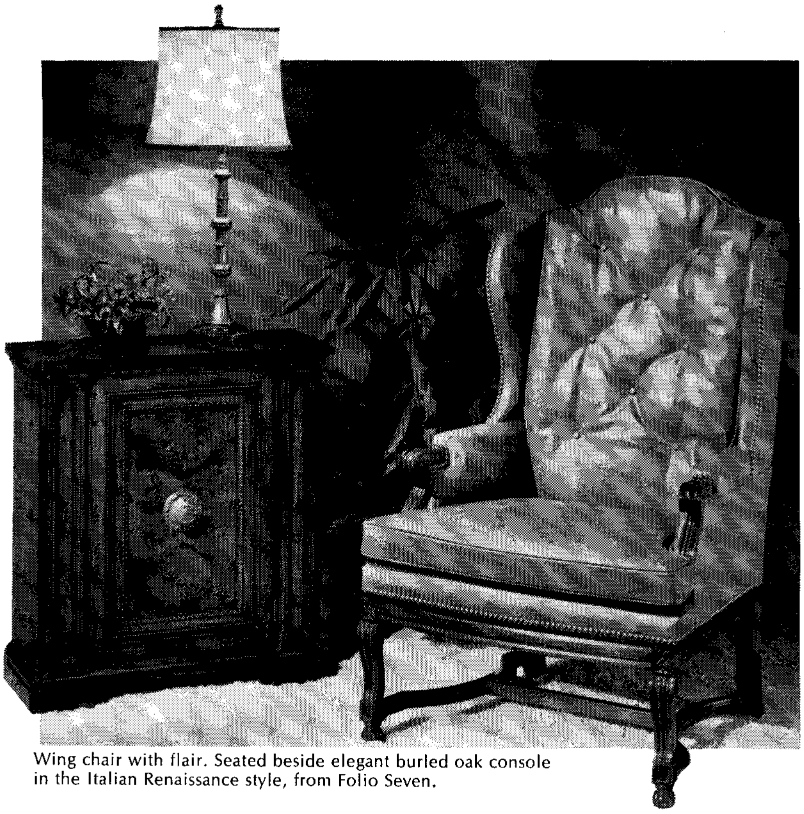


in their handling and that will be missed by the spectator who sees only the pictorial profile of his pictographs or his "bursts." Though Gottlieb has continued for years to exploit a single format (he has developed only three or four in his career), his work has continuously incorporated an extraordinarily wide spectrum of the expressive devices of modern painting, including the gestural effects introduced by Action painting—scratchings, smearings, splashes, blots, washes, thick strokes, random lines, absorbed tones, hard and soft contours. This variety has not diminished with the simplification of motif in his paintings of the fifties and sixties. A composition whose ostensible image consists of two or three rudimentary shapes carefully placed in relation to each other and to their distance from the borders of the canvas (the paintings through the middle fifties were "wall-to-wall" in design) is actually a surface alive with complex and unique manifestations of feeling, which conflict with and modify the static image. Sometimes the ground is worked in a manner that is almost imperceptible, but as long as the "action" is there, the unique effects occur. One becomes aware of monotony when unworked areas are too extensive—"Icon" and "Trinity" are examples. Gottlieb's serigraphs and lithos—at the Whitney and in a special exhibition at the Marlborough—are inescapably posterish. But works in every period illustrate the range of his manual inventiveness. "Figure" (1951) has the rough, stuccolike texture and warm tones of a wall in the tropics. "Labyrinth III" (1954) and "Blue at Noon" (1955) come close to Action paintings stabilized by a grilled understructure, in what was for Gottlieb an interval of transition. In the same period, "Composition" (1955) reaches toward the rhythmic effects of Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie Woogie," though by different pictorial means. "Descending Arrow" (1956) experiments with the directional tensions studied by Klee, which Gottlieb had tried out in "Man and Arrow II" (1950). "Side Pull" (1956), with its calligraphy and opposing movements, is a true Action painting, exploring independently a path traversed by Hofmann. In the present decade, "Black Black" (1961), which consists of tones and thicknesses of black around a crimson core, is a romantic landscape made of two well-defined signs coupled with an amazing display of evocative paint application. "Nature," for Gottlieb, is in the laying on of the paint; a format



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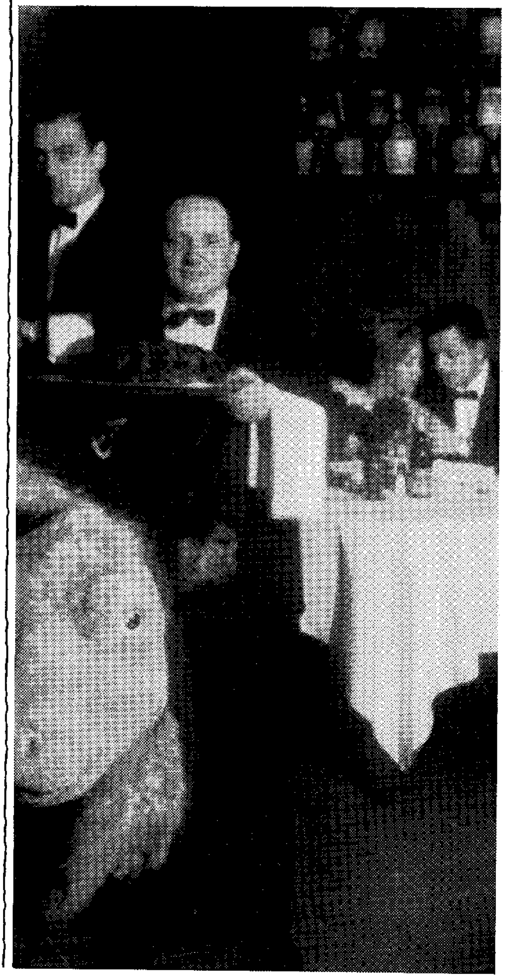

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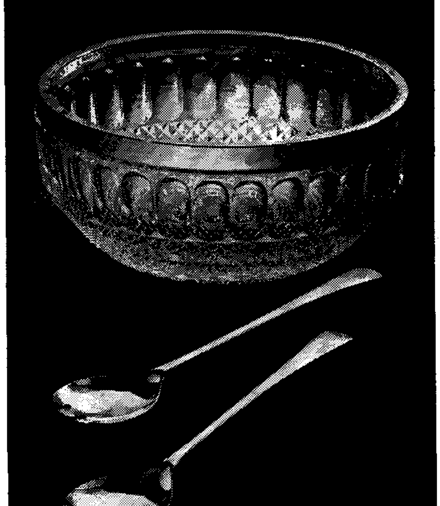

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identical with that of "Black Black" presents an entirely different *paysage* in "Mist," and still another in "Orb." One of the difficulties of Gottlieb's paintings, given the conditions of contemporary art appreciation, is that reproduction reduces them to their iconic ingredients and affiliates them with trademarks; the Gottlieb "burst" featured on a car-card advertising his dual exhibition comes to suggest Gottlieb Products, Inc. (Museum personnel ought to be aware of these problems.)

On first seeing Gottlieb's paintings in the forties, I found his work too programmatic. My view was changed when I came across two or three paintings exciting because of their color. Those pungent, almost sinister hues could not have been figured out—they emanated from feeling and imagination. Color has continued to be Gottlieb's chief means of transporting himself into unknown worlds. It is his instrument for enlarging consciousness; at the same time, it is a quality weighed exclusively as a visual element of the work in progress. This ambiguous use of color as simultaneously connotative and formal is basic to abstract art—it is the principle by which non-representational painting distinguishes itself from decoration. With an imaginative artist, the balancing of formal elements will inevitably evoke content, summoning up qualities associated with objects and experiences outside of art. Nature and psychology inhere in the most abstractly related visual data, unless they are trimmed out of the work by training or by doctrinal taboo. The unbidden springing up of an external or subjective physiognomy in a painting is what artists have in mind when they speak of inventing or re-creating "reality" on the canvas. A work like "Orb" carries resonances equivalent to the presence of treetops and waves. "When I work, I'm thinking in terms of purely visual effects and relations," Gottlieb said in a recent affirmation of faith. "But it's inconceivable to me that I could experience things and not have them enter into my painting." It is by this belief that Gottlieb has resisted the aesthetic dogmas and ritualized boredom of the "colorists." When his color fails (and, since its success depends on its expressiveness, it can fail), it is usually through being too readily enticing. But there are very few failures in the two exhibitions—probably because the artist himself, who has an eagle eye in appraising his work, had much to do with the selection.

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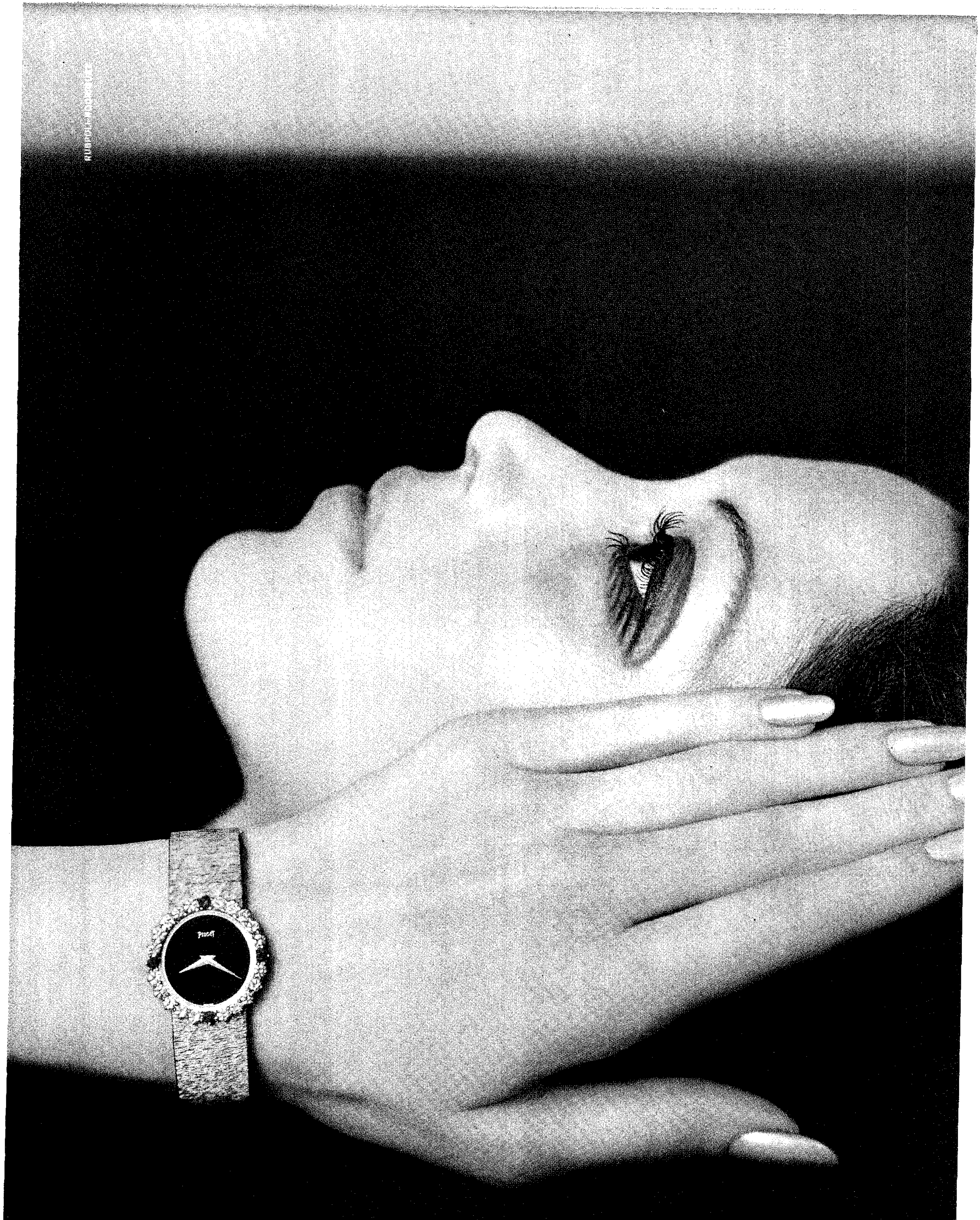

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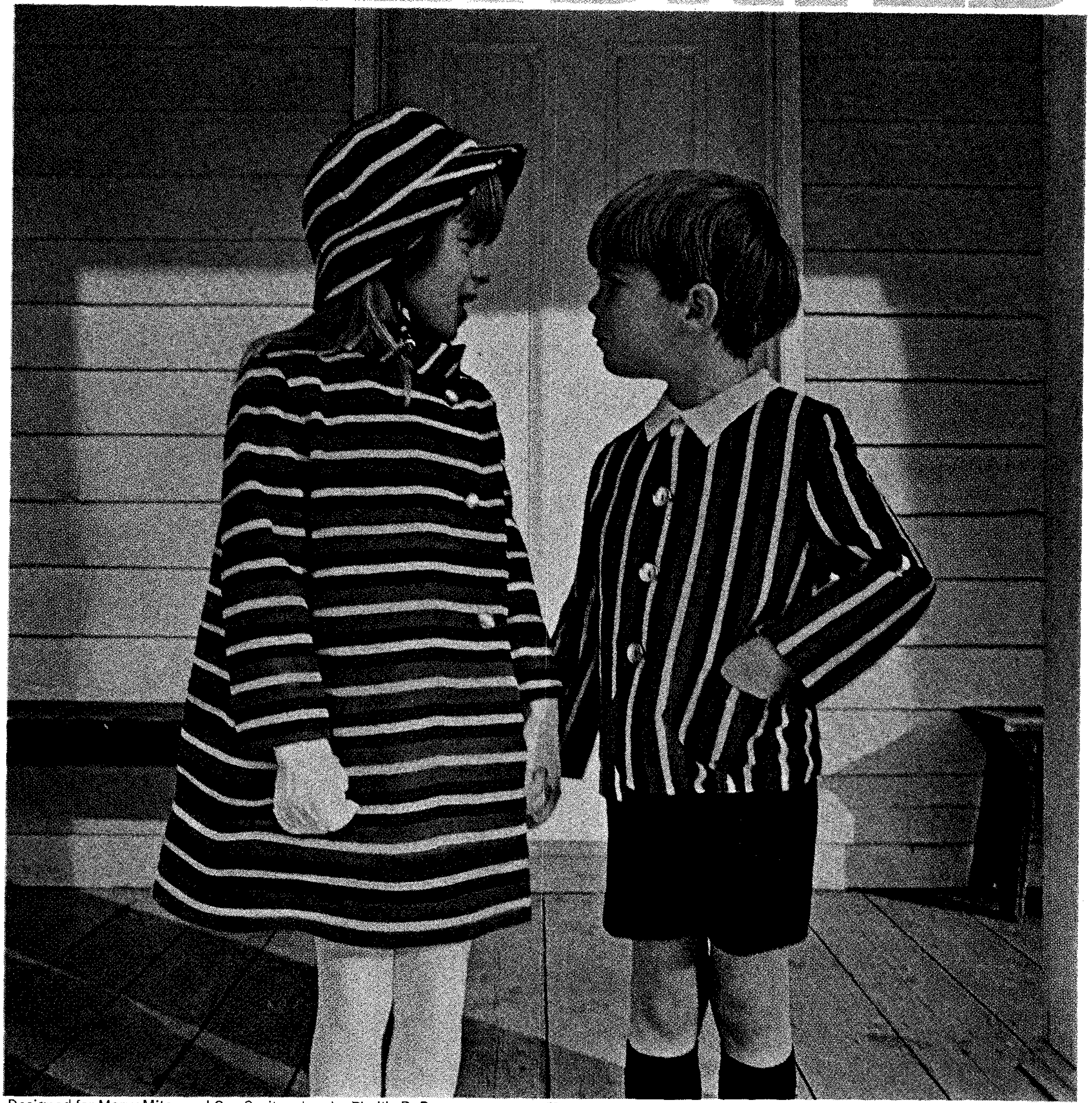

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skyscrapers. As Gottlieb's imagery has contracted, his paintings have grown larger. The early canvases at the Guggenheim are all of modest dimensions; the first big picture is "Labyrinth III" (1954), a transitional work in which the gridiron of the pictograph is disassembled into linear "action" visually related to Pollock. Another big one is "Unstill Life III" (1954-56), also a foray, as its title suggests, into Action painting. In these pictures, size is offered as a substitute for the imaginative "otherness" of the primitive signs, as if Gottlieb were testing his ability—as did many of his contemporaries in their later years—to achieve statement by means of aesthetic elements alone, without straining after the "myth" of content. At the Whitney, the large format becomes frequent, but with a return of assurance in his new iconography. His playing with the possibilities of scale in the disc-and-blot format extends from huge canvases down to the charming paintings on museum postcards of Old Masters, three by five inches, done in 1962-63. Despite the current fashion for the mammoth, "Icon" and "Trinity" are, in my opinion, much too big. Most of Gottlieb's new giants, however, achieve a remarkable retention of wholeness; this is true even of "Una," which consists of an isolated circle of color about eighteen inches in diameter on a field of more than sixty-five square feet. With their activation of color and the harmony established between the scale of the figures and the outer dimensions of the canvas, the largeness of these paintings defines the proportions of the artist's concept, instead of being a blown-up version of it.

Gottlieb's art is not of the extremist sort that attracts disciples and enemies. It has responded to its intellectual environment without attempting to overwhelm it. His paintings are not an ideological call to arms but, rather, a disciplined poetry of atmosphere, comparable in its evocation of rare climatic states to that of the later Symbolists. With Gottlieb, the search for cultural distance that is the first axiom of contemporary vanguardism possesses a quieter, more mental cast than does the emotional self-alienation of de Kooning or Pollock. His is an intelligence intelligently aware of the limitations of intelligence in an epoch when all assumptions are in question. His retrospective demonstrates that abstract art can be sufficiently charged with expressive power to prevent it from ending as mere wall decoration.

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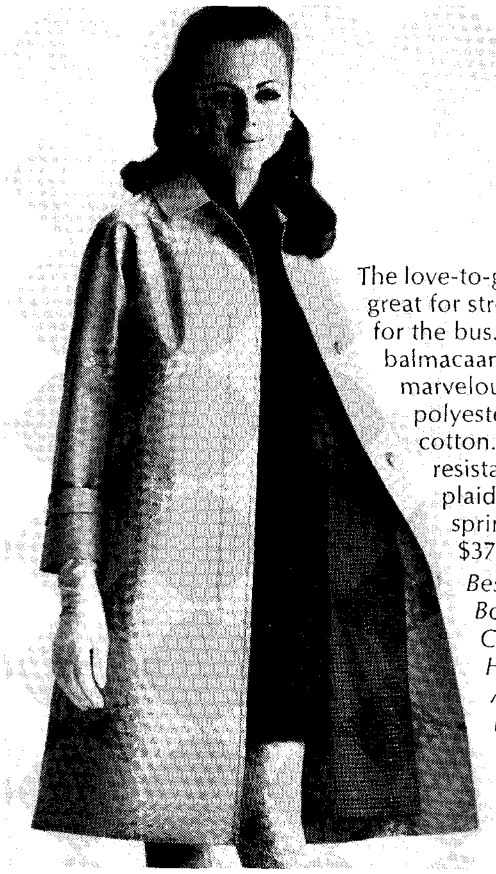

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# LETTER FROM SAIGON

MARCH 14

IN the month and a half that has passed since the Communists launched their Tet offensive, there has been a great deal of bracing talk here, and some bracing action, but for the most part the response has been the conventional one of trying to repair the damage that was done and get going again with old formulas and programs, instead of facing the realities of what is undeniably an entirely new situation. Under these circumstances, it is increasingly difficult to accept the argument of those who claim that the Tet offensive was primarily an act of desperation on the part of the Communists because of the heavy military pressure to which they were being subjected in the countryside. Hanoi's assessment of the vulnerability of the cities seems to have been thoroughly vindicated, and the assault on the cities and towns—the final total was a hundred and two—must be regarded as a carefully calculated action that is part of a synchronized political and military effort to end the war as soon as possible on Hanoi's terms. Despite the heavy losses the Communists suffered, most of which they have already recovered through recruitment in the countryside, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong attained two major objectives. First, they greatly disrupted the operations of the government, whose second- and third-echelon officials in many of the provinces and in some of the cities were killed or captured, or have for one reason or another been absent from their posts ever since, or are able to work only ineffectually under conditions of civil chaos and bureaucratic confusion, made worse by a breakdown in communications. Second, the Communists succeeded in producing or increasing disunity between the Vietnamese and the Americans—and the Americans have also become more divided among themselves and more disheartened than they have been at any time since the independent United States commitment here began, in 1955.

The growing breach between the Allies is demonstrated by continuing South Vietnamese comments, most of them unjustified, that the American response to the Tet attack was unduly slow, and by South Vietnamese expressions of pride in the relatively good performance of the government troops. A few days ago, Van Minh, a pseudonymous local columnist, derided the vaunted American military mobility as purely technological and geared primarily to the selfish protection of American bases. "While the Americans may be utterly unable to adjust themselves to the terms of this strange war, it is by no means too late for the South Vietnamese armed forces to de-Americanize themselves and start fighting the simple way and beating the Communists at their own game with as little American tactical support as possible," Van Minh wrote. "This may be extremely difficult at first, but it is worth the trouble for many strategic, tactical, and especially political reasons. . . . To stop smoking is painful during the first few days, but people feel better and better every day after they have done away with their undesirable and costly habit."

There are few Americans here who haven't wished that the South Vietnamese were capable of doing just what Van Minh suggests. Unfortunately, they are not capable of it. If the whole American effort seems on the verge of failure, this is surely due in large measure to South Vietnamese intransigence, to absence of South Vietnamese leadership, and to a deep-seated lack among the South Vietnamese of social and political motivation. It is almost certainly too late now to hope that the Tet events have shocked the Vietnamese into taking steps that might finally deal in a revolutionary way with what has always been a highly revolutionary situation. Despite the efforts of a handful of Americans (notably Edward G. Lansdale, a senior liaison officer on the ambassador's staff in Saigon) who continue—more often than not in the face of opposition or plain lack of understanding within the American mission itself—to think in terms of counter-insurgency, rather than of merely patching things together, everything that has been undertaken since Tet can be characterized only as unimaginative. The most dramatic step the South Vietnamese government has taken is to replace eight province chiefs and to fire two incompetent corps commanders. One of the new corps commanders is a mediocrity, but the other, Major General Nguyen Duc Thang, who argued in vain for abolishing the whole corps setup, has at least moved swiftly to get his troops to fight at night, and he has also chosen to live in a trailer rather than in his predecessor's fancy house. By and large, however, the gears grind as slowly as ever, and the most serious lack of all is a feeling that the country can and must be saved from internal collapse as a result of immobility and corruption.

The Communists, who could have struck sooner but waited until now, may have achieved nearly perfect timing, even though they did overestimate the popular response they would get and underestimate the government's ability to survive. In a purely military sense, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong probably cannot count again on the element of surprise to the extent they did during

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Tet, although they continue to hold the military initiative in most parts of the country, but politically and psychologically they are still capable of springing a number of surprises. They are favored not only by their own proved ability to wage both guerrilla and semi-conventional warfare but also by the government's utter inability, after all these years, and despite the kind of whining bravado represented by Van Minh, to cope with it. The result is a continuing erosion of morale and a growing sense of foreboding. Vietnamese I have known for many years are as frank as they are sad these days in their prognoses; they sound more and more like men who know they are suffering from an incurable malady. The closest historical parallel to the situation here today is that of China twenty years ago, just before the fall of the Kuomintang; as the Chinese Nationalists spoke then of fleeing to Formosa to set up a regime in exile, so the Vietnamese are talking now of taking refuge on the island of Phu Quoc, off the southwestern coast of Vietnam, and of carrying on resistance against the Communists from there. Already they are asking their American friends, "Will you give us weapons?"

THE sense of doom may not be warranted on military grounds, but in all other respects there seems little reason for optimism. Though both have denied it, President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky remain at odds, and the men grouped around each of them continue to fan the flames of suspicion and antagonism. There have been fresh rumors of coups and assassinations, and though the Americans have let it be known that they would not countenance any such actions, there seems to be little they could do about it if the Vietnamese were foolish enough to attempt them—except, perhaps, get up and leave. Certainly a more extensive American takeover seems out of the question at this point. The South Vietnamese Senate and House of Representatives have rebuked the President by overwhelmingly turning down his request for one year's emergency powers. Although Ky has more friends in the legislature than Thieu, he, too, suffered a damaging setback when he submitted to it his budget request for the office of the Vice-Presidency. He asked for seventy-three million piastres, which was twenty million more than Thieu requested for his own budget, and the upshot was that Thieu got

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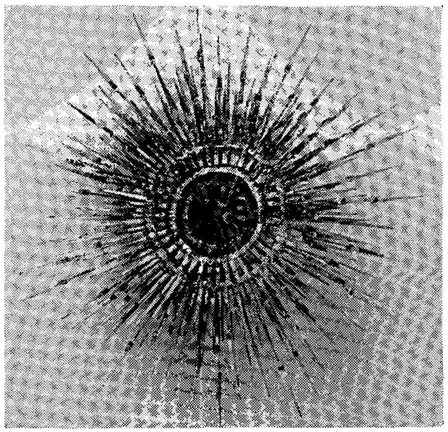

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what he wanted and Ky's budget was slashed to forty million.

Despite the evident need, there has been no real effort made to create a sense of unity at the top. Thieu's inner circle now contains two separate political groups—one headed by his brother, Nguyen Van Kieu, and the other by his secretary-general at the Presidency, Nguyen Van Huong—and these groups, in typical Vietnamese fashion, are squabbling with each other. They agree, however, in not wishing (even if Thieu *should* permit it) to join a new and still quite amorphous political group called the National Salvation Front. The Front, which is headed by Senator Tran Van Don, held a meeting in Saigon on March 10th that managed to bring together almost two thousand political, religious, and tribal representatives from all over the country, and also representatives of labor, youth, social, and professional organizations. But, having voted to set up a directorate of twenty-five and an executive committee of forty-nine, with Don as chairman, the Front made no immediate plans except to establish subsidiary chapters in Hué, Can Tho, Pleiku, and various other cities. Like all other such groups through the years, the National Salvation Front has been divided by internal suspicions and jealousies. There has been some talk of its rallying behind Tran Van Huong, a former Premier who is respected for his independence and integrity, in a drive to make him Premier again, but it seems more likely that Don, a popular and likable man, will seek the post for himself. The group could turn into an anti-government party, and this is one reason that Thieu has been reluctant to let his people join it. Another reason is Thieu's conviction—at least partly justified—that the Front prefers Ky to him. One of the original sponsors of the Front has told me, "There has already been too much maneuvering. What the Front should do is declare its anti-Communism and its desire to bring all elements of the population together, and then demand the establishment of a real government of national salvation, in which the leaders of the various political and religious groups, including the Buddhists, the Catholics, and the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects, would participate. If it did that, then it could influence the selection of the next Premier, whether it is Don, Tran Van Huong, or someone else who can do the job."

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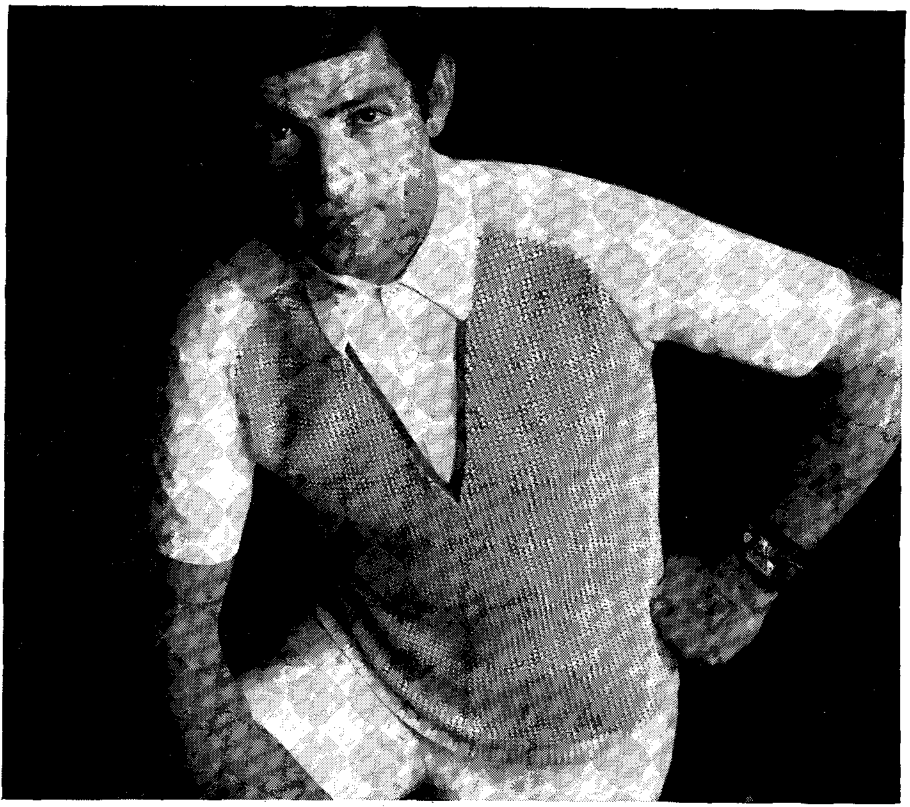

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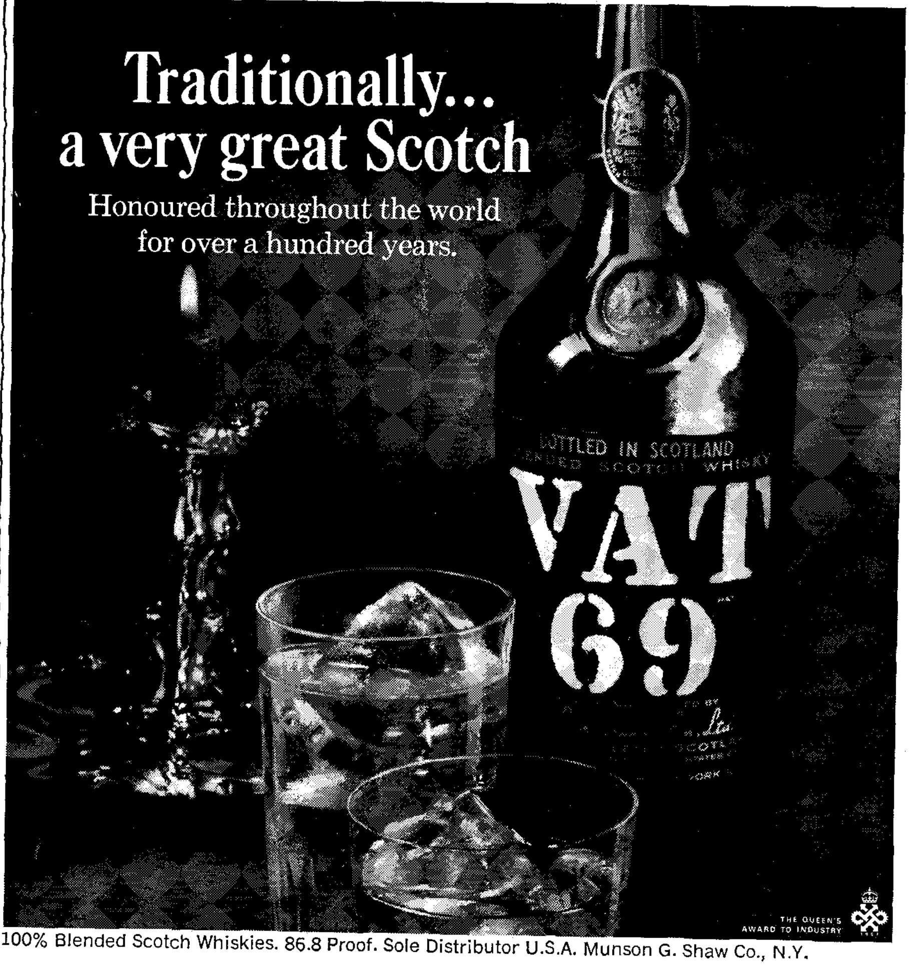

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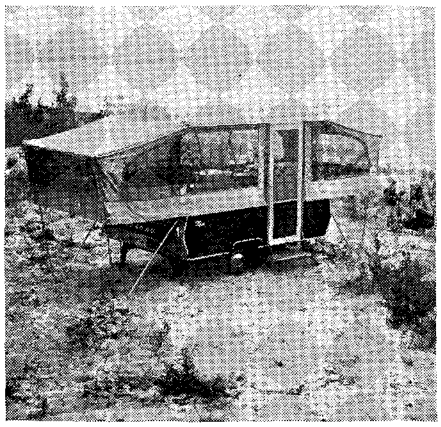

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other Americans have worked behind the scenes to foster political unity, but, as usual, they have received little more than bland promises, and all the old divisions have remained. One of the main causes of discontent was the government's action in taking Thich Tri Quang, the militant Buddhist leader, into custody; this kept the Buddhists he represents as anti-government as ever, and thus restrained them from joining the National Salvation Front. Militant Catholics have also stayed out of it, and so have the representatives of the Cao Dai sect. Many of those who are reluctant to join the Front charge that it is dominated by former aides of the late Ngo Dinh Diem, by pro-French *fonctionnaires*, or by leaders of the old-line nationalist parties. "We have been engaged in salvation for twenty-five years and have been treated by the same doctors with the same medicines. What we need is some new ones," one critic of the Front has said. Many of the Front's organizers are northerners, who have traditionally been mistrusted by—and, in turn, have mistrusted—southern groups such as the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao. An organization that calls itself the Religious Citizen Front and claims to represent most of the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai, and the militant Buddhists and Catholics as well, has refused to join the Front and has issued its own appeal for unity, but the government has refused it permission to hold a meeting. All in all, it seems impossible, even under conditions of the gravest urgency, for the various factions and groups to get together.

ONE aspect of the continuing Communist political offensive that will almost certainly acquire increasing importance is a tie-in that Hanoi and the National Liberation Front have established with some of the neutralist Vietnamese leaders in Paris and in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and also with a number of Vietnamese in Saigon, including some in and around the government, who may be thinking in terms of a possible accommodation with the N.L.F. and Hanoi. This development is clearly related to the attempts that the Communists made during the Tet offensive to establish new front "alliances" and "committees" in Saigon and Hué as the nuclei of new local governments. Like everything else about the offensive, the links with Paris and Phnom Penh were prepared with great subtlety and care over a period of many months, and they apparently have at least an indirect connection with the French policy of wanting to see the war here ended, the Americans sent scuttling, and the French given a chance to reëstablish economic and political ties with their former Indo-China empire. The over-all plan is said to have called for neutralists here and abroad to come together after the Tet offensive had paralyzed the country and establish a kind of "middleman" neutralist government, which would receive the blessings of both Hanoi and the N.L.F. and would negotiate for peace. After that, there would be a complete takeover of the new coalition by the N.L.F. and the Lao Dong (Communist) Party of North Vietnam.

Several Vietnamese known for their neutralist leanings converged on Phnom Penh from Paris at the end of January, and arrived in Saigon just before the Tet attacks. At least two of these men held high positions under Diem, but another, interestingly enough, was Pham Van Binh, the former governor of what is now North Vietnam during the pre-Diem regime of Emperor Bao Dai. Two years ago, I have been told, Hanoi urged Bao Dai to return to South Vietnam from his exile on the Riviera, possibly as a member of a neutralist interregnum. Bao Dai, who in 1945 coöperated for a short time with Ho Chi Minh, refused, but the Communists might well decide to make another offer along these lines now, as part of their new strategy involving neutralists. Those who look for omens have been especially struck by the sudden arrival in Saigon of a dozen or more French correspondents. I have been told that the French business community here had definite knowledge that some important Communist action would take place at Tet, and that many of them left the country temporarily or sent their families out.

Whatever took place among the Communists during the long months of pre-Tet planning, it seems certain that a number of the men who came to Saigon unobtrusively (and with the obvious permission and approval of someone in the government) were to have played significant roles if the Communists had achieved their maximum goals during the offensive. As things turned out, the Communists

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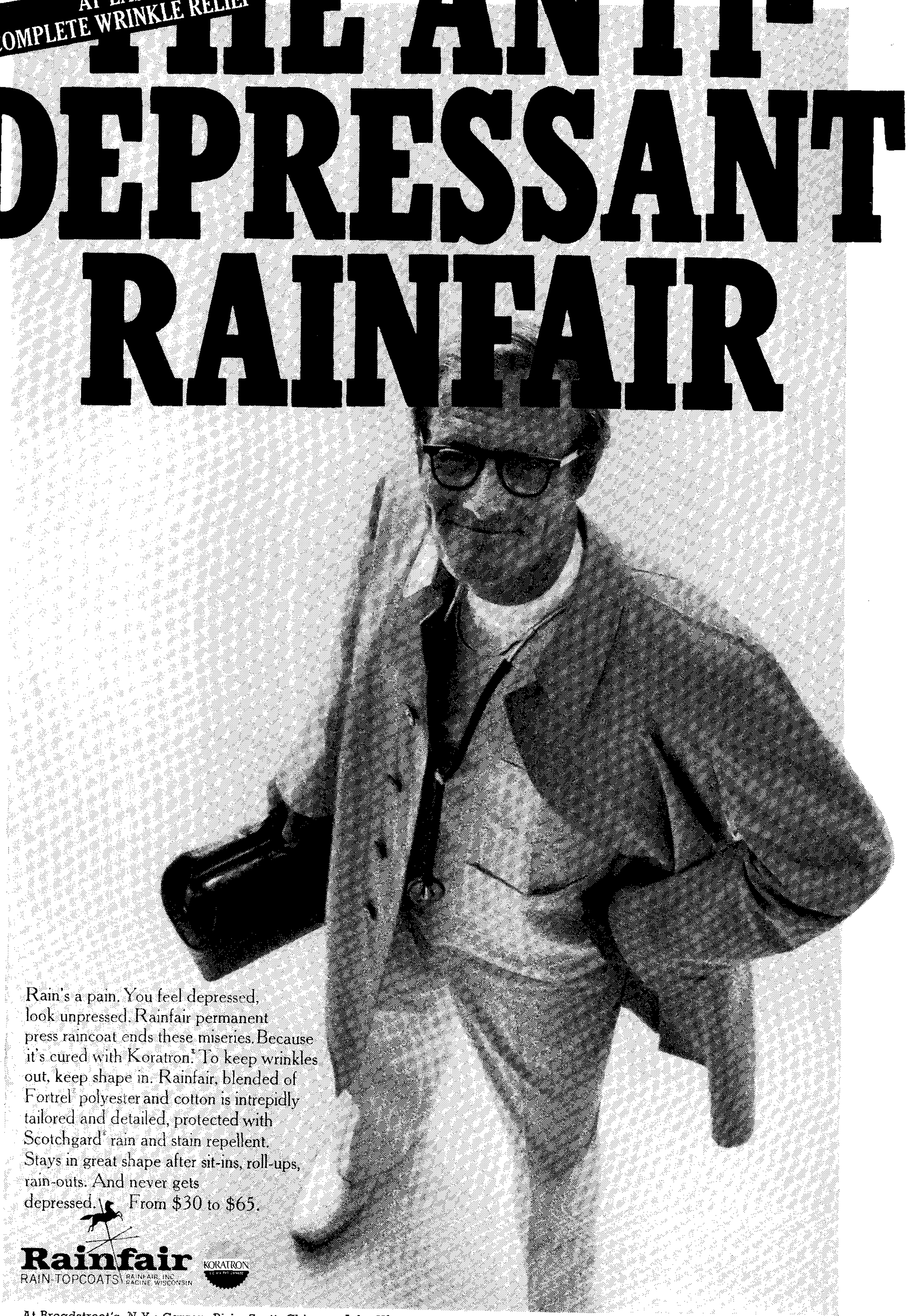

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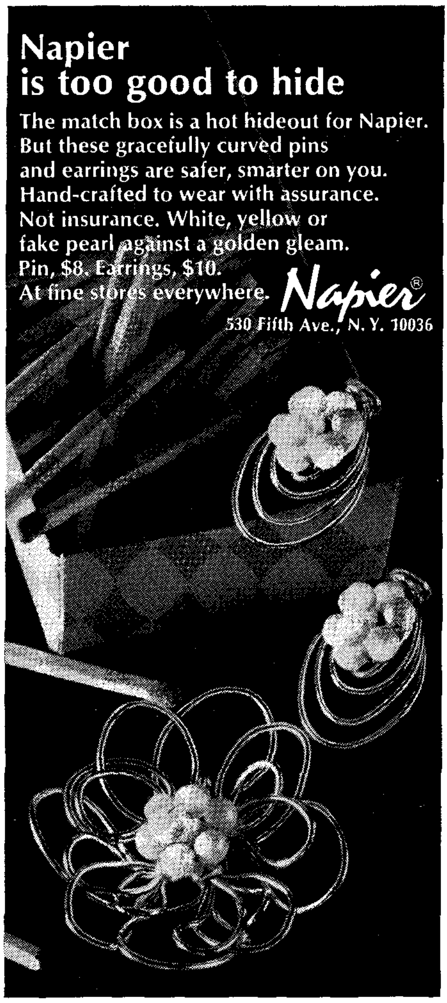
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achieved only the lesser successes of sowing disruption and preparing the urban battlefields for the next phase of their combined political and military campaign. It seems quite likely, however, that a certain class of neutralists will still play a part in that campaign.

SINCE the Tet attack, the Communists have maintained their countrywide harassment of cities, airfields, and various Allied installations, primarily with rocket and mortar fire, and they have made occasional fresh ground assaults against about a dozen cities, mostly in the Delta, and particularly on March 3rd and 4th, when it seemed that a second wave of the offensive might be beginning. They have recruited as many as thirty thousand new troops, ranging in age from fifteen to forty. Most of the recruiting has been done in the Delta, where the Communists moved in to fill the vacuum in the countryside following the withdrawal of American and government troops to positions of defense around the cities and the towns. Hanoi has continued to infiltrate troops both to reinforce the fourteen North Vietnamese divisions or major parts of divisions, totalling a hundred and twelve thousand men, that are now in South Vietnam (five more North Vietnamese divisions are said to be alerted to move South) and to build up the main-force Vietcong units that suffered the heaviest losses during Tet. As these reinforcements have arrived, by way of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, some have gone down to the Central Highlands, where at least seven North Vietnamese and five Vietcong battalions are concentrated around Dak To, Kontum, and Pleiku, and the rest have been shuttled eastward through the A Shau Valley, in the north, and into Communist-held areas south of Hué and Da Nang. Supplies—primarily ammunition—have come in along with the troops and also through Cambodia, as even Prince Sihanouk now admits. Across the whole area below the Demilitarized Zone, the Communists have demonstrated a remarkable flexibility and capacity for maneuver in the region extending from Khe Sanh to the coast and then slightly south to Quang Tri and Hué. The next major Communist attack, which is expected soon, could start below the D.M.Z., but threats have also been made against Saigon, and even the Delta. The Americans are repairing their supply routes and building up their supplies, and they may soon be ready to take the

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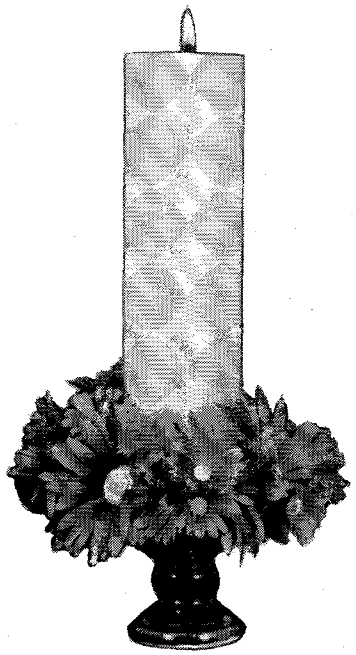
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sort of action that can regain the initiative, but that will be hard to do.

In and around Saigon, where a strict curfew has been only slightly relaxed and commercial life is still functioning at no more than half speed, the situation continues to be critical. There are three Communist divisions to the north and northeast of the city, and other units, of up to regimental size, to the west and to the east. Some of these troops are burrowed deep in tunnels and bunkers in suburban areas and on the fringes of the Tan Son Nhut Airport. There have been probes only a few miles from the city, but so far the Communists have not carried out their repeated threat, disseminated by word of mouth and by leaflets to the already jittery population, to make another attack on the city itself. The next attack, when it comes, will almost surely be accompanied by rocket and mortar fire, and perhaps artillery barrages will be thrown into the city proper, as the warnings maintain. (My room boys at the Hotel Continental daily bring me new reports and show me leaflets advising them and their families to get out of town.) Vast quantities of 107-mm. and 122-mm. rockets are being brought into areas close to the city along the myriad canals, which at this time of year are fully navigable by boats a good deal larger than sampans. These weapons are being secreted along the banks in clusters of four or five. There is little doubt that the city is being heavily infiltrated. The Communist underground in Saigon, and especially in Cholon, the Chinese section, has remained essentially intact since the Tet attack, and since most of the commandos who took part in the assault on the city were strangers, relatively little information has been obtained from prisoners. Literally thousands of people are part of this intricate organization. Secret caches of weapons are still being established everywhere in the Saigon area, and different parts of Cholon are said to be connected by tunnels running from street to street and from house to house. I have been told by counter-intelligence officers that there are a minimum of twenty-five hundred Communist agents operating in Cholon today. Many of these are Chinese who have come to Saigon in the past two or three years via Laos and Thailand. Among them are hundreds of prostitutes. Not long ago, it was learned that officials in the South Vietnamese Embassy in Vientiane, the capital of Laos, had been selling Vietnamese passports and travel documents to Chinese agents for be-

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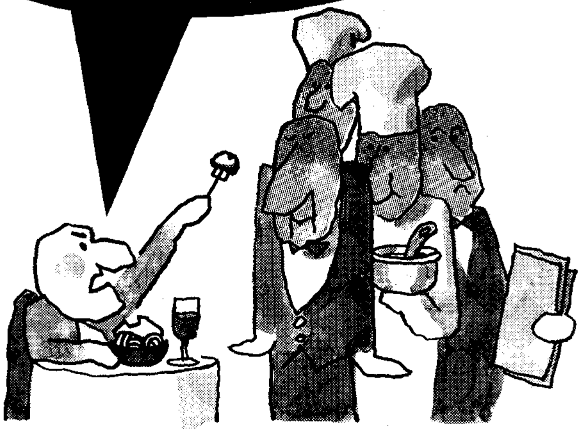

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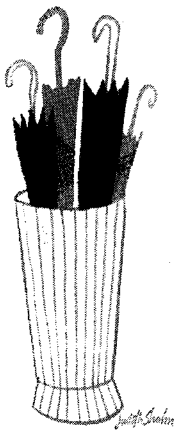
tween thirty and fifty thousand piastres apiece.

THE situation in the north, where I spent the first week of March, is, if anything, more critical than the situation in Saigon. The Communists held Hué for most of February, and they have now massed nearly twelve thousand troops around the city, which, being still in a state of shock, is both militarily and politically vulnerable. Nothing I saw during the Second World War in the Pacific, during the Korean war, or in the Vietnam war so far has been as terrible, in terms of destruction and despair, as what I saw in Hué. Before the Tet offensive, the city's charm and beauty were often compared to those of Peking. Now much of the city—particularly the old, walled part of it on the northern side of the Perfume River, which is known as the Citadel, and which includes the imperial palace—is in complete ruins. There are ninety thousand refugees or people receiving aid in Hué. Women and children wander crying through the rubble, picking up the broken bits of their possessions, gathering watercress from the ponds to eat or sell, collecting bricks, begging from strangers. I walked down Le Loi Street, on the south side of town, and found a once lovely waterfront park littered with garbage and broken telephone wires. The large hospital area was packed with refugees. Nearly four thousand civilians were killed in Hué, most of them by the American air and artillery attacks that were called upon to dislodge the North Vietnamese and Vietcong forces, which held the city stubbornly as long as they could.



In Hué as elsewhere, both the American and the government forces, caught off guard, reacted belatedly to the Communist attack, which began early on the morning of January 31st, when the city was teeming with Tet celebrants. The bitter fighting dragged on, costing some of the Vietnamese and American Marine battalions half their strength in killed and wounded, and the Americans cursed the bad weather, which favored the Communists. At last, when the clouds lifted, the Americans called in their helicopter gunships and their heavy artillery. There was a great deal of house-to-house fighting, but the American Marines, unaccustomed to fighting in cities, operated as if they were taking hills instead of houses: they probed and then withdrew, and relied on heavy weapons. If this tactic saved some American lives, it also added greatly to the number of Vietnamese corpses. Throughout the city, along the sidewalks, in the gardens of houses that are still standing and amid the rubble of houses that aren't, crude graves—simple oblong mounds of earth marked by a stick with a name on it, and perhaps a twig or a small plastic flower—tell the story of the death of Hué.

Robert Kelly, the previous senior American adviser in the area, was sent back to Hué, for his successor was one of thirty American civilians killed, captured, or missing during the battle. Kelly, who has had six years of experience in Vietnam and is about to be transferred to Thailand, is deeply committed to the Vietnamese people—he is married to a Vietnamese—and believes strongly in the necessity of our involvement in Vietnam, but he has also been highly critical of the American failures here. His difficulties are typical of Americans who have genuinely tried to improve the people's welfare in the face of apathy, corruption, official Vietnamese obstruction, and American policies that are frequently confused and contradictory. Surveying the ruins of Hué, Kelly spoke bitterly of the lack of interest some people had shown in anything but saving their own skins and either getting out or, as in the case of officials in power, making money out of the relief programs. "I walked through the refugee centers and was accosted by colonels out of uniform, high-society ladies, university professors, and so on, who all begged me to help them escape," he told me. "No one *ever* really smiled at the United States here, but I haven't met anyone who is mad at what the Communists did. I myself am just as strongly opposed to Communism as I ever was, but I am more than ever convinced that until the Saigon government is as committed to victory as the Vietcong is it hasn't got a chance."

Even before the Tet offensive, Hué's officials and the officer corps attached to the 1st Division of the South Vietnamese Army, which was stationed there, were widely known for inefficiency and corruption. The mayor, Lieutenant Colonel Phan Van Khoa, who was also chief of Thua Thien Province, is said to have had two days' warning from the Vietcong that the attack was coming and hid for six days in the rafters of a hospital. He later explained that he had let the Communists enter the city so that they could be trapped there. When he came out of hiding, Khoa lost no time in making money out of the emergency shipments of rice sent into the stricken city. Kelly threatened to cut off all aid unless Khoa and some of his friends were removed from office, but nothing happened until finally, just this past week, President Thieu visited Hué and fired Khoa.

What the city's government desperately needs is not just a reshuffling of officials but a complete overhaul. There is considerable sentiment in favor of bringing back Lieutenant General Nguyen Chanh Thi, a native of Hué and the former corps commander of the area, who is now in exile in the United States. Thi, a dynamic leader who moved around a lot and got things done, was always popular in Hué. He sympathized with the so-called Struggle Force against the Ky government two years ago, however, and as a result he was fired by Ky and was allowed to leave the country after a brief period of house arrest. Undoubtedly, Thi could provide the spark of leadership that Hué so sadly lacks, and the Americans have privately suggested that he be brought back; however, given the suspicions and the vindictiveness that pervade Vietnam's politics, his return seems unlikely—particularly since he has been criticizing the present government from Washington, where he now lives. At least some progress could be made toward rebuilding the city and establishing some sort of political stability by giving a large amount of authority to six Revolutionary Development teams that are in Hué because they had to flee from nearby hamlets during the Tet offensive. These teams, made up of some fifty men each, have already been assigned to help with relief work in the city, and they will probably not be able to get back to their hamlets for some time anyway, especially if military action starts again. I talked with several members of one of the teams—vigorous young Vietnamese in their twenties who had pitched in to work in the hospital—and they were just about the only people I met in Hué who seemed not only concerned about the disaster that had befallen the city but also determined to do something about it.

AFTER leaving Hué, I flew over Khe Sanh. In the past two weeks, according to intelligence reports, the North Vietnamese have moved part

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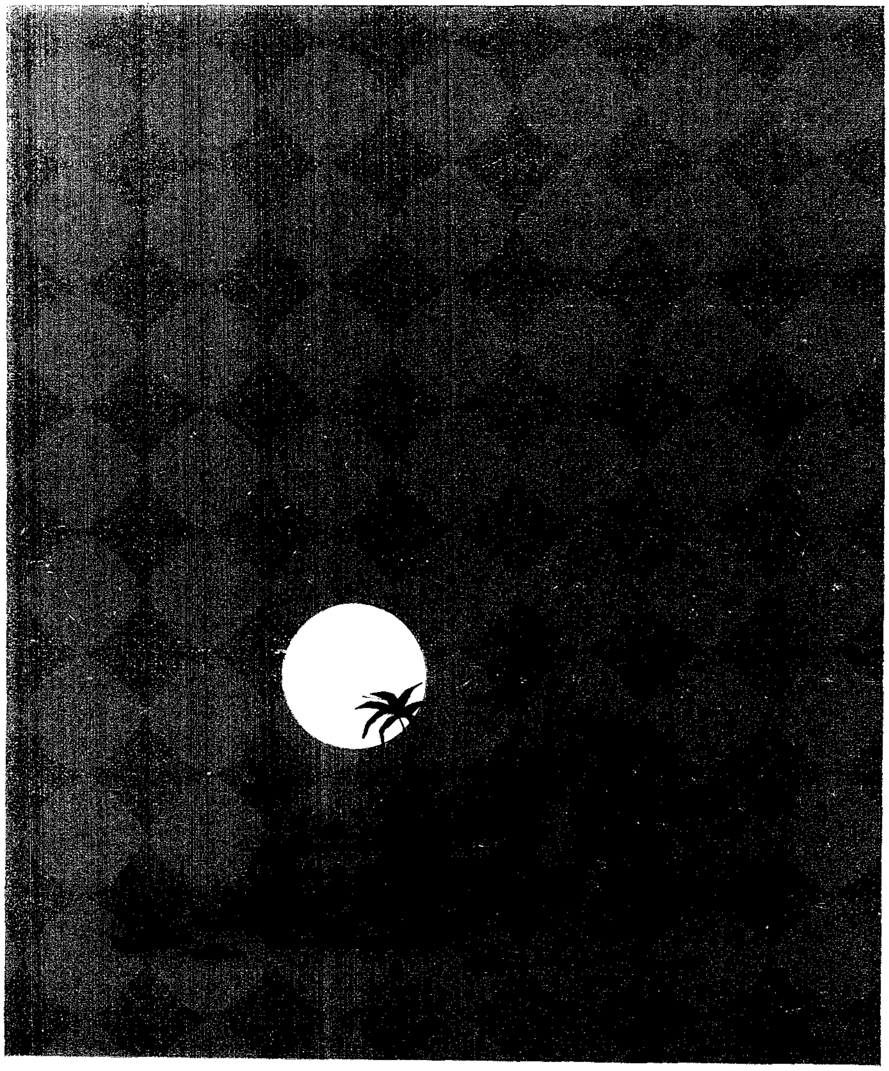

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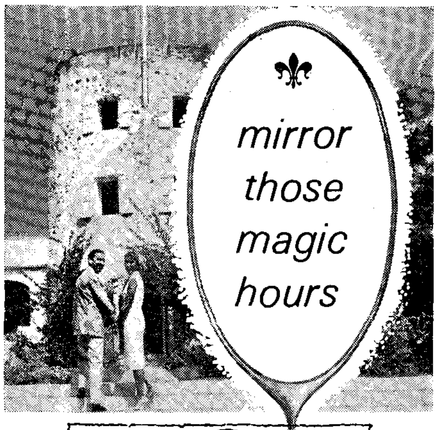

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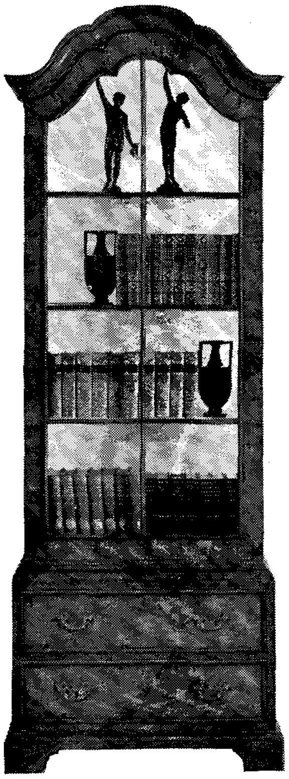

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of one of their divisions around Khe Sanh to the east, into the vicinity of Camp Carroll, the artillery base fourteen miles away, and have moved another part farther east, into the vicinity of other Allied bases. But they still have major elements of two divisions, totalling fifteen thousand men, in the hills around Khe Sanh, where the Americans and the South Vietnamese have some six thousand troops. The Communists have assembled a tremendous arsenal in the surrounding hills and constantly throw rocket and mortar shells into the base, which consists of little more than an airstrip and some fortified bunkers. The enemy's heavy artillery is hidden away in the mountains, as it was when the French made their disastrous stand at Dien Bien Phu. The Communists are also believed to have "red-eye" missiles, which are attracted to a target by heat, and to have not only Russian-built tanks but Russian fighters and bombers that can come down from North Vietnamese bases, do their bombing and strafing, and then land at some newly built emergency airstrips just north of the D.M.Z. An attack on Khe Sanh has been expected ever since Tet, and the general assumption has been that it would come soon—certainly before the end of the month, when the monsoon weather will more or less clear, enabling the Americans to count on increased support from the air.

There has been considerable debate about the wisdom of the Americans' getting themselves into a static defensive position at Khe Sanh, but the justification—which clearly impresses a majority of our officers, at any rate—is that the base must be protected because it stands at the focal point of the entire southward invasion route. Unfortunately, the Americans allowed the North Vietnamese to invest the base heavily before they began their own buildup, so they have not been able to take the offensive and maneuver around it. The Dien Bien Phu analogy can easily be carried too far, but it makes an interesting study nevertheless. For example, a new "provisional corps" area was created this week in the two northernmost provinces, to be headed by Army Lieutenant General William B. Rosson, who in respect to all operational matters is supposed to be responsible to the American commander in I Corps, Marine Lieutenant General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., in Da Nang, but will actually be taking orders from General Westmoreland, in Saigon. There has always been jealousy between the Marines and the

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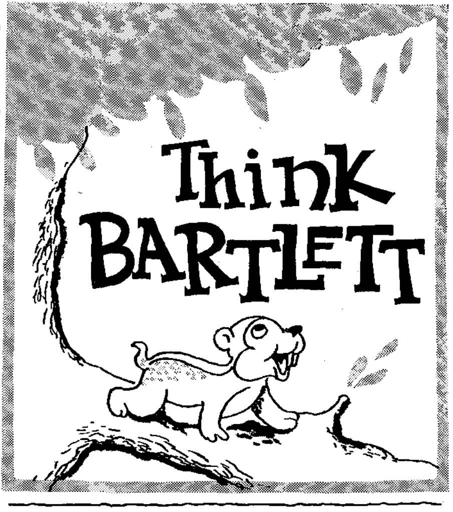

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Army, and the Marines don't like the idea of having a new headquarters superimposed on them, any more than they liked losing operational control over their Marine air wing to the Air Force. The Vietnamese are recalling a parallel situation in the Indo-China War, when two French generals had different ideas about defending Dien Bien Phu and attacking in the Red River Delta. "The French had Navarre and Cogny," it is pointed out. "You have Rosson and Cushman."

While flying over the base, at altitudes ranging from several hundred to several thousand feet, I got a clear picture of the countless trenches that the North Vietnamese are building, some of which run almost to the edge of the airstrip. During the whole time the plane was over Khe Sanh, the pilot kept switching back and forth among four or five radio channels with which he had to keep in touch. In the background, over another channel, the Armed Forces Network Vietnam station in Saigon played soft jazz, and at one point, just as a big transport was dropping some supplies by parachute at the western end of Khe Sanh, we heard a news bulletin that President Johnson was considering whether to dispatch two hundred thousand more troops to Vietnam.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Q. What is a "non sequitur"? The expression is used often in The New Yorker magazine.—R.C.

A. A "non sequitur" is an illogical inference. In the sequence A-B-C-Z-E-F, Z is a non sequitur. The Latin expression means literally "it does not follow." The New Yorker vastly enjoys mocking the common human habit of tying together statements that have no logical connection (Wife: "Darling, I need $20 to go shopping." Husband: "Humm, I see that Congress has upped the salaries of poverty workers."). The use of "non sequitur" merely to give tone to a sentence is frowned on by most English style books. Foreign or classic expressions sound affected when inserted to impress readers or hearers.—*Roanoke (Va.) World-News.*

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the News*]

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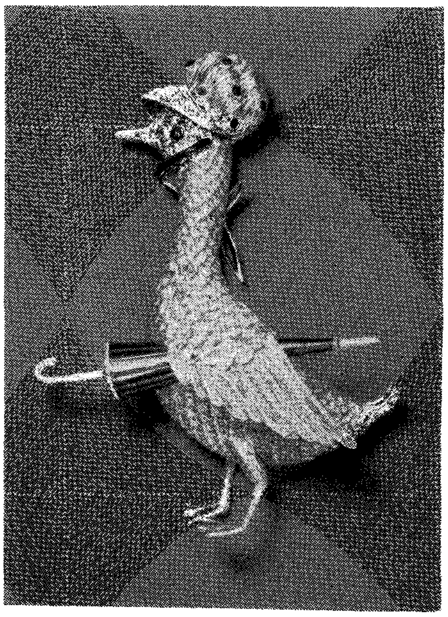

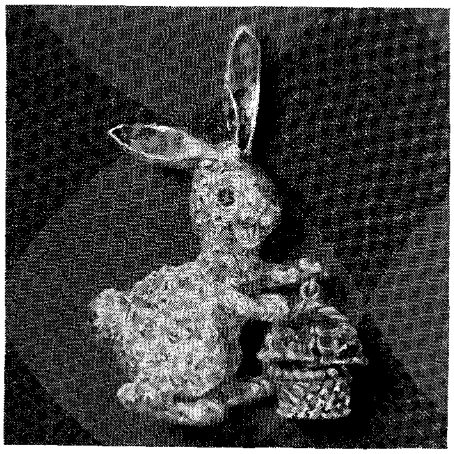

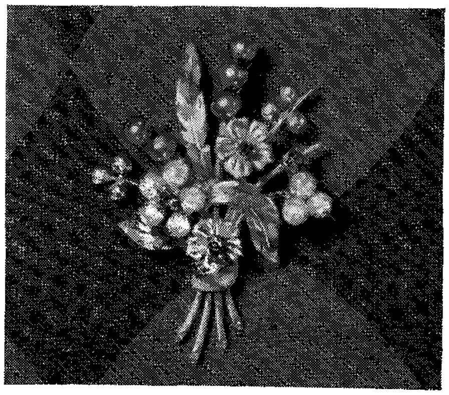

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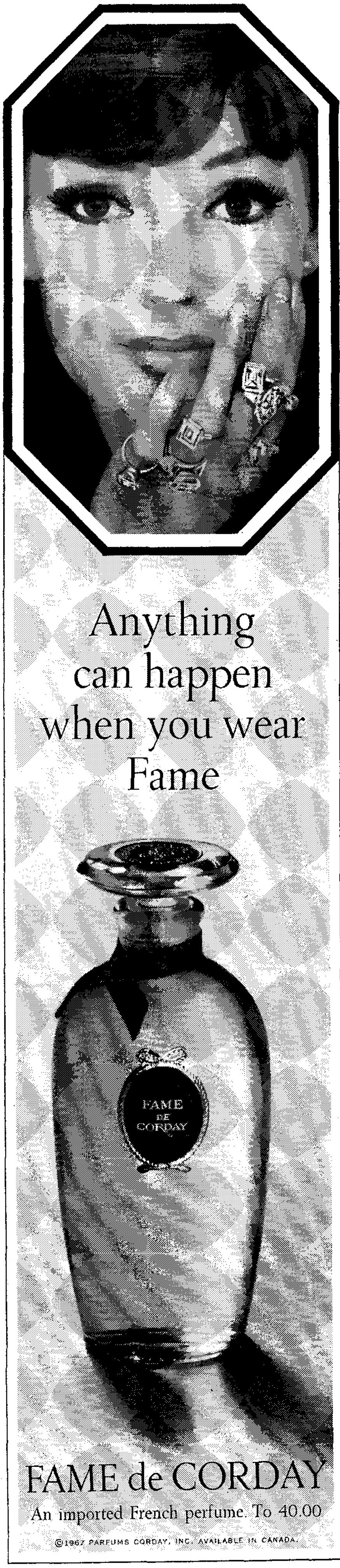

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Spooked Duke*

Alberto Ginastera's opera "Bomarzo," as produced at the New York State Theatre by Tito Capobianco, with sets by Ming Cho Lee and costumes by José Varona, is a great dramatic spectacle, and well worth going to see. Once again the New York City Opera has come forth with a splendid setting for a contemporary work. The circumstances of its composition are by now pretty well known, but perhaps they will bear recapitulation. The Argentine novelist Manuel Mujica Lainez was inspired by a visit to the curious garden of the castle of Bomarzo, with its monstrous sculptures, near Viterbo, north of Rome, to write a novel about an imaginary Duke Pier Francesco Orsini who supposedly inhabited the place, portraying him as the kind of man who would have wanted to put up all that frightening statuary. Hobart A. Spalding, president of the Opera Society of Washington, had commissioned Ginastera to write a new opera, and Ginastera got Lainez to condense his novel for operatic purposes, using the resulting series of scenes for a libretto. The work was given its première in Washington in May of last year. The authorities in Buenos Aires then banned its planned production at the Teatro Colón, "to protect public morality." As might have been expected, the proscription increased public interest all over the world. The Argentine censors had condemned the work without seeing it, and I found it rather difficult, after encountering it last Thursday night, to figure out what caused all the fuss. The opera contains an "erotic" ballet that is no more lurid than a country square dance, and it deals with a central character who is certainly mentally disturbed. That is about all.

But the story of "Bomarzo" *is* a horror story of the type that Mr. Ginastera evidently finds congenial as operatic material. As the first scene opens, the Duke, who is a hunchback, is dying before one of his sculptures, which has become known as "the mouth of Hell," while a shepherd boy sings a little ditty about him. Then there is a flashback to the Duke's childhood. His two brothers taunt him about his physical appearance, and dress him in women's clothes. Just at that moment, his father appears, denounces his hunchback son as effeminate, and shuts him up in a room with a skeleton, which frightens him half to death. But the boy has friends. His grandmother is looking out for him, and the palace astrologer proclaims that he is destined for immortality, and also that an incantation, which the astrologer shortly delivers, will cause all other heirs to the dukedom to die, with the result that he will become Duke of Bomarzo. He is sent to Florence to visit a courtesan named Pantasilea, presumably to foster his masculinity, but the courtesan scares him, too. Meanwhile, his father has returned from the wars badly wounded, and soon dies. Then his elder brother, Girolamo, falls from a cliff overlooking the Tiber and breaks his head. The prophecy has come true, and he is made Duke of Bomarzo. An advantageous marriage is arranged with Julia Farnese, daughter of an aristocratic house, but our Duke is unable to consummate it. He is impotent, though he is in love with the girl. When he discovers that she is deceiving him with his younger brother, he arranges to have the brother assassinated. But the brother has a son, who arranges for the Duke to drink poison and thus die, as we saw him dying in the first scene.

All this, of course, belongs to the genre of Gothic romance, and the kind of music that Mr. Ginastera writes seems to be eminently suited to it. The score, in fact, is exceedingly complex and, at the same time, exceedingly eclectic. There are passages in it that are completely tonal (the shepherd's song in the first scene, and the first part of the astrologer's incantation), passages that are tonal but masked by atonal orchestration (the song of Pantasilea, the courtesan, and much of the vocal line allotted to Julia), passages that are aleatory (the music of the "erotic" ballet), twelve-tone serial passages, and passages in quarter tones. There is even a passage of chanting in medieval organum. Three kinds of declamation are used—singing, quasi singing (or *Sprechstimme*), and the spoken word. Tone clusters are used in a piano part. There are also passages that are technically atonal but in which an emphasized note gives the impression of a tonal center. Ginastera has used practically everything in the vocabulary of music since the Middle Ages except electronic music. But these technical points are not really of any concern to the listener. The great bulk of the score gives an atonal impression, and it is, as always with Ginastera, extremely skillful.

Simply as a show, "Bomarzo" fascinated me. The opera moves at a rapid pace, with quick changes of scene, so that the action never loses interest. On digging a little deeper, however, I found that nowhere did either its story or its music involve me in any way. None of the characters in the drama, except perhaps Julia Farnese, who is a mere stage property, invites any sympathy whatever from the auditor. The ill-fated Duke is basically a miserable little rotter whose main driving force is ambition. The circumstances of his unpleasant life are foreordained by a Freudian pattern set inexorably in childhood, and there is no point at which he seems able to take a hand in his own destiny. This gives the drama an inevitability that robs it of tension. Such a character may arouse pity, but it is the sort of pity one has for an injured insect. The music that Ginastera has written has its moments of beauty and its moments of majesty, but it does not succeed in countering this weakness in the libretto. I do not think that "Bomarzo" is an opera with much of a future, but I urge you to go to see and hear it. The staging is nothing short of magnificent, the drama is superficially stimulating, and the music is at least interesting.

As for the performers, Julius Rudel is the only one who stands out, and this is because of his amazingly competent conducting of the complicated score. "Bomarzo" is not the kind of opera that lends itself to great singing. I shall mention only the Mexican tenor Salvador Novoa, who gave a fine portrayal of the Duke; Richard Torigi, who did the role of the astrologer; Claramae Turner, who appeared as the grandmother; Joanna Simon, as the courtesan; and Raymond Gibbs, who was the cuckolding brother. They had the richest singing roles. The ballet and the other dance sequences were ably choreographed by Jack Cole, with Carmen de Lavallade, Robert Powell, and Buzz Miller in various dancing roles.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, I went to the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall mainly to hear the British pianist John Ogdon in Beethoven's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 37. I had been impressed by his technical

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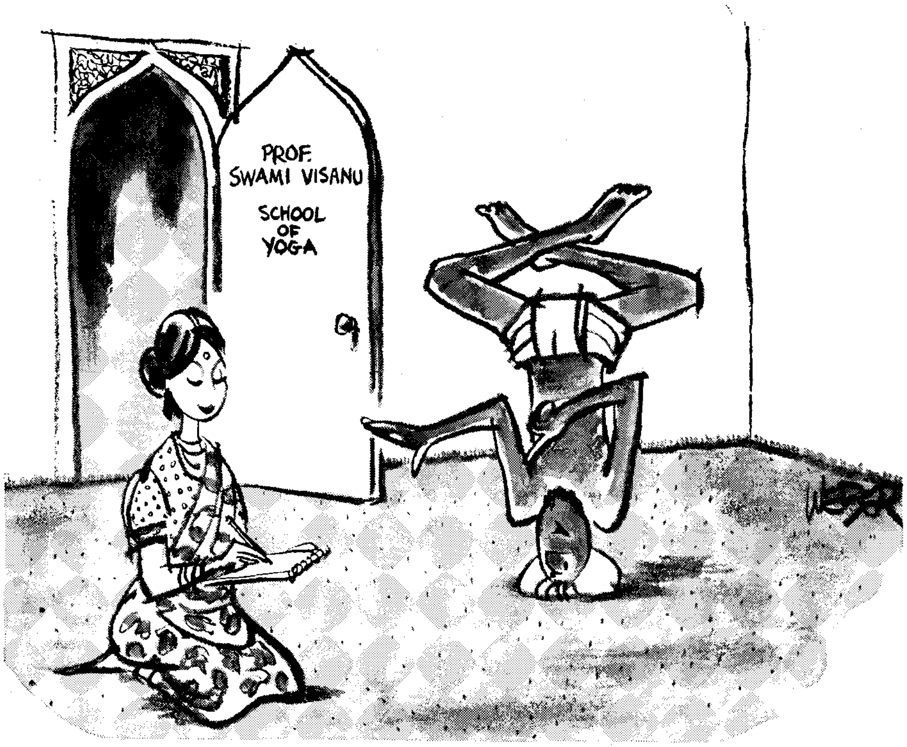

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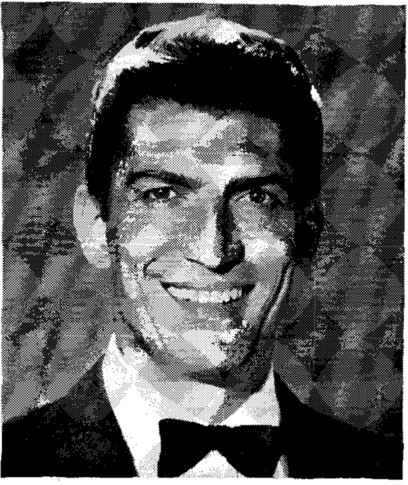

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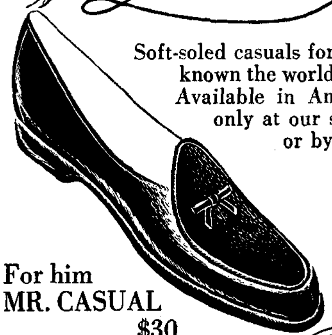

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virtuosity in the Busoni concerto a year or so ago, and I was anxious to see how he would do in more conventional music. He is a big, bearded bear of a man who pulls in his claws when he plays, and his pianism is gentle and beautifully shaded in the matter of tone. He did the piano part of the Beethoven concerto with cultivated style and with the technical address of a past-master. Nowhere did he pound. His tone was always beautiful. I look forward to my next encounter with him.

JOHN BROWNLEE, the head of the Manhattan School of Music, is always thinking up something special to attract the musical intelligentsia to his rather dingy and soon to be abandoned school up on East 105th Street. On Friday night, he presented an exceedingly interesting program consisting of a scene from Euripides' "Medea" (in the Gilbert Murray translation), the first act of Luigi Cherubini's "Médée," and the New York première of Darius Milhaud's "Médée"—in this case, the complete one-act opera. Even the Cherubini excerpt was a first for New York, in that it was sung in the original French, with the original spoken recitatives. The scenes from the three versions did not turn out to be exactly parallel, but they were close enough to arouse one's interest in just how the composers of opera have treated this ancient story of murder and revenge. The scenery and costumes (including masks) were unpretentious and tasteful, and the student singers performed very well indeed, as did the well-trained student orchestra, under Anton Coppola. The big event was, of course, the première of the Milhaud work. It turned out to be a highly stylized opera from Milhaud's best period, reasonably melodious, and written with many reminiscences of the early Stravinsky. I found it a bit too artificial and remote for my taste—totally unengaging, in fact. But the singers this time were mostly of professional calibre and, I am sure, did the opera complete justice. Among them were Katherine Kaufman, Loretta Ziskin, Claudine Carlson, Price Browne, and Raymond Gibbs—none other than the singer who had appeared as the cuckolding brother the night before in the Ginastera work.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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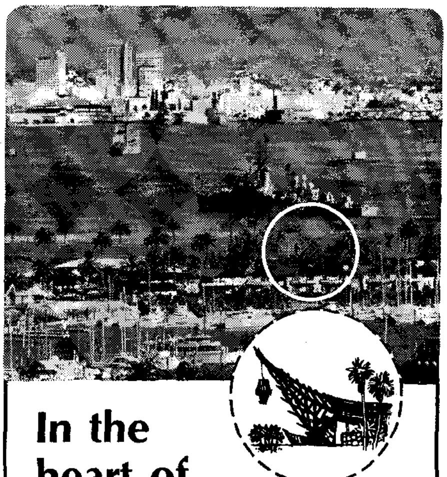

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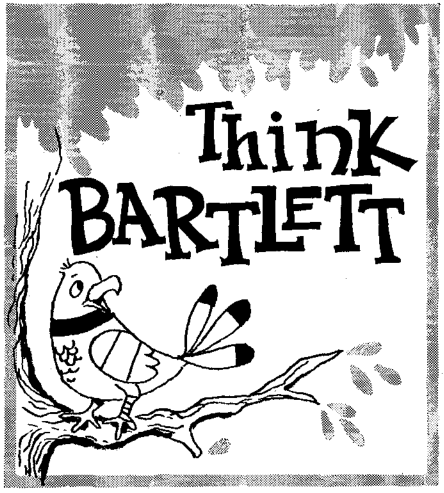

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# THE NAKED-APE CRISIS

THIS is a last-ditch attempt to differentiate myself from a ten-spined stickleback. The thing began when naturalists grew tired of shooting and stuffing the creatures they loved, or pinning them in rows in glass cases, and began peering at them instead in the wild state. Fabre spied on beetles. Eliot Howard spent a lifetime watching warblers through binoculars and came up with his theory of bird territory. Julian Huxley observed crested grebes as they had never been observed before. Konrad Lorenz kept a close eye on jackdaws, geese, and dogs. Niko Tinbergen enlisted in a herring-gull colony. Soon there was scarcely a bird, an ape, a gazelle, a dragonfly whose bowings and scrapings, preening, threats, empurplings, and sac-swellings were not being observed somewhere by somebody. Amid the welter of head-noddings and twig-fiddlings thus brought to light, it was natural that certain resemblances between animal and human behavior should be noted. When a gull pulls furiously at grass because (so they say) it is frustrated by two antagonistic drives, its affinity with a man who lights a cigarette while trying to decide between Scotch and bourbon is fairly clear.

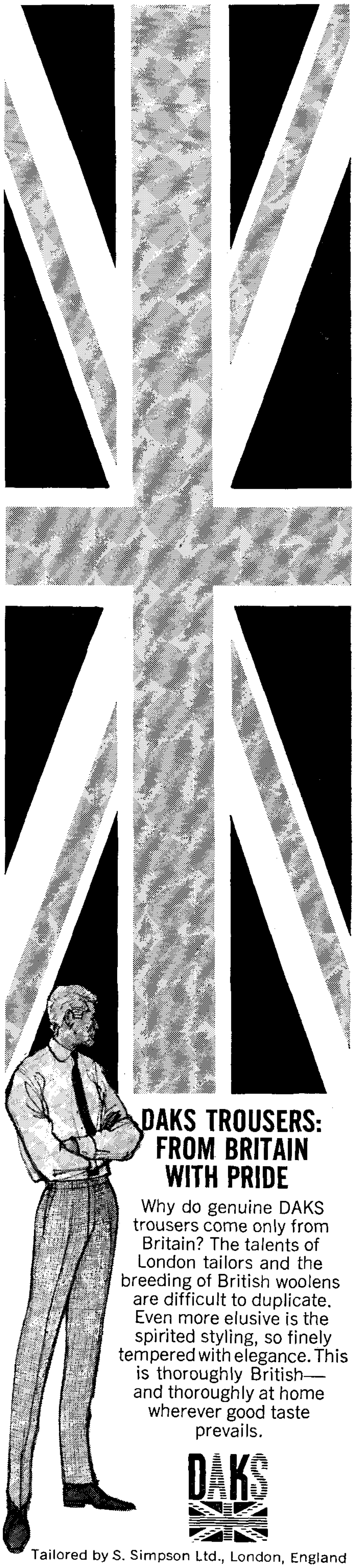
It had not at this stage been suggested that because Horace Walpole decorated Strawberry Hill with colorful Gothic bric-a-brac he was practically indistinguishable from a bowerbird. The differences between man and beast were at first apparent even to the animal-behavior observers, or ethologists, who were at pains to remind their readers that animals were not human. “Let us have none of this anthropomorphism!” they cried, carefully putting quotation marks around any tiresomely humanoid words like “affection,” “cruel,” or “happy” that had crept unawares into their texts. As recently as 1953, Tinbergen was writing, “It is scarcely necessary to stress the differences in type of organisation between human societies and those of gulls.”

It is highly necessary now. Scarcely had these ethologists finished shaking their fingers at sentimentalists who spoke of animals as though they were men when they themselves set to work to prove that men were animals. Zoomorphism became rife. Mr. Robert Ardrey has devoted a whole book to it, coming up with the conclusion that the Italian lives in a *noyau* and bases his home life on that of the sportive lemur, whereas the American, at home in a nation, is more of a howling monkey. Mr. Ardrey himself, when engulfed at the time of Pearl Harbor in a wave of patriotic fervor, hardly knew whether he was a chacma baboon or a roebuck. Zoologist Dr. Desmond Morris, whose book about man, “The Naked Ape,” has lately appeared, seems to be in hardly better case. “The book,” he has explained to an interviewer, “deals with sex, fighting, feeding, parental care, exploration, and comfort. They're exactly the same chapter headings I used for my thesis on the 10-Spined Stickleback. I wanted to demonstrate how alike we all are in certain respects.”

I shall not read it. Though I prefer to do my fighting and feeding without constantly comparing myself with a stickleback, these sociological generalizations do not especially alarm me. If it is Mr. Ardrey's territorial imperative that urges me and the rest of my troop to defend ourselves, or if I am called upon, as indicated by Dr. Lorenz, to discharge my aggressive drives after the manner of a dabbling duck, I shall not make an issue of it. It is in the particulars of behavior, rather than the general, that I wish to dissociate myself from the animal kingdom.

“It is tempting,” writes Dr. Lorenz, “to interpret the greeting smile [in man] as an appeasing ceremony which . . . has evolved by ritualization of redirected threatening. The friendly tooth-baring of very polite Japanese lends support to this theory. It is also supported by the fact that in genuinely emotional intensive greetings between two friends, the smile surprisingly becomes a loud laugh. On considering one's own feelings it seems incongruous that, on meeting a friend after a long separation, the roar of laughter breaks forth unexpectedly from the depths of instinctive strata of our personality. This behaviour of two reunited human beings must inevitably remind an objective behaviour investigator of the triumph ceremony of greylag geese.”

I have not had the good fortune to be present when Dr. Lorenz meets an old friend after a long separation, and cannot tell whether I should be objective enough to be reminded of greylag geese. But I am by no means ready, on the available evidence, to have the



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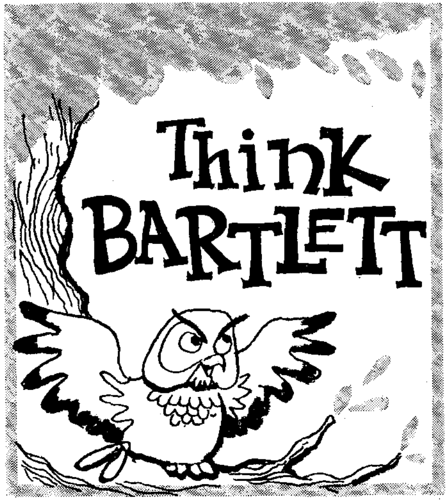

smiles of my friends written off as redirected threatening. If the good Doctor had made as intensive a study of long-lost friends as he has of geese, I would give him best. But has he? Ethologists do not dream of making assertions, drawing conclusions, evolving theories about baboons or even three-spined sticklebacks without prolonged observation and experiment. They put rats in mazes and make oyster-catchers sit on square eggs. I have not heard of similar work being done on Italians or old friends. I myself once broke into loud laughter on meeting a brother after years of separation. But there was an extraneous factor, which seemed to me to eliminate my instinctive strata. His face, after a lengthy tour in West Africa, had become unexpectedly round and red, and upon this tropical moon he had chosen to perch a small brown trilby hat. Dr. Lorenz had not thought of that. He had better put a small brown hat on a greylag goose and see what sort of triumph ceremony that evokes.

The horse in my paddock inclines its ears toward me when I call but promptly flicks one of them to the north-northeast if some more interesting sound, such as a power mower, starts up. A Mrs. Dinwiddy, to whom I sometimes speak at sherry parties, undeniably listens with at least one ear to what the couple behind us are saying. An ethologist would at once dismiss her as a horse. But she is not. The point I wish to emphasize, before man has been stripped of every vestige of dignity, is that her ears remain stationary throughout. This lack of overt physical response to stimuli is the shining glory of the human race. We must cling to it.

What is urgently wanted is a close study of human behavior designed to demonstrate how unlike ring-tailed lemurs we all are in certain respects. It must be undertaken by a man objective enough to seek out behavioral norms before leaping to conclusions. He will have a job on his hands, though. It is a great deal more difficult to observe our own species, or order, under the proper conditions than it is to watch lemurs or owls. I had just got my wickerwork blind erected in one of London's public parks, waved goodbye to my assistant, and settled down to watch the behavior patterns of urban courting couples when a helmet was pushed through the flap and its owner asked me what I thought I was up to. With crested grebes, if two persons enter a blind and one goes away, the birds are satisfied and resume their occupa-

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tions. But policemen can count. So valuable time had to be wasted while I tried to explain the urgent need for statistical proof that the human race, ethologically speaking, differs markedly from the rest of the animal kingdom. "For instance, the ruff," I told him, "when ready to mate, turns white, black, purple, chestnut, or buff round the neck, and develops uncouth ear tufts. I expect to show that that is an awkwardness from which Londoners, in normal circumstances, are free."

"Is that so?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "And what's more, the head of the North African freshwater fish *Tilapia zillii* becomes velvet black at such times, with turquoise spots, while the throat and chest turn blood red. Even if some ethologists may conceivably be reminded—"

"Binoculars, too, I see," the officer said, making a note of it.

"Naturally. You may not be aware that the American sage grouse, by expansion and contraction of the necksacs during courting, produces a sound that can be heard a mile away on a still morning. For comparative purposes, it is essential to be able to carry out long-range observations. After eating eels—"

"Shocking, this is," he said. "Peeping Tom. It's an offense."

I had been about to tell him, as a further instance of the kind of behavior rarely found in human beings, whether courting or not, that the common heron, *Ardea cinerea*, removes eel slime from its plumage by sprinkling its head and shoulders with a kind of powder secreted in a pocket near the base of the tail. But it was clear by this time that he was the sort of man hardly worth distinguishing from an animal. You get these zoomorphic freaks. "For example," I said instead, trying to find a homelier example, "when feeding her young, does your wife regurgitate half-digested fish?"

He turned so extraordinary a color round the neck that a less objective observer might have supposed he was ready to mate. But I have been long enough at the game to recognize aggression when I see it, whether in stickleback or man. We now had an almost perfect setup for a demonstration of the territorial imperative. The blind was my territory, and so long as I was in it I *must* be the dominant individual. The policeman, however, had pretty obviously never read Mr. Ardrey, so I took to my heels. This proves, I think, that I am less of a chacma baboon than some other ethologists I could name.

—H. F. ELLIS

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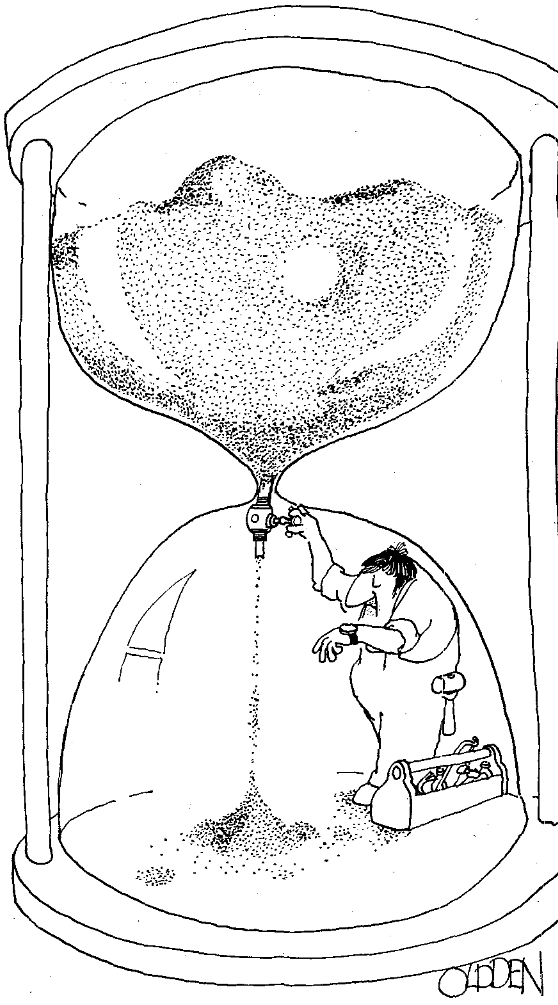
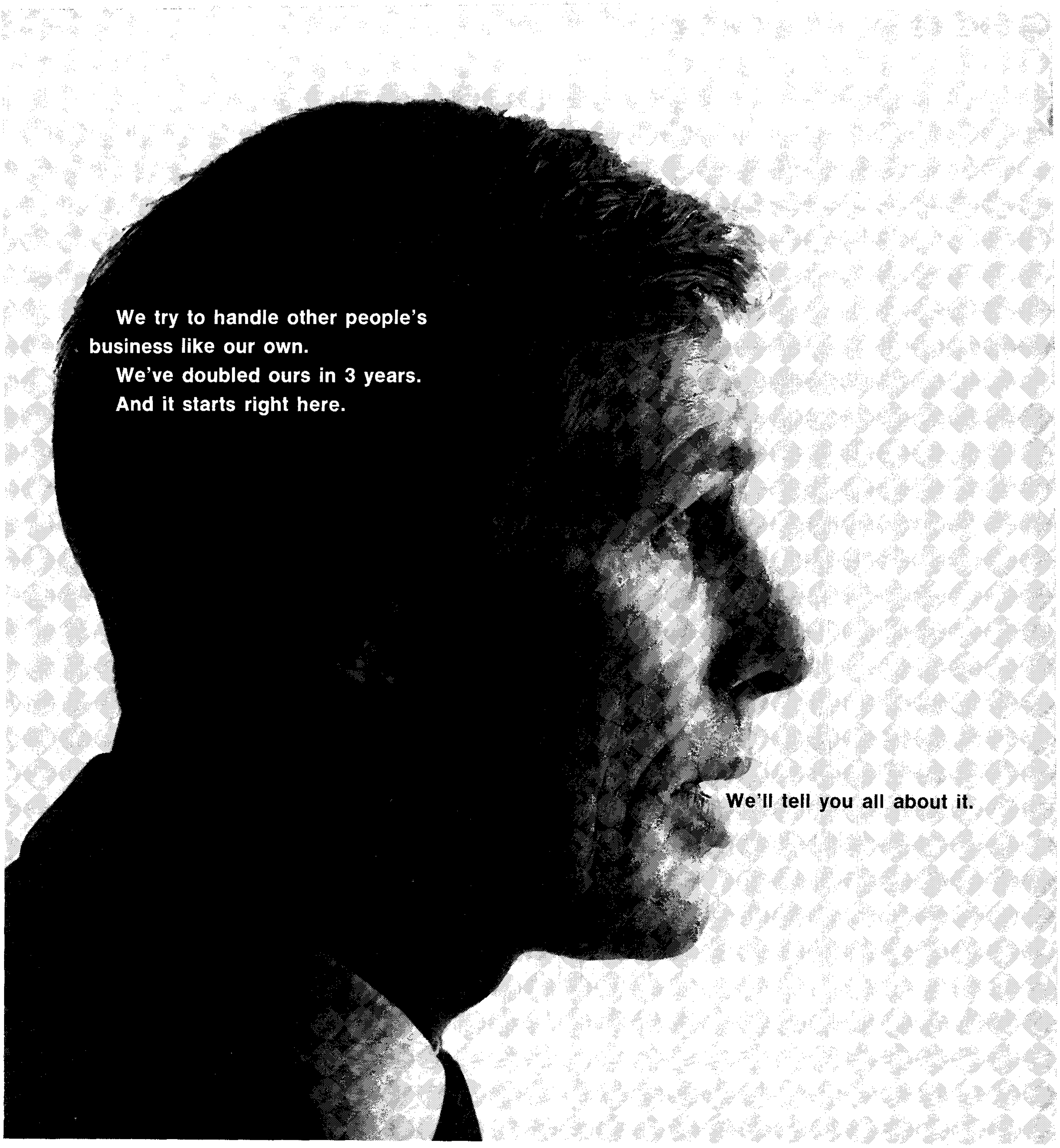
# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 16

"IN no state will my efforts be directed against Senator McCarthy," Robert Kennedy said this morning, shortly after announcing his candidacy. He also said it was his hope and expectation that in California, where both will be on the ballot on June 4th, his and McCarthy's "forces" would "work together in some form or other." Commenting in Green Bay, Wisconsin, a few minutes later, McCarthy expressed approval of these sentiments. There was no delight in his voice, however, and his whole manner betrayed, as it so often does, skepticism. There may be some fields of human endeavor in which men can compete and coöperate at the same time, but it cannot be done in American Presidential politics. It cannot be done even in such a situation as the Wisconsin primaries, in which Senator Kennedy, having delayed his decision until it was too late to get a place on the ballot, has said he will do all he can to bring about a McCarthy victory. He may go to Wisconsin asking support for McCarthy, but he will be competing every bit as much as if he were seeking the votes for himself. Wherever a candidate goes, and whatever the announced nature of his mission, he is displaying himself to the electorate and inviting voters to form judgments of his capacity for leadership. If there is fundamental, or even substantial, agreement on issues, the competition turns more and more on such matters as personality, experience, and skill in controversy. Both the shape and the inevitability of the Kennedy-McCarthy rivalry were reflected in those passages of Kennedy's prepared statement in which he drew attention to his participation in such great deliberations as those over the Geneva agreement on Laos, the Berlin Wall, and the Cuban missile crisis during his brother's years in the White House. He was claiming assets of a sort McCarthy does not possess and cannot possibly acquire—and in doing so he put some people in mind of Richard Nixon, who maintains, with a good deal less in the way of evidence, that his experience in world affairs during the Eisenhower Administration makes him the Republican most deserving of the Presidency. Several times in the past few days, Kennedy has spoken of himself and McCarthy as having different kinds of "strength," the implication apparently being that they are somehow complementary and can team up to deny the Democratic nomination to the Democratic President. Candidates can form temporary alliances against other candidates, but they cannot work in tandem or in "harmony," as Kennedy put it, for the approval of the same voters or delegates. In the end, the President can lose his place to only one man, and the assets of the two who now oppose him will have to be used against each other before any of them can be used effectively—if, indeed, they ever can be—against Lyndon Johnson. Kennedy and McCarthy are now competing for the same votes, the same delegations, and the same money, and it would be absurd to suppose that they can do this without each attempting to damage the cause of the other.

McCarthy has won almost universal admiration here for his performance in New Hampshire. He revealed political skills he was not suspected of having last November 30th, when he announced his intention of running, and he is certainly better armed now for a contest with Kennedy, Johnson, or anyone else than he was a week ago. He has become a national figure, he has established an agreeable style of campaigning, and he has won—to some degree by Kennedy's default, but more, it is generally believed, by his own display of candor and cool—what is evidently a nationwide following of attractive and energetic young people. In the wake of his bracing victory—and in the immediate aftermath of Kennedy's rather graceless intervention on the day that should have been reserved for celebrating McCarthy's feat—the youthful McCarthy followers and quite a few of the older ones swore that nothing would persuade them to abandon their new leader. This was understandably galling to Kennedy, who a short while ago had reason to believe that he was the only politician of stature who was looked upon with any enthusiasm by those under thirty. But what he and McCarthy both must know is that what really attracts voters of any age to either of them is not so much appreciation of the estimable qualities in their characters as a raging hostility toward Lyndon Johnson and a yearning for his elimination from public life. What brings the young into politics this year is not a vision of a splendid future under a splendid young leader, as seemed to be the case in 1960, but despair over the intolerable present and a determination to end it as swiftly as possible. The desire to strike out for new frontiers is far less powerful than the hope of somehow withdrawing from today's frontiers, which the young regard as having been staked out by Johnson, and by Johnson alone. Those who have been drawn to McCarthy may be less cynical than their elders, but they are not less intelligent, and their loyalty to McCarthy could not be expected to survive a demonstration that McCarthy cannot win and that Kennedy alone has a chance of bringing about Johnson's downfall. No such demonstration has yet been made, and there are some who think it never will be. But the general expectation here is that one or the other will have to stand aside, and there are few

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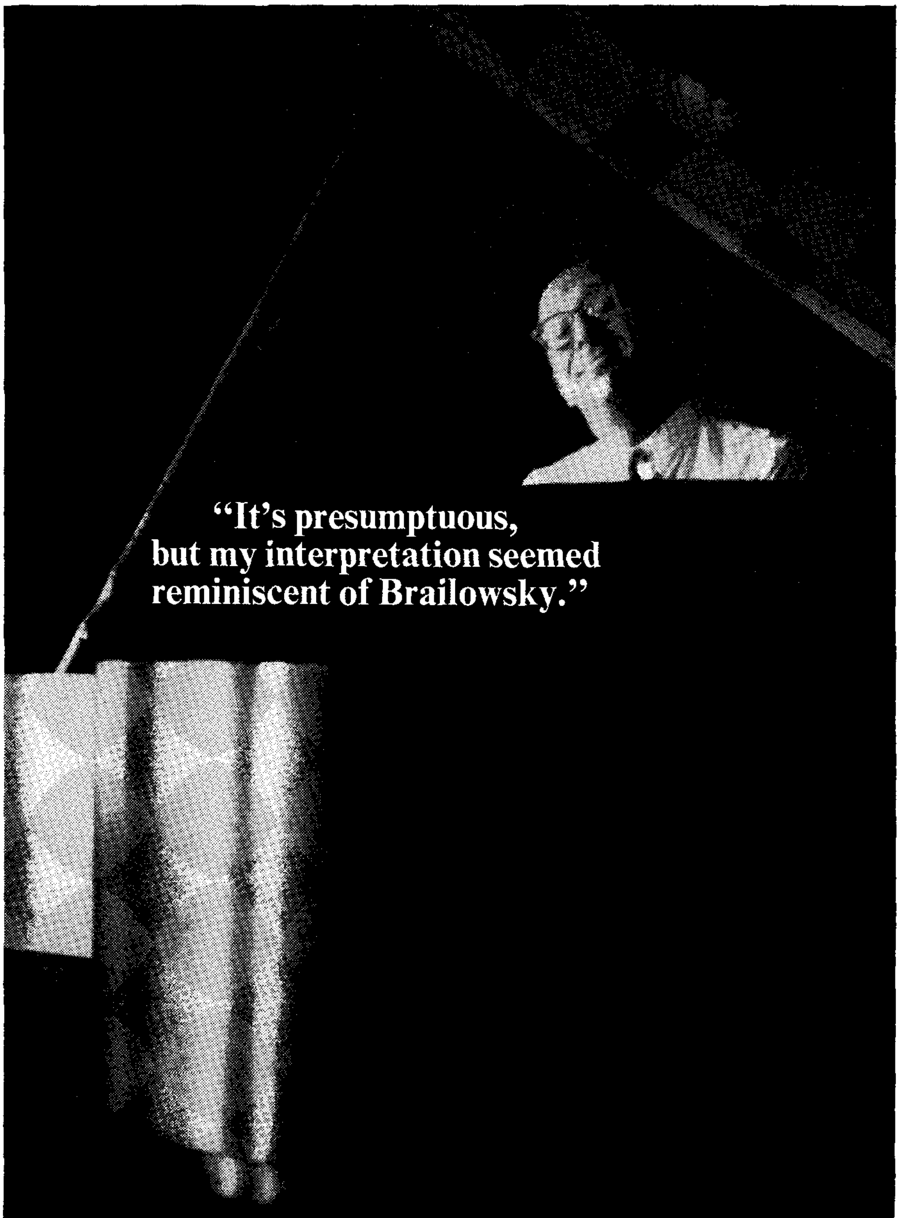
who think it will be Kennedy. Unlike his followers, McCarthy seems prepared for this. He has consistently denied that his role is that of a stalking-horse, but he has just as consistently acknowledged the possibility that he will be outpaced by Kennedy.

Kennedy's candidacy could split the anti-Johnson movement, strengthen the President within the Democratic Party, and weaken the Party for the fall campaign against Nixon or any other Republican. This will surely be the case if, in California and elsewhere, Kennedy and McCarthy run against each other and break what might be a majority into two powerless minorities. But if Kennedy can persuade or bully McCarthy into accepting his leadership, there will be at least a chance of defeating Johnson. For despite McCarthy's show of strength in New Hampshire, where Kennedy might have proved a weaker contestant, Kennedy has resources of a kind that cannot be won in even the most gallant and successful of primary campaigns. He leads, if he does not altogether control, his party in New York. He has powerful supporters, like Jesse Unruh, of California, in states where McCarthy could expect no help from the established Democratic organizations. (McCarthy did well enough in the face of bitter Party opposition in New Hampshire, winning all but four of the twenty-four delegates, but the Party leaders there were uncommonly maladroit, and their poor example is being closely studied by their counterparts in other states.) As long as McCarthy, with a record on domestic affairs somewhat to the right of the Administration's, stood alone against Johnson, there was little likelihood of any anti-Administration support from organized labor. There is little likelihood that even Kennedy will be able to force George Meany to abandon Johnson or to proclaim a benevolent neutrality, but he will undoubtedly win support that could never have been McCarthy's from other labor leaders and from spokesmen for the ethnic minorities. McCarthy has never been identified with the civil-rights movement and could not challenge Johnson's popularity among Negro voters. But Kennedy might. He has raw power of a kind that McCarthy could achieve only by building a mass movement from one end of the country to the other. Such movements are not built in a season of electioneering, especially if the electioneering is against a man like Kennedy, who has no need to concern himself with finding the basic fuel of politics—money—and bears a name already honored throughout the republic.

It is, of course, anything but certain that Kennedy, even if he makes the best possible use of his own resources and of any that he may acquire from the McCarthy campaign, can prevail at Chicago in August. The polls have repeatedly shown him stronger than the President within the Democratic Party. But he will be campaigning on issues from now on, and no polls have shown his view of the war to be the prevalent one among the rank and file or among the kind of local leaders and Party workers who are rewarded with Convention seats. Delegates who oppose an incumbent President are in fact voting a lack of confidence in their party and in themselves. They are conceding their own inadequacy and their poor judgment in an irretrievable past. To repudiate a war leader is to question the national purpose and to imperil morale. The argument can and will be made that morale can scarcely be said to exist in this country today, and that it can be restored only by a new national leadership, but this argument is not likely to appeal to those who cannot admit the fact of disarray without admitting their own responsibility for it. Not only Convention delegates but private citizens in large numbers resist changing leaders in a time of national peril, and it may well be that a vigorous campaign based on opposition to the war would increase sympathy and support for the President's position. Though there is plenty of evidence that the war is unpopular, there is little evidence that anything like a majority is prepared to accept a scheme for disengagement that might be characterized by the President, by Richard Nixon, and perhaps by Nelson Rockefeller as a plan for negotiated defeat. For no matter how much anyone may talk of the war as the true enemy and of peace as the true victory, the fact remains that if a negotiated settlement in Vietnam is possible—an assumption that may be altogether unwarranted in view of the Tet offensive—it would necessarily be a humiliation of American arms. The Administration has always seen this more clearly than have those of its critics who have gone on the assumption that Hanoi and the Vietcong would allow us to depart with anything that we could describe to ourselves as "an honorable settlement." It was Dean Rusk's fundamental strength in his confrontation with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee early in the week that he saw, as few of his interrogators did, that there is no way out of Vietnam that does not require the admission of monumental failure. If the Democrats in August and the voters in November see this as the Administration sees it, the likeliest change of national leadership will be the replacement of the Johnson Administration by a Nixon Administration.

Nixon may be the one man who can survey the events of this extraordinary week with anything like complete satisfaction. McCarthy left New Hampshire with a moral victory and something approaching a victory over the President, only to find that he must share it with Kennedy and eventually, in all probability, deliver its fruits to him. Kennedy may feel that he has prevailed against something unworthy in himself and is now being true to his conscience and his heritage, but he cannot claim a victory of any kind. For the President, it must have been the worst week in his political life. His relations with Congress worsened. New Hampshire revealed a vulnerability greater than any he had been led to expect. Total casualties in Vietnam passed those suffered in the Korean war. Pressure from his field commanders compelled him to another escalation, while pressure by gold speculators forced him to surrender to Wilbur Mills with a promise of more cuts in domestic spending. For Nixon, it has been a week of nothing but triumph and vindication. It had looked for a time as if George Romney's withdrawal would make his New Hampshire victory a hollow one. But then the Rockefeller forces provided him with an adversary whom he not merely defeated but overwhelmed. Rockefeller, who had said he would be satisfied if he got fifteen per cent of the Republican votes, got only eleven per cent. In the end, McCarthy did approximately as well against Rockefeller in the Republican primary as he did against Johnson in the Democratic one. Nixon got seventy-nine per cent of the vote in a huge turnout, and it is extremely difficult to see how Rockefeller could catch up with him even if he entered and won a few primaries. Nixon can rejoice in McCarthy's victory as well as in his own, and can be further gratified by Kennedy's announcement. The defeats and embarrassments that the President has suffered, even though they do nothing to establish the wisdom of Nixon's position,



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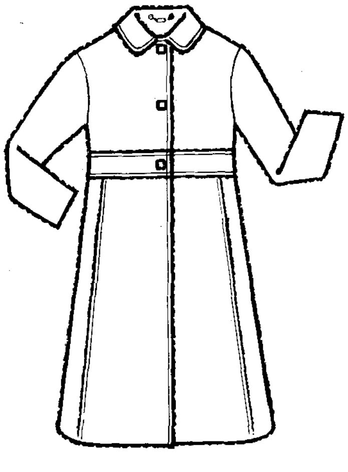

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can only strengthen Nixon's case against the Administration and increase public dissatisfaction with it.

Since it is generally the rule that when American voters desire change, they transfer power not to others within the governing party but to the opposition party, it would seem sensible to expect at this point that if we are to have a new Administration next year, it will be a Republican one headed by Nixon. Despite the fact that Nixon claims to have helped mold foreign policy during the Eisenhower years, and despite the fact that in 1954 he urged that we intervene on behalf of the colonial armies in French Indo-China, he can hardly be charged with responsibility for the disaster in Vietnam, and he would thus, at least theoretically, be able to approach the problem with more flexibility than Johnson and his advisers. This is what he must have in mind when he assures audiences that he can "end the war"—this, and also his association with an earlier President who ended, or presided over the ending of, an earlier war. But few who have studied the course of both wars believe that any President can get the kind of settlement in Vietnam that Eisenhower accepted in Korea fifteen years ago. Moreover, Nixon has yet to say that he would accept even that, in the unlikely event it should be offered, and the chances are that he would be unable to do so, since he cannot hope to achieve the prestige—as a statesman and as a military hero—that enabled Eisenhower to convince the country that the aims of American policy in Korea had been satisfied when in fact these aims had merely been reinterpreted by him to conform to the terms of the settlement. And so, while there are some people here who would vote for Nixon against Johnson in the hope that Nixon would somehow take advantage of a new President's supposed flexibility, most of those who wish to be rid of Johnson's war policies see more hope in a change in the Democratic Party than in a Republican Administration. Preventing Johnson's nomination will be far more difficult than Kennedy and McCarthy supporters profess to believe, and the very effort, whether it fails or succeeds, could wreck the Party and expose any candidate chosen to a smashing defeat at Republican hands. Such reasoning, however, rests on assumptions about the American character that may no longer be valid and that eight months from now may lack any validity they have today. Enough has changed already to bring the defeat of the President at the Democratic Convention within the realm of the possible. If the voters in New Hampshire did not show a readiness to support a dove (most analysts believe that only about half of those who voted for McCarthy did so primarily because of his stand on the war), they did show a widespread willingness to repudiate a hawk. To be sure, this is what two-thirds of the electorate did in the 1964 election; there is a difference, though, between voting for peace in peacetime and voting for disengagement short of victory in wartime, and it now appears that large numbers of Americans accept the view that retreat is not in all circumstances dishonorable. If a majority still holds otherwise, its conviction is not so firm that some consensus-minded politicians like Jesse Unruh fear to challenge it. What may be even more heartening is the fact that many New Hampshire voters were affronted rather than impressed by attempts to inflame them against McCarthy with the argument that men who love their country do not in wartime assist the country's enemies by questioning the wisdom of its leaders. The state Democratic machine—with White House approval, it is said—repeatedly challenged McCarthy's patriotism, and in so doing won him more sympathy than opprobrium.

If an anti-war candidate can be nominated, an anti-war candidate can be elected. The fact of nomination would reveal that the temper of the majority party had undergone a fundamental change. In their views of the national interest, there has not for years been any great difference between Republicans and Democrats. Jingoism is about equally distributed between the parties, with perhaps a trace more of it among influential Democrats than among influential Republicans. But our plight is such that there is little reason to hope that an anti-war President could do more than refuse military requests for further escalation. His readiness to enter into negotiations would not insure that negotiations would in fact take place. We have been trying to put down a revolution whose leaders seem even more adamant than our own in their determination to achieve military victory, and who believe, as none of our leaders any longer do, that they cannot lose the war. Just about everything that has happened this week has

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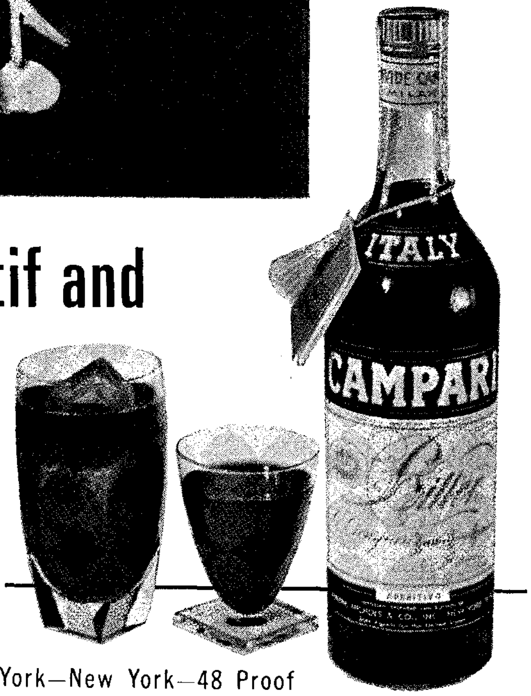

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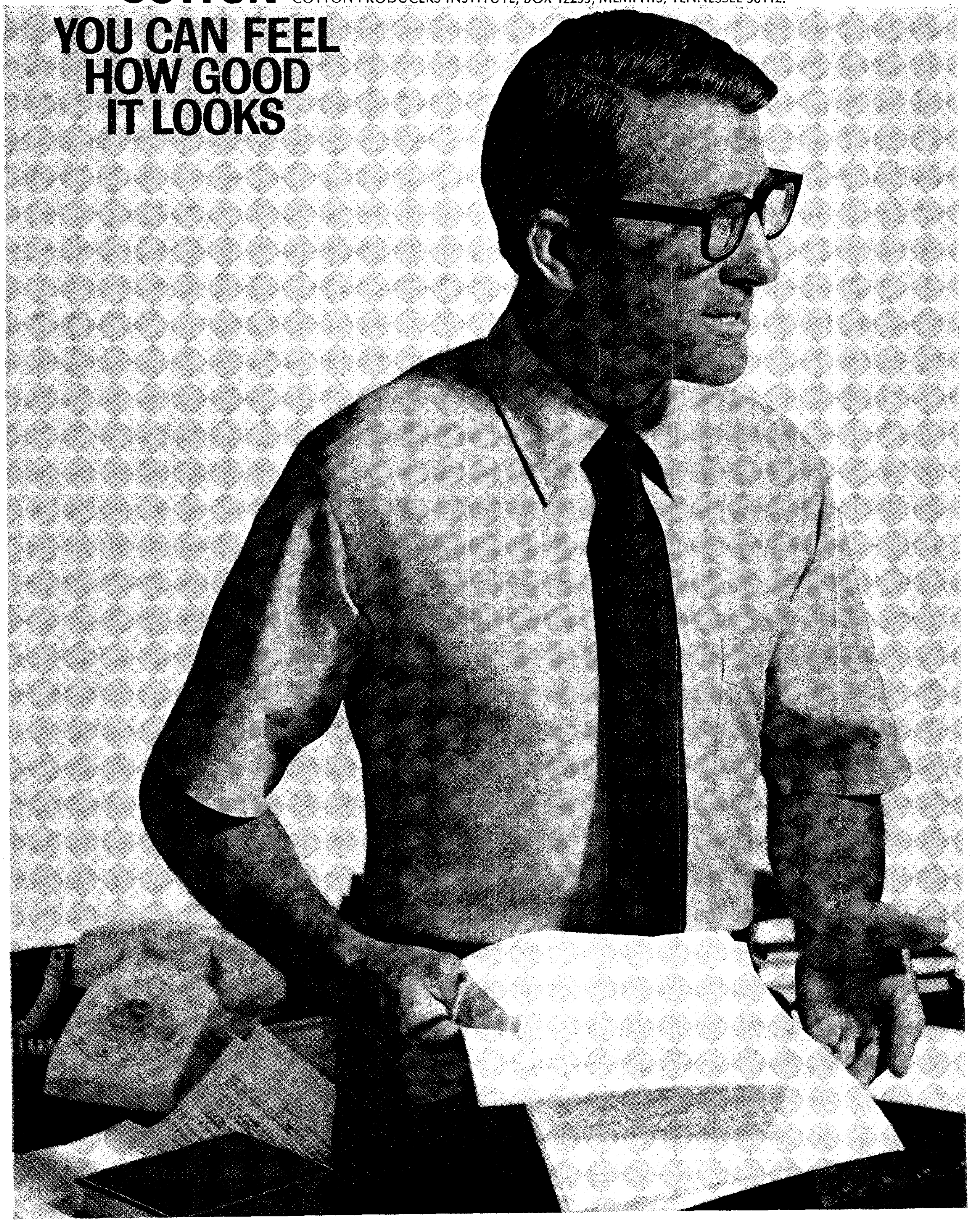

reinforced their dogma, and the same events have exposed the fallaciousness of our view of our place in the world. The country as a whole will have to see all this clearly before any President can lead us anywhere but toward further catastrophe.

NO one knows very much about how the President lives nowadays or what he makes of the present and the future. A few years ago, one would have taken it for granted that major shifts in public opinion would produce major shifts in Johnson's political strategy. He has never been a pure opportunist, but he has always been opportunistic enough to give no unnecessary offense to anyone who could serve his interests or what he conceived to be those of his party and his country. In earlier days, he would have bent all his energies toward heading off the kind of revolt now being led by Senators McCarthy and Kennedy. It may be that even now his political instincts tell him he ought to trim a bit, to seize at least part of the ground the dissenters hold, but that he feels his position as a war leader makes compromise a wholly unacceptable course. In any case, it is clear that while he may compromise with the central banks in Europe and with Wilbur Mills in Congress, he will not yield so much as a single point to critics of his policy in Vietnam. He is known to have said about a year ago that he was quite prepared to lose the 1968 election if that was the price he must pay for getting on with the war. If this is what he feels today, the danger to the country may be greater than anyone has yet described it as being. A President who is willing to face personal defeat is a President liberated from all the requirements of political prudence. He can use all the great powers of his office for any ends he chooses. The checks and balances of the Constitutional system can have little restraining force. Even if he should be repudiated by his party and by the country, he will remain President and Commander-in-Chief until January 20, 1969. It is a thought that heightens anxiety in many quarters here—and creates envy for those parliamentary democracies that can bring such a situation to an end within a matter of hours. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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To enhance flavor of roast chicken, spill a glass of white wine and sprinkle parsley over it while roasting.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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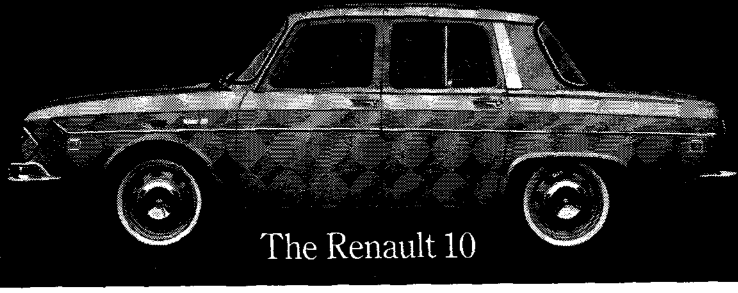

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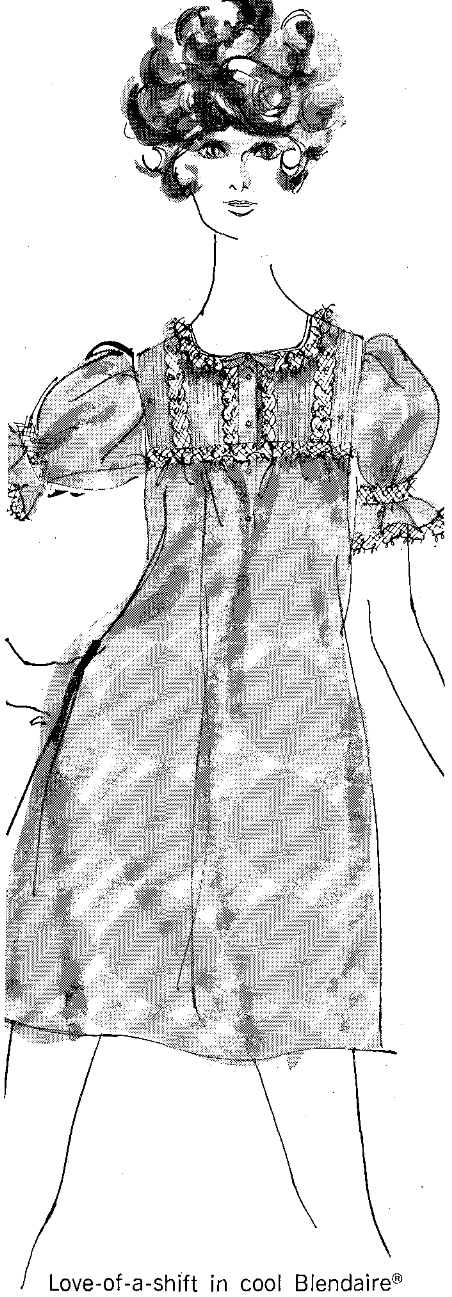

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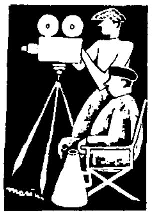

ALTHOUGH nothing could be more harmless than satire of the theatre, the theatre people who are satirizing themselves—making their in-group jokes public—always seem to think they're doing something incredibly audacious and that each joke is a killer. When "Sunset Boulevard" was first unveiled at private screenings in Hollywood, I remember an executive's coming away from it talking as if he'd just been to a wife-swapping session with his father. It's this self-shocking insularity of show-business people—like kids at school giggling wildly as they talk dirty about the teacher—that probably accounts for how simpleminded much of "The Producers," which was written and directed by Mel Brooks, seems, and why it is acted and directed as if each bit of horseplay were earthshaking. "The Producers" isn't basically unconventional; it only seems so because it's so amateurishly crude, and because it revels in the kind of show-business Jewish humor that used to be considered too specialized for movies. Screenwriters used to take the Jewish out, but now that television comedians exploit themselves as stereotypes, screenwriters are putting the Jewish in, pushing it for laughs—and getting them.

Mel Brooks, one of the pioneers in this all too fertile field, is a talented man, and as a comedy writer for Sid Caesar and others he has given us all some happy moments. But he has never written a movie before and he has never directed a movie (or probably anything else) before, and he has given himself an additional handicap, a camera hurdle that has broken the back of every movie director—Zero Mostel, a one-man obstacle course. Playing the producer Max Bialystock, a role not unlike John Barrymore's Oscar Jaffe in Howard Hawks' version of "Twentieth Century," he is grotesque where Barrymore was funny. There are no firm rules in movie business; still, to the question can a man who insists on combing long, damp hair over a bald spot become a movie star I would give a provisional no. When Mostel tries to con money out of rich, senile ladies by making love to them, he obviously constitutes a physical danger rather than a romantic attraction. An experienced director, working with a script that has so much that is good in it, could have toned down what is gross and brought out the wit. Brooks has almost no idea where to put the camera, and since the easiest way to get a powerful effect is with closeups, he keeps almost everything (including Zero Mostel) on top of us; and since he doesn't know how or why or when to move the camera, he can't really utilize the screen as a frame for expressive visual compositions. He just tries to get some acting going on in it, and in this he's limited by his script. The actors say their lines and do their schtik, and they use their schtik up fast, before the plot even gets under way, because the characters have only one dimension—"Nazi" or "fag" or "sexy girl." Early on, Gene Wilder does his extraordinary whining, strangled-voice bit, and he's fantastic at it—it's almost a schtik of genius—but then he has to coast on hysteria for the rest of the picture. Dick Shawn is a very funny performer, but for his role as L.S.D., who has blown his mind, to be funny the others should have kept theirs. This, however, isn't a script with contrasts or changes of tone. Brooks as writer relies upon "wild" ideas, but he doesn't yet know how to join them and make them grow into a comic structure. As conceived, the sequence consisting of tryouts for the role of Hitler in a play to be called "Springtime for Hitler" is potentially a great sequence. With beautiful directorial timing, each bit could be memorable and the sequence could still build, but Brooks as director destroys his own best ideas.

There is a plot: Bialystock sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything, but his "Springtime for Hitler" is a success. The fluke success was one of the elements of the first Kaufman and Hart play, "Once in a Lifetime," and it has been a standard ingredient of many—perhaps most—farces about Broadway and Hollywood, which are full of serious plays so bad that they succeed as comedies, performers so corny that they are taken for comedians. This comic idea is perfectly sound; it all depends on what you do with it. "The Producers" treats the idea as if it were in itself so unusually wicked that it didn't have to go anywhere. Brooks has no dénouement; when the play succeeds and he needs to show us the repercussions and to get his characters disentangled, he folds up. He hasn't prepared the elements that are needed to complete the farce, so the picture dies when the play succeeds. That's not screenwriting; it's gagwriting. But one learns to take one's pleasures where one can. Terrible as this picture is, I enjoyed parts of it, because I love satire of the theatre. And for satire of the theatre as good as Brooks' gags at their best, one can endure even the rank incompetence and stupidity of most of "The Producers."

WITH almost every other film around so overdramatized that it beats the audience over the head, "Up the Junction" is underdramatized. It's so uninvolving that it is almost finished before the central situation begins to take form. The material is based on the writer Nell Dunn's experiences: the upper-class heroine takes a factory job and goes to live among the working class, seeking the vitality that is missing in her own inhibited, hypocritical, repressed group. There's no precise American equivalent, but up until fairly recently an educated American woman would sometimes go to live with an uneducated Negro man, only to find, as the heroine of "Up the Junction" does, that she is prized for exactly what she is trying to get away from—her "whiteness," or the kind of controlled, well-bred, expensive "class" she embodies. The movie is, however, a long time getting to this, and it barely emerges, because the girl, as she is written and as she is played by Suzy Kendall, with her high, mewling little voice, is so emotionally thin, so sweetly refined and ladylike that there's *nothing* vital enough in her to make her break away from her own background. And since in the movie the girl is *not* a writer-observer (probably so that the movie wouldn't suggest the classic artist-as-a-young-woman autobiographical novel), she seems unmotivated—a lifeless girl with an *idée fixe*. The girls who take Harlem lovers are a lot gutsier and are full of theories and ideas, and they know their motives aren't so pure. This girl discovers things we already know, so the whole point of view of the movie is unclear and unsatisfying. To the readers of the *New Statesman*, in which Miss Dunn's accounts appeared, her observations about working-class life may have seemed like dispatches from another country, but to a movie audience the observations, filtered through a different writer and the director, Peter Collinson, may seem merely sentimentalized and sensationalized. The "colorful" factory girls, with their taste for cheap furniture and coarse romance, are movie-ish, just as the pallid heroine is a movie-ish representative of the upper class. What

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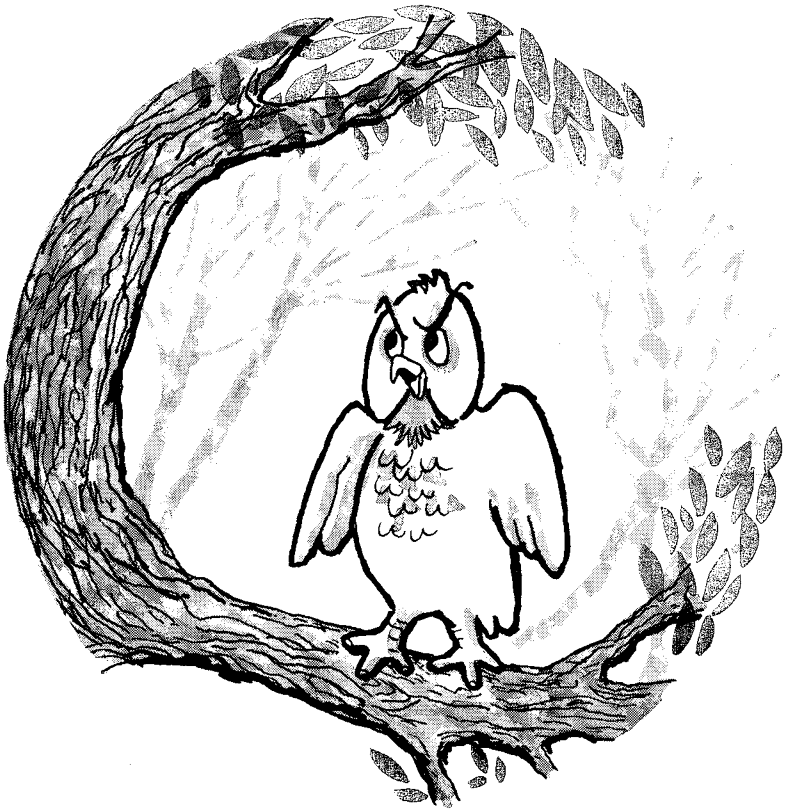

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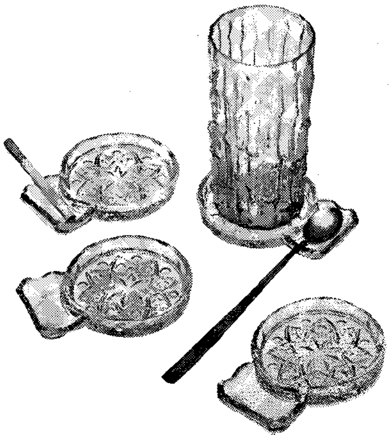

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seems accurate in the observation is that the working-class boy the heroine is drawn to is the most sensitive boy she meets, just as the white woman finds a lover in Harlem who is "not like the others." Women have a way of looking for refinement in the act of abandoning it; they may want the rough stuff, but they always seem to convince themselves they've found a diamond in the rough. I wish the movie had dealt with some of these ambivalences in the girl's quest instead of serving us another slice of juicy life as if workers on the job and in the pub were a treat for us, like taking kids on a visit to the zoo.

Actually, the movie states what the heroine is after in terms considerably more naïve than those I have used here. She believes that in the working class, where you can yell and vent your emotions, you're "free to be yourself." You are "real," whereas "being rich makes you false and useless." But if we can forget this drool and project into the picture, we can make it a little more interesting—and "Up the Junction" needs all the help we can give it. The boy's role is well written and is exceedingly well played by Dennis Waterman; as a little factory girl who gets pregnant, Adrienne Posta has a hackneyed role, but she's as lively as a baby Bette Davis.

THE problem in recording on film dancing that has been choreographed for the stage is how to get camera movement without destroying the integrity of the dance. The usual fake solutions are to jettison the dance and substitute "cinematic" effects—overhead shots of geometric patterns, and under-skirts shots, and tricky camera angles, and closeups of faces or details. The Balanchine production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that Dan Eriksen has directed for the screen is remarkably modest and unpretentious. Instead of fighting the dance to show off other skills, it preserves the production as best it can by photographing the dances fluidly within the limited space, with unobtrusive camera shifts cut to the musical beat. The result is lovely: the movie has a fairy-tale, calendar-art prettiness that is totally inoffensive and seems appropriate to the slender, long-stemmed American ballerinas. The dancers, fortunately for the camera, are extraordinarily beautiful—especially the principals (Arthur Mitchell as Puck, Suzanne Farrell as Titania, and Edward Villella as Oberon). Movie directors who interrupt dance movement by putting in pantomime and swirling effects that they can take credit for have often

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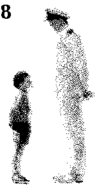

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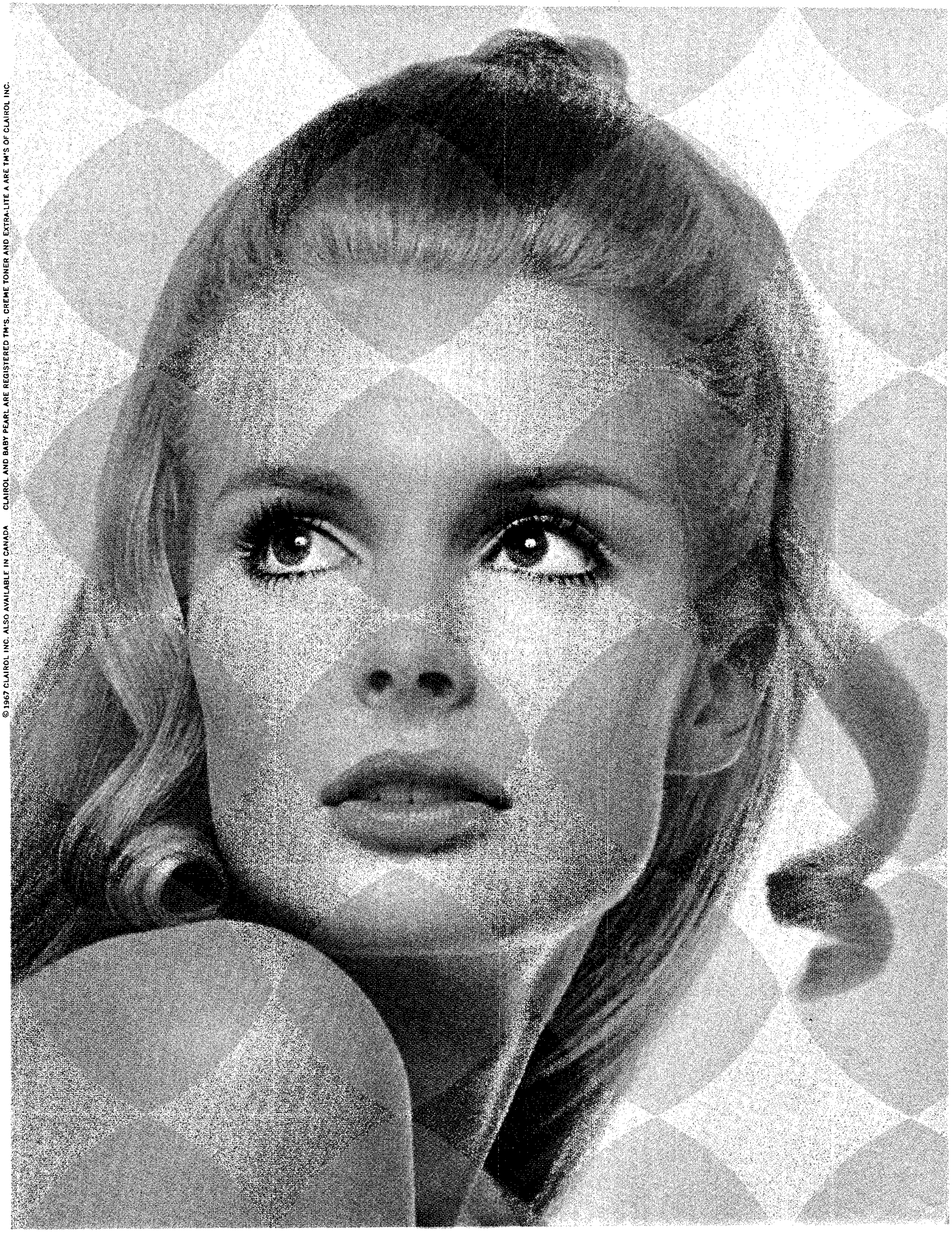

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made reputations with their flashy destructiveness. In this movie, the camera almost always seems to be in the right place; Eriksen, who serves the dance, is little known. —PAULINE KAEL

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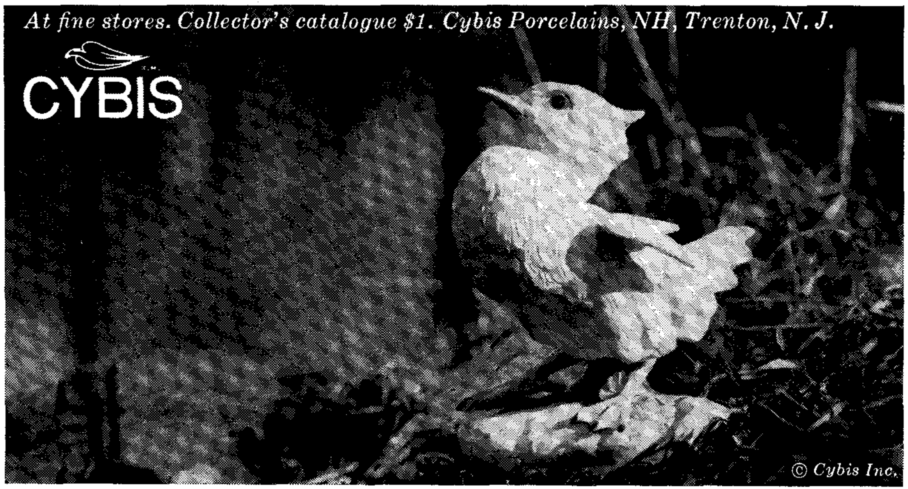

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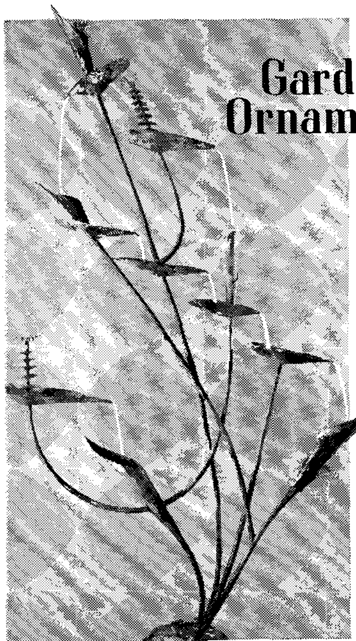

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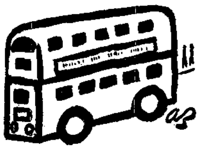
# LETTER FROM LONDON

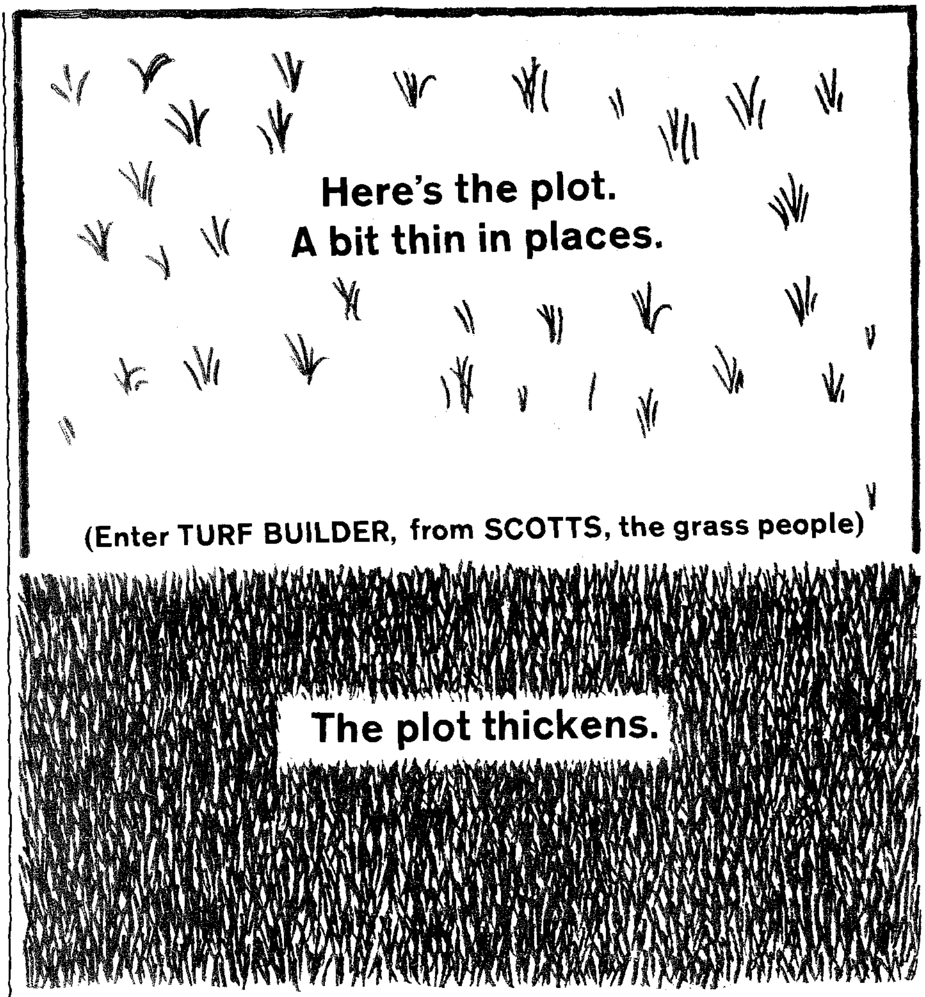
MARCH 13



THOUGH Mr. Jenkins' imminent budget and what it is expected to do to cut British pockets down to size is now the topic looming large in all minds, the questions concerning the white- and darker-skinned members of the Commonwealth which divided public opinion during the last fortnight are still being discussed, along with the new events in Rhodesia. First of all, it was the sudden, headlong pushing through Parliament of the hastily devised Commonwealth Immigrants Bill, which resoundingly threw out of the window Britain's former solemn pledges to its lawful citizens who happen to be colored, that aroused violent indignation in the press and was a painful shock to very many people in all parties. The mass of the population, it should be added, reacted with cheerful apathy and, possibly, approval to these new measures to limit colored immigration drastically, and a large majority in the House of Commons backed them. The *Times*, speaking for the articulate objecting minority, scathingly described the bill as "probably the most shameful measure that Labour Members have ever been asked to support"—Labour having always attracted high-minded adherents by its idealistic idea of the equality of all men, which seems to have taken a beating. It was the first major legislation to be put through by the new Home Secretary, Mr. James Callaghan, who while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer was treated by the press as though he were a man bearing such a fragile load of anxieties that a false word might imperil it. Now an uninhibited chorus of journalistic condemnation has accused him of political presumptuousness, racial intolerance, and ineptness, among other things. Many critics felt that his bill showed all the signs of being tailored in haste to fit a sudden crisis. Though it affects immigration from other parts of the Commonwealth, it was aimed, now and hurriedly, at those mostly well-to-do professional or skilled Asians resident in Kenya who in 1963, when Kenya became independent, chose to accept the then Conservative Government's offer to let them retain United Kingdom citizenship if they wished to do so. This was prudent insurance against the possibility that their position as a minority in the new African state would one day prove untenable. It is ironic that the recent frantic influx of Kenyan Asians to London was certainly triggered not only by the rise of jobs-for-Africans nationalism at home but by the reports of growing agitation here for tougher restrictions on Asian immigration—an agitation long sponsored by Mr. Duncan Sandys, the right-wing Tory who was Colonial Secretary in 1963, when Britain made her offer. He has lately said that he never interpreted the offer as providing a special back-door entry into Britain. This, not unnaturally, was its interpretation by the alarming torrent of new arrivals, clutching bundles and babies and the edges of gauzy saris blown by the cold, unwelcoming winds of London Airport, who washed a Labour Government so far off course from the deeply embedded channels of its old generous ideals that it proceeded to legislate at breakneck speed against letting in any more except as part of a meagre yearly quota from all countries. Most Britons agree that something had to be done, but the haste seemed deplorable to many.

The real shock was the shattering of a formerly solid belief, which the last batches of successful immigrants clasped tangibly to their bosoms along with the bundles—the idea that the law-abiding possessor of that sober little dark-blue object, a British passport, has unrestricted rights of entry to the country that issued it. To journalists who remembered the uproar on the Labour benches back in 1961 when the Conservative Government, doubtless also acting on strong pressure from its rank and file in the constituencies, introduced the first curbs on unrestricted Commonwealth immigration ("A miserable, shameful, shabby bill," the late Hugh Gaitskell called it), the uneasy silence of most Labour Members the other day while the Commons pushed the new measures toward the statute book was deafening. The Government front bench, whose occupants once were loud in liberal anti-racist sentiments, sat mum, and so did the Opposition Shadow Cabinet, with the courageous exception of Iain Macleod, another former Colonial Secretary, who played a big part in steering Kenya toward independence. Alone among the Ministers and ex-Ministers, all in a twinkling apparently bereft of memory, he marched into the "No" lobby. An assorted handful of Labour and Conservative Members voted against the bill—the vote was a free "conscience" one—and an unspecified number dodged the painful issue by either openly or covertly abstaining. The little Liberal Party was the only one to stick sturdily by its principles and plank down its united round dozen of votes against. This could be a pointer for the students of British politics who can never quite explain why the Liberals continue to attract voters and survive between the two big parties. Not for the first time, the House of Lords proved far more liberal-minded than the Commons in what it said and the way it voted, but it, too, passed the bill, after holding it up through an unprecedented all-night sitting.

The editorials of the leading newspapers and weeklies promptly delivered bitter accusations of broken faith against the Government, backed up by some savage cartoons. For once thinking as one, the cartoonists of the *New Statesman* and the poles-apart true-Tory-blue *Daily Telegraph* depicted Parliament and the Government front bench as dominated by a nationally known fictitious TV character called Alf Garnett. Played by a clever comedian, Warren Mitchell, he was the truculent, dim-witted, loudmouthed, and sometimes very funny Cockney paterfamilias in a popular B.B.C. comedy series called "Till Death Us Do Part"—it recently came to an end notwithstanding—whose passion for the monarchy was equalled only by his snarling dislike of blacks, wogs, and coons. The millions of citizens who hilariously appreciated the crude Garnett jingoism every week certainly got the point perfectly. And, in a way, the cartoons seemed truthful, since many of the M.P.s who voted, possibly with reluctance, for the new immigration bill were certainly thinking prudently of feelings in their own constituencies, where Garnettism is often alive and kicking. Amid all the outcry from one section of the public that feels angrily that the Government has harmed Britain and certainly itself (many of the Labour protesters declared that, in shame, they would never vote for the Party again under any circumstances, though it is doubtful whether the prospect of a Conservative Government would be included in this program), a very different rumble of opinion proceeded from people in the Midlands and other areas where the supply of houses, education, and welfare services has to be shared out with an ever-increasing colored-immigrant population. Some of the irate letters from newspaper readers invited those correspondents writing outraged liberal views



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from Sussex or Hampshire or London W.1 to come up and cast an eye over Wolverhampton or Birmingham, say, and then see how they felt about it.

THE House of Commons was less uneasy and a good deal more boisterous—especially on the Labour benches, which could now let off the anti-racist steam they had had to repress over the immigration bill—when it met last Thursday to consider Rhodesia's blunt delivery of an unmistakable message to the Crown that its old power and mystique were finished for Rhodesians. The evening-newspaper placards all over London had given the laconic news "HANGED" to those passing citizens who may not have learned from their radios that morning that Mr. Ian Smith had chosen to give the cut direct to the Queen's reprieve of the three Africans who had appealed to her from the death cell where they had already spent years waiting for execution or clemency. Many British were apparently astonished as well as affronted, especially those Conservatives who had, it seems, pinned great hopes on the opinion brought back by Sir Alec Douglas-Home, a surely highly experienced observer, from his recent fact-finding African trip. Sir Alec had reported that the political climate in Rhodesia seemed to him favorable for another attempt at reconciliation. This optimistic view had hardly been given before Mr. Smith returned to Her Majesty, Mr. Wilson, and the world his conciliatory reply. Though the Government was still saying last week that the door to negotiations would not be shut on this side, most people seem gloomily convinced that it has been finally slammed in Salisbury. It being only too clear that the economic sanctions against the Smith regime have, on the whole, failed to bite, some of the more inflammable Labour backbenchers' talk of "punishing" the illegal government seemed way out of touch with the awkward truth, which is that London can make threats but not implement them. The hawks in the Labour Party are beginning to speak of using force eventually, though the Prime Minister pledged Mr. Smith, when they were still on visiting terms, that it would never be used against Rhodesia. All in all, this has been a very bad fortnight for the Government, and one of unpleasant shocks to their national pride for many confused citizens, too.

THOUGH "The Nutcracker" is familiar to London audiences, it had never been seen at Covent Gar-

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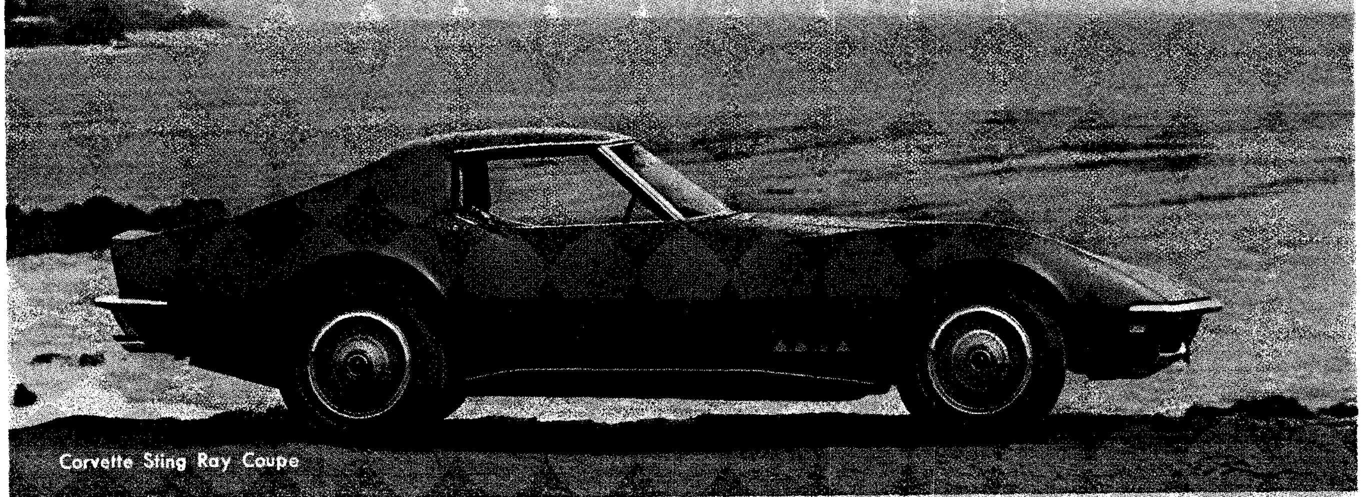
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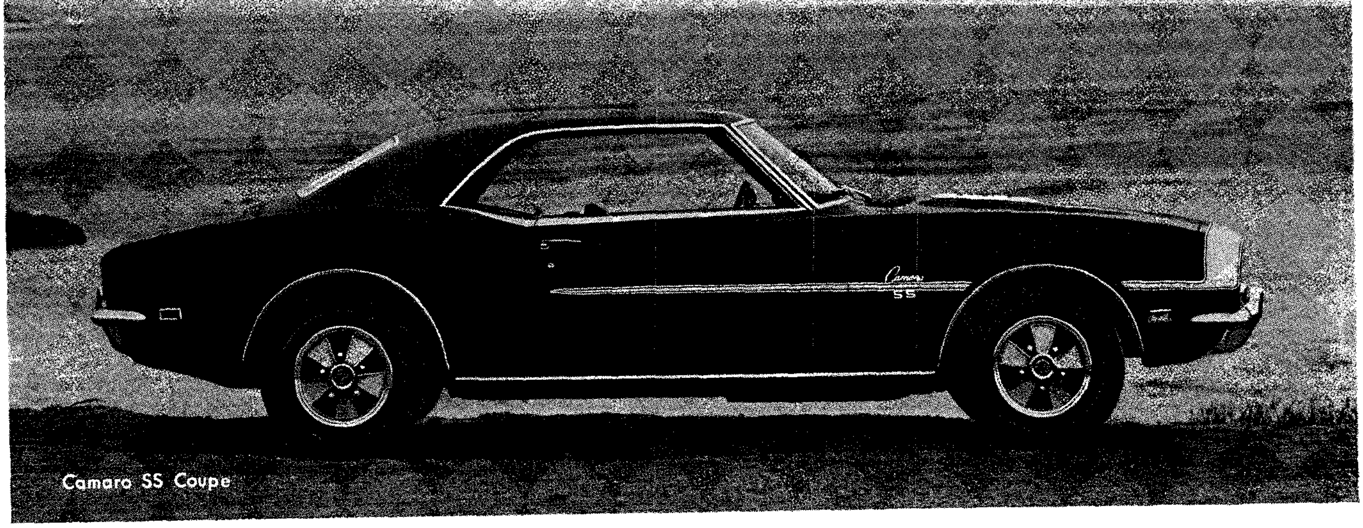
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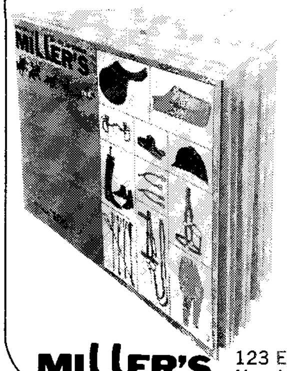

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den, oddly enough, until Rudolf Nureyev presented the Royal Ballet in his new version of it the other night. Only the interest of its being the first full-length Nureyev work to be given here made the occasion a gala one, for ballet lovers are apt to regard the old thing as a fearful bore, held together by one or two superb ensembles and pas de deux and its well-known, ravishing Tchaikovsky score. Maybe Nureyev had a soft spot for it from having so often danced as a youth with the Kirov Ballet, in Leningrad, in the 1934 version by Vassily Vainonen, which was a popular part of the repertoire. Vainonen tried to improve on the sugary banality of Petipa's 1892 scenario, which so flummoxed poor Tchaikovsky, of little Clara's dream adventures in the Kingdom of the Sweets. In Nureyev's presentation also, the little girl falls asleep at the Christmas party and dreams of a fairy princess, who is herself deliciously sublimated out of pinafores into a glittering tutu, but he has added some recognizable modern interpretations of the goings on of her subconscious self. Dressed exactly like Alice wandering through a world peopled by disconcerting animals, she is beset first by an army of nasty rats, instead of the customary mice, who symbolically tear off her skirt with a great deal of Freudian squeaking, and then by some bats, who turn out to be her own dear Mama and Papa and other relatives—very revealing of what has been going on under that demure Tenniel hairband. Another Nureyev innovation was to make the rather sinister white-haired Herr Drosselmeyer—the sort of avuncular Wizard of Oz who presents Clara with the magic nutcracker doll—figure in her dream as her handsome prince, which gives their relationship a distinctly peculiar psychological twist. The critics were mostly rather cool to Nureyev's choreography, which seemed somewhat uninspired and was only occasionally electrified with typical, very taxing bravura inventions for Clara and the Prince. They were excellently danced the other night by the suitably childlike Doreen Wells and by young David Wall—one of four pairs who will alternate in the roles, with Nureyev himself dancing in a later combination. The gorgeous sets, designed by Nicholas Georgiadis, were as rich and dark as plum cake, and, cleverly, a shade heavy, as though they were the out-of-scale memories of plushy candlelit interiors that a Victorian child might take with her into her dream.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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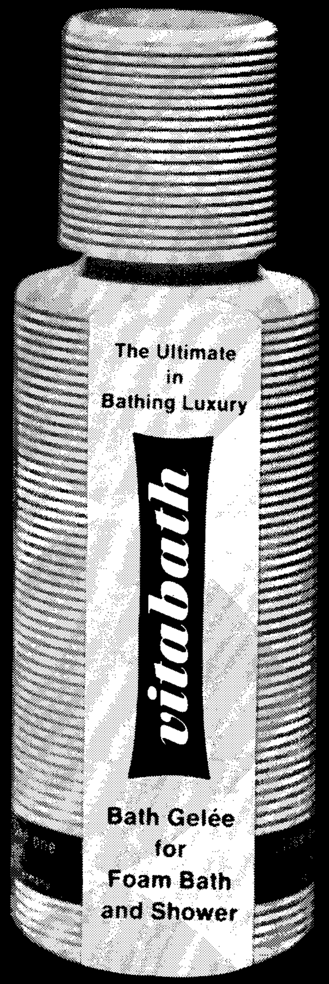
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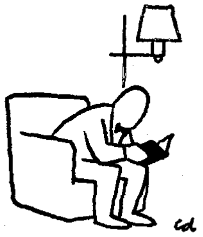
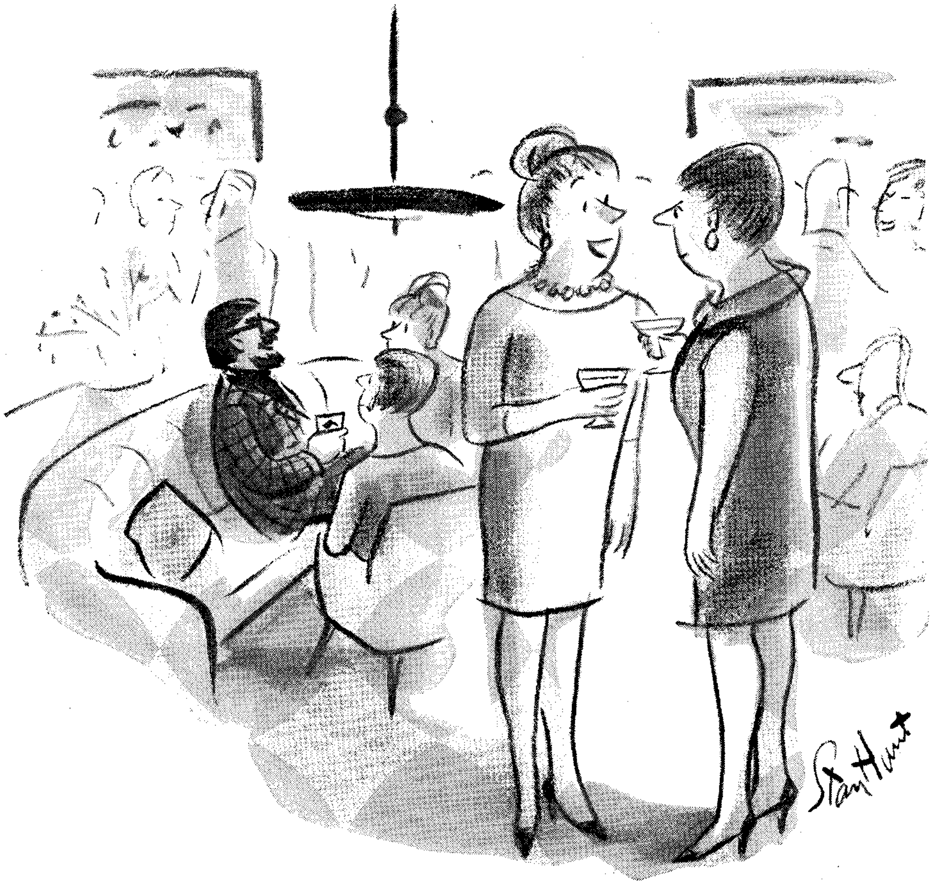


NOBODY can even count all the factors that brought about the two Russian Revolutions of 1917, and historians emphasize the reasons that accord with their own opinions. Still, practically everybody agrees that the personality of the last Romanov ruler, Nicholas II, was one reason—small, medium, or large—that modern Russian history happened as it did. And so, too, because of her great influence on Nicholas, was the personality of his wife, the Empress Alexandra. This couple is the subject of an excellent biography, "Nicholas and Alexandra," by Robert K. Massie (Atheneum), which pays special attention to a problem that dominated their existence from 1904 until their assassination, in 1918: they were the parents of a sick child, the hemophilic Crown Prince Alexis. Mr. Massie became interested in this unfortunate family when he and his wife discovered that their own son had hemophilia. One might forgive a biographer with such intimate experience of his subject's sufferings if he oversympathized. Massie does not, and he imparts relevant, and sometimes harrowing, clinical information with admirable emotional restraint.

The quality of his book suggests—though never by pedantic emphasis—its author's diligence. His task of painting a double portrait was made easier because Nicholas and Alexandra were remarkably close; as much as human beings can, they united their lives. They had fallen in love when he was the timid son of the powerful Alexander III and she was the beautiful, unworldly daughter of a Grand Duke of Hesse. Their love overcame his parents' objections to her lower rank, and her own anxiety about renouncing Lutheranism for Russian Orthodoxy. Less than six months after their engagement, Alexander III died—the year was 1894—and they married a week after the funeral. Nicholas was twenty-six and Alexandra twenty-two; they both knew several languages and had travelled (she had spent a lot of time in England with her grandmother, Queen Victoria), but neither, in Massie's opinion, had been adequately prepared to run a country. (Not that there is a well-known course of preparation; Commodus, one of the worst of emperors, had the best of educations from one of the best of men—his father, Marcus Aurelius—and as for training autocrats, we find that today's usual un- or semi-constitutional republic is ruled by a self-made strong man whose parents and teachers never suspected that they were raising a future head of state. The question of how or whether education can make a ruler must for the time being be classed with such issues as whether you can teach writing.) Nicholas did not grasp at or revel in the power he inherited. He announced that he would maintain Russia's historic autocracy, but, Massie says, the autocrat was himself ruled by his uncles. After the Revolution of 1905, he was forced by circumstances (and by a cousin, the Governor of St. Petersburg) to accept the establishment of a Duma, but his unauthoritative soul was not happy at sharing responsibility; he felt betrayed by his advisers into unforeseeable and un-Russian courses. Eventually, Massie tells us—after two Dumas had been dissolved and the electoral laws had been changed to produce more conservative members—the Czar discovered some of the uses of a rudimentary parliament, but he failed to demonstrate this change of heart in any striking way. One wonders whether his support, decisively given, might not have enabled Russian liberalism to survive. One wonders, too, whether Massie, who wants to correct the revolutionaries' caricature of Nicholas as a bloody, unenlightened despot, has not slightly overstated the man's sympathy and understanding for parliamentary government and for the concept of a limited monarchy.

Alexandra at first took little part in her husband's career beyond appearing at imperial ceremonies and official entertainments. She was shy and tactless. Massie describes the speed with which she alienated the nobility of St. Petersburg by criticizing their manners, morals, and impiety. She breast-fed her five children and supervised their upbringing. The palace in Tsarskoe Selo, the suburb of the capital in which the family lived, was not one where the power and personality of the ruler were constantly displayed, where awesome hospitality was widely offered, or where, day in and day out, the realm's nobles and notables were performing political



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or honorific services. Court functions were held in St. Petersburg. The Czar saw Ministers during business hours (Massie does not say whether they were often—or ever—asked to dine and stay the night), and Alexandra sometimes had friends to tea. Many evenings, the Czar was free to read aloud to his family or join in pasting up photograph albums.

This domestic seclusion made it possible to conceal that Crown Prince Alexis, who was born in 1904, was hemophilic. Massie understands the family's hesitancy about announcing that the heir to the Russian throne was an invalid, yet, he says, even in 1904 the family must have realized that hemophilia was not a disease that can be rendered unnoticeable. (Coagulants and plasma were not yet available, so a hemorrhage in a joint could be—and for Alexis was, on more than one occasion—crippling.) And the secrecy left the imperial couple with no good explanation of why Rasputin frequented the palace.

Massie seems to have done as good a job with Rasputin as the materials and the lapse of time allow. No doctor or psychologist was ever able to examine him—a pity, considering that he lived in the age of Freud and William James. When every allowance is made for any disease's natural remissions, not to mention coincidences, there is no doubt that Rasputin could do much more than doctors to help the Prince. He could not cure hemophilia, but he could palliate attacks, arrest bleeding, and relieve pain. How he did what he did is not certain. Prayer is documented. Before he settled in St. Petersburg, he had been a wandering holy man, a sort of figure for whom the Russian state church, unlike the churches of Western Europe, still made room in the twentieth century; the nearest modern equivalent that comes to mind is the Indian fakir. Massie knows that Rasputin, who was born a peasant, entertained the Prince, greatly to his parents' delight, with Russian folk tales and anecdotes of peasant life. (The Emperor and Empress believed, like the Narodniks, that Russian peasants were good; Alexandra resembles the kind of middle- or upper-class revolutionary who disdains people he knows and loves strangers.) Hypnosis, Massie tells us, has been used to help reduce bleeding when hemophiliacs have teeth pulled, but he is not positive that Rasputin put Alexis into trances, although Rasputin had a way of staring at people that tranquillized some—and repelled others.

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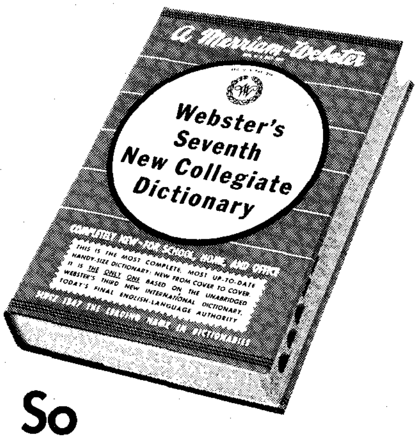

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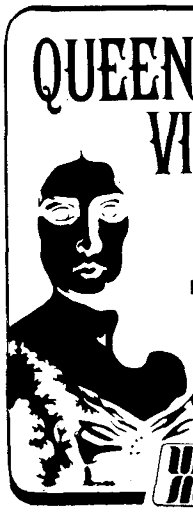

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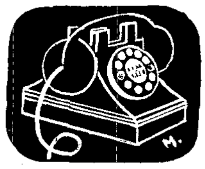
made him a public issue. What was this weird scoundrel doing with the Czar's wife? (Massie says that Rasputin's theology was an everlasting "Yea" to St. Paul's "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Rasputin told women he seduced that they could not repent unless they had sinned.) Though he behaved terribly in St. Petersburg, he was sober and clean when he came to Tsarskoe Selo; he treated the imperial family with simple respect and edified them by his conversation. The Empress believed that the factual reports of his sexual looseness and public drunkenness, of his petty corruptions, of his grandiose bragging about his hold over her, and of his filthy speech and gross manners were the calumnies that worldly men bring against holy ones. She dismissed the protests of the clergy and the Ministers of the government, and dismissed the protesters, too. They were replaced by less able men, who were willing at least to pretend to listen to Rasputin and believe in his sanctity. And the public's detestation of Rasputin and of his patroness grew. Still, it is hard to guess how decisive the scandal was. Despite it, before the First World War, Russia was bubbling along hopefully; it had a sort of parliament and a free press, its industrial output was expanding, and the arts were flourishing as they have not since. Once the war began, Russia faced problems—among them a railway system inadequate for both military and civilian needs—that might have defeated far better administrators than the inept protégés of Alexandra and Rasputin. Her dependence on Rasputin, and the dismissals, and her habit of snubbing instead of charming, were no help to the Crown, and the murder of Rasputin did not retrieve her reputation. The nation's hatred of her seems to have maintained a momentum of its own, and it was widely believed she was working for the Germans, although she loathed her cousin Wilhelm II, as had their common aunt, Queen Alexandra, wife of Edward VII. If anybody really had wanted to hang the Kaiser, it must have been his relatives.



Massie does not make it wholly clear when, or whether, Nicholas realized the damage his wife was doing. He appears to have become, if not disillusioned with Rasputin, at least less besotted by him, and he knew that the Empress made political mistakes, which he sometimes overruled. But he was a loving rather than a critical, demanding husband. In the last weeks before the March Revolution, he was asked by his family, and by the President of the Duma, to send Alexandra away—not only to exclude her from politics but to dramatize her exclusion and so restore confidence in the throne. It is conceivable that this might have forestalled the March Revolution, which was not the outcome of a plot but started, almost accidentally, as the result of a few petty mutinies. The Czar would not repudiate his wife, and so the family died, as it had lived, together.

Mr. Massie's achievement in making this couple accessible to us is notable, but the ease with which we commoners can enter into their love and share their grief is a measure of how little they resembled the hereditary monarchs and aristocrats who had ruled Europe down to the French Revolution. Their ideals of marriage—a romantic, faithful, monogamous union that provides tender parental care—and of one's immediate family as a source of pleasure rather than of power are fairly modern ones. They arrived in a historic bundle of ideas and tastes and works—genre painting, *comédie larmoyante*, "Pamela," "Émile." These works, this taste, and these ideas of marriage and child-raising are the domestic side of the Enlightenment, and for centuries nobody who made European history was affected by them. (Imagine trying to tell a crusader—Godefroy de Bouillon, or even Saint Louis—that happiness is found at home. You would first have to explain what you meant by "home.") Dynasts married for power, and if a marriage produced no healthy heir it was not uncommon for a dynast to arrange an annulment and a new marriage. The great did not hover over their children; they betrothed them in infancy and married them young to enhance their dynasty's power or increase its property. Nicholas and Alexandra twice rejected proposals from King Carol because they did not want to send a daughter as far away as Rumania, and they turned down a politically useful marriage with a Romanov cousin, who lived in St. Petersburg, because he had not been chaste.

The older family arrangements, and the demands they made on personalities, did not generally appear heartless or ruthless until the eighteenth century. Then European ideas, taste, and sensibility altered so radically that it became difficult to understand, let alone sympathize with, the personal emotions of historical figures who adjusted to the

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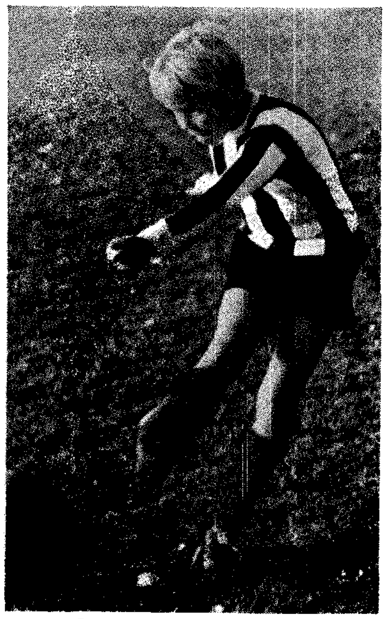

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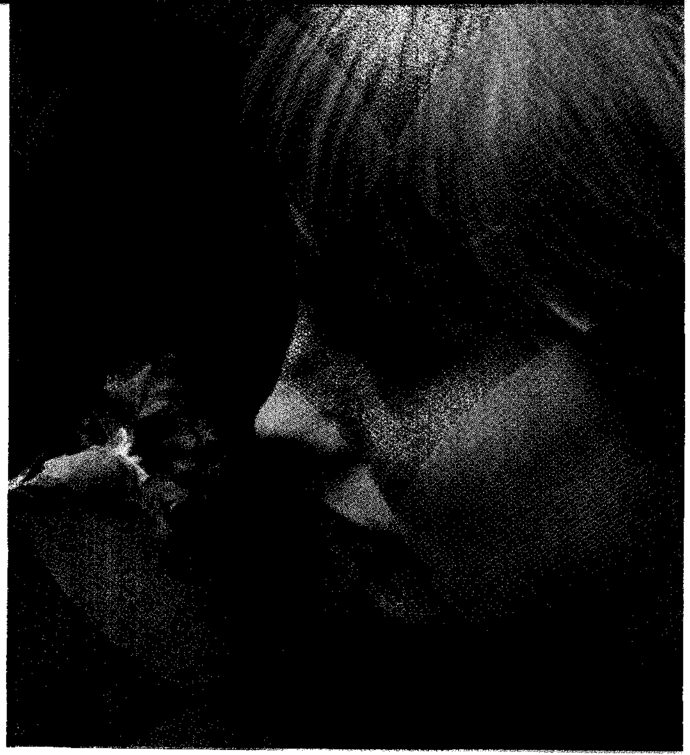

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old system. An Enlightenment writer like Schiller was attracted to people who failed under the old rule of power before pleasure in marriage—to Mary Stuart, who would not have physically lost her head if she had not first metaphorically lost it by marrying Bothwell.

What has all this to do with Mr. Massie's sad pair? This much: We never notice ideas as ideas when they are at their most powerful—that is, when everybody has accepted them. Accepted ideas, like the Romanovs' and our idea of marriage, appear to be facts of human nature, or maybe scientific laws. The Enlightenment ideas that appear powerful today are those that have not been wholly accepted and are still subjects for argument—nationalism, liberalism, socialism, laissez-faire, equality. We study the dynastic rulers who survived the French Revolution in their relation to these concepts—what these sovereigns did about parliaments, railroads, national minorities, public education. We read about how powerfully Europe's subjects were affected by the Enlightenment, and we scarcely perceive how powerfully Europe's hereditary rulers were transformed by the domestic, or soft, ideas of the Enlightenment. As late as 1810, the Hapsburgs married Marie Louise to Napoleon, in their eyes the Minotaur, yet scarcely an eyeblink later Franz Josef could not persuade Crown Prince Rudolf to a realistic accommodation with his wife, though she could not possibly have been duller than the wife of Louis XIV, nor could the Emperor dissuade his next heir, Francis Ferdinand, from a morganatic marriage of no political utility. Few of Mr. Massie's readers would applaud if Nicholas had repudiated Alexandra, who was innocent of the charges against her (but Louis XII divorced his first wife to marry another woman, whose dowry was Brittany), or if he had just given up on his sick boy (but Philip II locked up his unstable son, Don Carlos, and had some more children). Long before the Revolution, Mr. Massie's dynasts had ceased to be dynasts; they had exchanged the traditional purposes of hereditary monarchs—power and glory—for the dream of subjects: happy domesticity. —NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

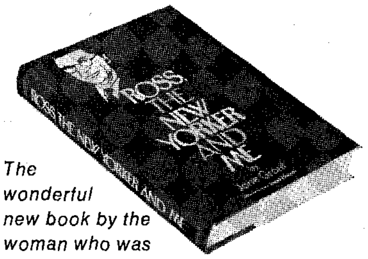
### FICTION

IMAGINARY FRIENDS, by Alison Lurie (Coward-McCann). A light but solid situation novel in which a pair of college teaching sociologists are set up against a cluster of small-town

## Winners 1968 National Book Awards

| | |
|---|---|
| **fiction** | THORNTON WILDER<br>The Eighth Day<br>Harper and Row<br>Judges: Josephine Herbst, Granville Hicks, John Updike |
| **poetry** | ROBERT BLY<br>The Light Around the Body<br>Harper and Row<br>Judges: Donald Hall, Harvey Shapiro, Theodore Weiss |
| **arts and letters** | WILLIAM TROY<br>Selected Essays<br>Rutgers University Press<br>Judges: F. W. Dupee, Hilton Kramer, Wylie Sypher |
| **history and biography** | GEORGE F. KENNAN<br>Memoirs: 1925-1950<br>Atlantic-Little, Brown<br>Judges: Daniel Bell, Quincy Howe, Justin Kaplan |
| **science, philosophy and religion** | JONATHAN KOZOL<br>Death at an Early Age<br>Houghton Mifflin Co.<br>Judges: Rene Dubos, Philip Morrison, Edward Shils |
| **most distinguished translation** | HOWARD AND EDNA HONG<br>Søren Kierkegaard's<br>Journals and Papers<br>Indiana University Press<br>Judges: Martin Malia, Walker Percy, Willard R. Trask |

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of six $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, and the National Translation Center.



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spiritualists who are preparing themselves for the imminent arrival of superior beings from another part of the universe. The problems Miss Lurie is exploring are the difficulties of maintaining, or even defining, scientific detachment, particularly in the study of human behavior; the comparative value of scientific and unscientific systems; the distinction between religion and delusion; and the possibility of deciding for sure whether or not someone is crazy. She handles the ambiguities she uncovers so well that she is able suddenly to persuade us that the least sympathetic of her characters is a kind of hero.

### GENERAL

THE EMERGENCE OF THE NEW SOUTH, 1913-45, by George B. Tindall (Louisiana State). A hefty, thorough, absorbing study. The book starts with the election of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency, which brought the South back into the councils of the nation: Wilson himself was Southern-born, as were half his Cabinet members, and when, for the first time in a generation, the Democrats organized the Congress, most of the committee chairmen were Southerners, too. But a share in national power did not solve the South's problems or blur the distinctions between North and South. Professor Tindall takes his tale forward with a fascinating abundance of economic, social, artistic, agricultural, and political detail, and shows us, without saying it in so many words, that the American South has been an underdeveloped, developing nation within the nation. His narrative tells of the vast, fast modernization of the South, and of the stresses—both physical dislocation and psychological confusion—brought about by the changes. These stresses, as Tindall notes, also probably helped produce some of the best American literature. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

BURGHLEY: TUDOR STATESMAN, 1520-98, by B. W. Beckingsale (St. Martin's). A thoughtful, readable study of a great official who kept his head through two reigns (Henry VIII, Edward VI) when all about him were literally losing theirs, who survived the reign of Bloody Mary in discreet retirement, and who returned to government to manage most of the business of Elizabeth I for the forty years between 1558 and 1598. Mr. Beckingsale describes what Burghley did—how he met various problems and how he manipulated court factions, refractory Parliaments, and foreign ambassadors—and then goes on to a penetrating sketch of Burghley as the product of Cambridge's New Learning; as an influence on Elizabethan religion, architecture, education, and administration (some of his innovations remained British practice until the nineteenth century); and as a passionate believer in the middle of every conceivable road, a blazingly successful immoderate moderate.

MANAGEMENT AND MACHIAVELLI: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POLITICS OF CORPORATE LIFE, by Antony Jay (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The author of this brilliant, original book is witty, but he is essentially earnest (and extremely enlightening) in comparing the modern corporation with the state, and in explaining the similarities between management and government and between what we call business and what we call politics—or, sometimes, history. Though Mr. Jay thinks there is a lot wrong with today's corporations, he offers his readers pearls of wisdom instead of grapes of wrath.

THE ENGLISH, by David Frost and Antony Jay (Stein & Day). Mr. Frost, one of the bright spirits of British television and the star of the local show "That Was the Week That Was," and Mr. Jay, who fishes in deeper waters (*vide supra*), attempt to clear up some of the more visible anomalies in the present-day English character. They tackle every conceivable subject within their survey—the government and politics, youth, the classless society, attitudes toward women, sin, sex, and medicine. They are brisk and pithy, and they invariably try to be funny (quite often succeeding), and therein lies the trouble with the book—just when the reader feels that he is closing in on an understanding of some phenomenon, the authors hare off in pursuit of some new topic to be funny about.

THE ASSASSINS: A RADICAL SECT IN ISLAM, by Bernard Lewis (Basic Books). A short history of the once formidable Muslim sect known as the Ismailis. In their heyday, around the time of the Crusades, the Ismailis were evangelical, redemptorist, and given to religio-political murder, and the denomination is chiefly remembered as the

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source of our word "assassin." (The word, the author says, derives from the Arabic *hashish* by way of *ashishin*, meaning an adept chosen for a bloodletting assignment.) Mr. Lewis is a professor of Near and Middle Eastern history at the University of London, and he traces with an easy, almost conversational scholarship the emergence, triumph, and sudden demise of the Ismaili faith—a phenomenon described by a contemporary elegist in an enduring metaphor: "It was a cup that had been filled to overflowing; it seemed as a wind that had died." Photographs and maps.

THE HUMMINGBIRD AND THE HAWK, by R. C. Padden (Ohio State). A historian's remarkable retelling of the conquest of Mexico, in which our static anthropological picture is replaced with new chronological perspectives and interpretations, so that, for example, we see Aztec sacrifice develop as a form of statecraft in advance of its symbolic meanings and philosophical justification. The religious beliefs of both sides are closely linked to their conceptions of power and sovereignty. Along the way, Professor Padden shows the Aztecs to have been more crafty, and the Spaniards more humane, than is generally believed. A book in the tradition of the great nineteenth-century histories: impressive in its form and style, it moves inexorably to its tragic conclusion. Highly recommended.

NOTE: "The Changing Landscape: Salisbury, Connecticut," by Christopher Rand, has been published by Oxford University Press. The book's contents originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat different form.

•

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ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 16—Delegate Xavier Aragona, who wants Maryland to annex State House Circle from the city of Annapolis, took the House floor today and declared:

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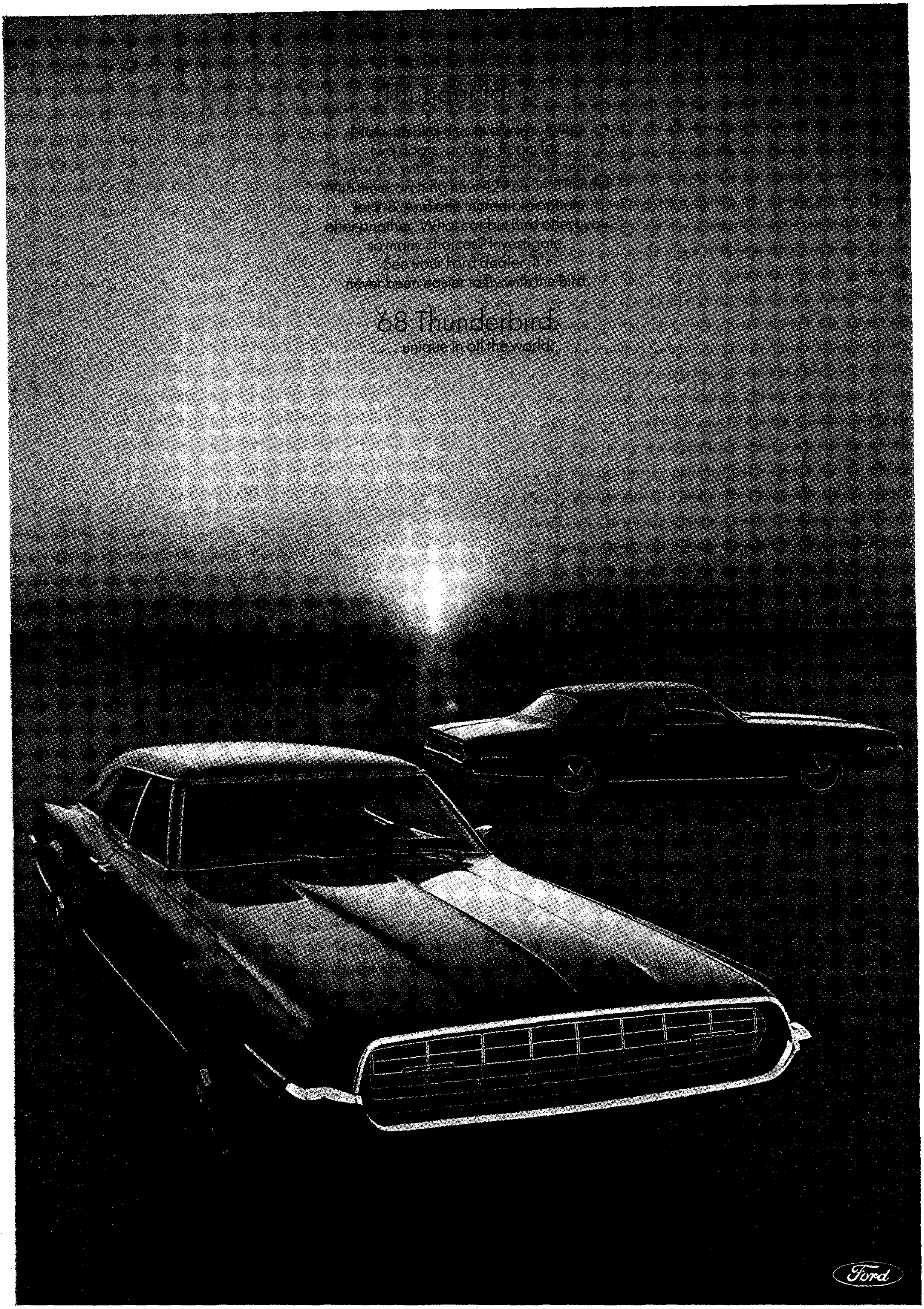

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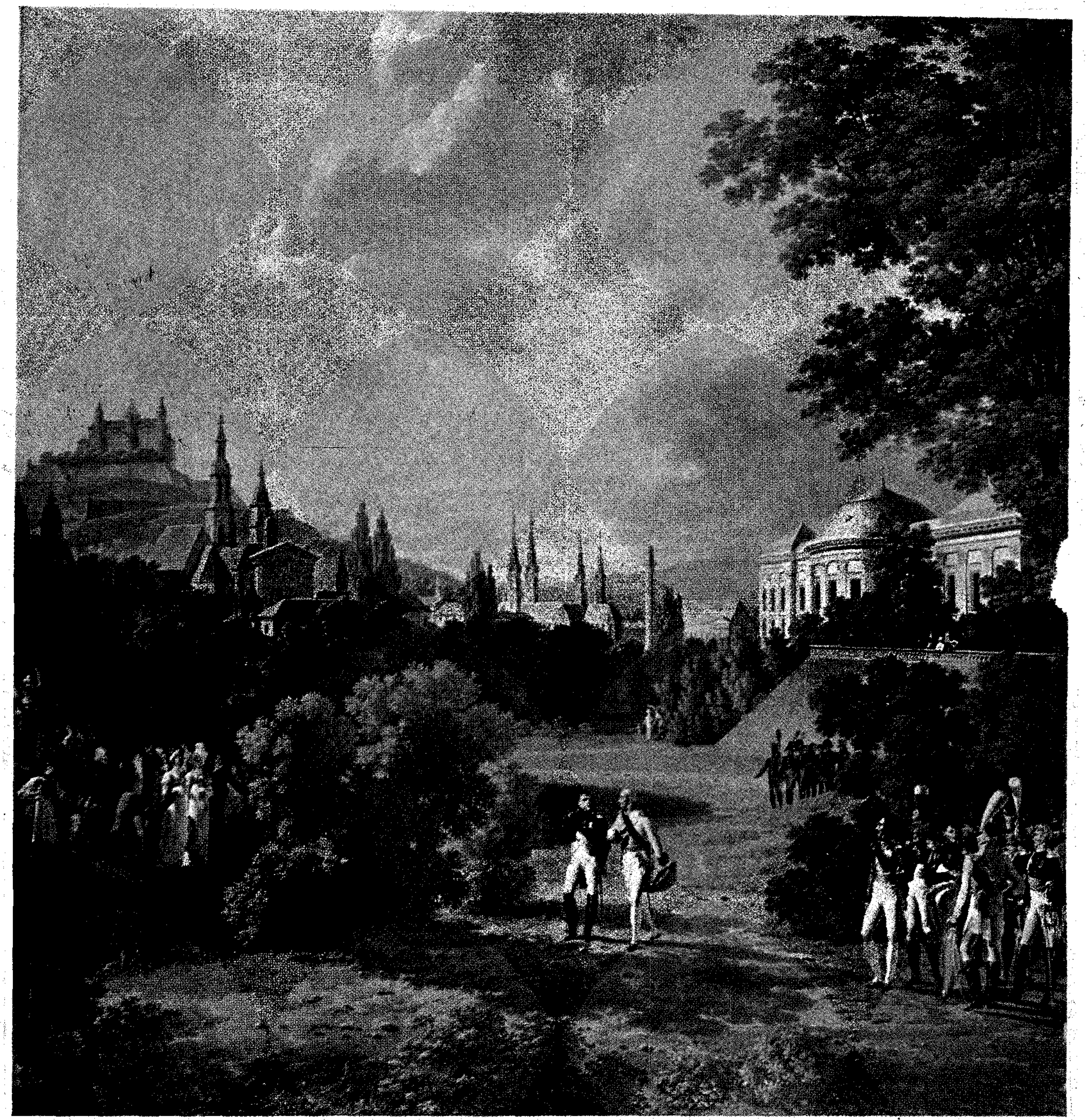

Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

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